

The Scout

A black and white photograph showing a Scoutmaster in uniform on the left, presenting a wreath to a woman standing in a doorway on the right. The scene is set in winter, with snow on the ground and trees. The Scoutmaster is wearing a cap, a jacket, and shorts. The woman is wearing a dark coat and a skirt. The background is a stone building.

Week ending 5th January 1963 EVERYFRIDAY 6d

The EDITOR writes

My Dear Brother Scouts,

A Very Happy, progressive, adventurous New Year to you. Please set yourself a monthly target as well as a target for the year, for that's how Tenderfoots become Queen's Scouts!

Now I must tell you about the 4th National Cooking Competition which, because all Scouts should endeavour to become good cooks, I hope will interest you, even if it isn't possible for you to take part in it. So here we go:

1. You may enter in teams of three as shown below as soon as you like. Closing date for entry, 1st April.
2. Your entry must be sent to 1963 Cooking Competition, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4. It will be numbered on arrival and the first 80 in each class accepted. After that your entry will be put on a waiting list.
3. If on 2nd April, any classes have vacancies, these will be transferred to other classes with waiting lists and an equal number of those on the waiting list will be accepted. (And of course, if you are transferred from waiting list to accepted list you will be informed.)
4. The competition will take place at Gilwell Park during the weekend of 18/19th May, 1963. Teams may arrive at any time on Friday or Saturday morning: the briefing for the competition, i.e. its start, will take place at 2.30 p.m. in the large Camp Fire Circle (or if wet in the Storm Hut).
5. Each team when sending an entry must give the following details:- Names and ages of team (ages as on 1st May, 1963) Address of Team Leader; Group; Class you are entering and, where there is a choice of dish, which dish you will be cooking.
6. Each entry must be accompanied by three Cooking Competition coupons from The Scout, a postal order for 10/- (7/6d. of which will be returned to the team on arrival at Gilwell - but none if the team fails to arrive!).



"Please, Skip,
the twist
bit me!"

7. Substitutes are allowed but their names and details must be sent in to the Editor before the date of the competition.

8. The Classes and menus are as follows:-

A: Elementary (Teams of Boy Scouts, all under 15)
Hors d'oeuvres varies.*
Steak and Vegetable Stew with dumplings or
Toad in the Hole and two vegetables.
Chocolate rice.
Tea.

NB. No teams which have been placed or have won any Competition in previous years either at Regional or Final level may enter for this year's Elementary Sections - not, I hope, that they would want to!

B: Intermediate (Teams of Boy Scouts under 15, or 1 over 15 and 2 under 15)
Hors d'oeuvres varies. *
Pot roast (beef or pork or mutton) or
Curried chicken.
Two side vegetables.
Welsh Rarebit.
Coffee.^

C: Advanced (Teams of 3, any ages under 18)
Hors d'oeuvres varies.
Poulet la grandmere or
Escalope de veau cordon-bleu or Chicken a la king.
(with appropriate vegetables in each case) Jam Omelette.
Coffee.^

**Hors d'oeuvres will be judged separately for selection (made before arrival) and arrangement (done in camp). They will be eaten as part of their meal by the competitors, not by the judges.*

^N.B. Made from "real" coffee: Nescafe and Instant coffees not allowed.

9. All ingredients must be fresh: canned and packet or prepared foods are not allowed.

10. Members of each team achieving a satisfactory standard will receive a personal certificate. The first six teams in each class will receive trophies and personal prizes of Scout Shop vouchers. In addition, each member of teams placed in the Advanced class will receive an autographed cookery book.

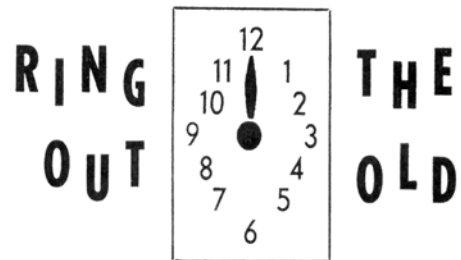
There will also be a cheese tasting and recognition competition for any: who care to enter with special prizes. Entry cards will be available at 6d. each at the Reception Centre. (Further details of this will be announced later.)

* * *

This, of course, is a Jamboree year and I think on behalf of you all I should send a greeting to our brother Scouts of Greece wishing them a particularly happy year and a most successful Jamboree. Only a lucky 1,500 of you will be able to be there, but this is only one of the events - although perhaps world-wise the greatest - which are laid on for Scouts these days. Look out then for opportunities.



IT'S IN THE AIR!
by Jim Laurence



Ring out the old, ring in the new. Another new year is upon us, the Air Scouts now look back on their Coming-of-Age year and we all look forward to the great days ahead. I wonder what your Patrol and Troop have planned for 1963?

Ring out the old, ring in the new. Perhaps it's time to ring the changes in your Patrol Corner. Has it the same decoration that welcomed 1962?

Pages cut from The Scout are good, but better are the training posters and sheets that you make up for yourselves.

The majority of the material in your Corner should be changed fairly often, and all members of the Patrol should take a hand in producing items for display. If you meet in a hall where you cannot put things on the walls, then a couple of pieces of hard-board about 4ft. by 2ft., hinged to open out, can provide a mobile Patrol Corner.

Another winter activity is the construction of training aids like this flight deck built by members of the 24th Portsmouth. A model airfield is another interesting project, but it's best if less durable material like cardboard is used, for you do not want them to last forever, or the next lot of Scouts who join may not get the fun and experience of construction and making sure that it is correct in detail.

However, don't get the idea that all your activities at this time of the year must be indoors, for there should be plenty OUT in your scOUTing all through the year. Indeed you should be able to get out for at least part of practically all your weekly Meetings.



I was lucky enough to be in Germany at the end of last year and visited the British Air Scouts out there during my stay. During the meeting of the 1st Rheindahien Air Scouts there was a cry of "Fire" and the hut had to be evacuated. One member had to be "rescued" from a smoke-filled room - fortunately for him the snow had been cleared from the path outside their H.Q. where the "casualty" was given treatment.

Visits are possible all through the year and you may get permission to practise for part of the Air Apprentice Badge, in a real signals area on an airfield.

Flying goes on all the year round and you can't do that indoors, so as Air Scouts, we too, should be out and about all through the year.

See you at Lasham?





*Snap out
of it!!
that's my motto!!*

Says

JACK (Crackers) BLUNT

It a funny thing, but with my crowd, things seem to go in phases. Or should I say crazes? Yes! Knowing my bunch, I would definitely say crazes. What I mean is that things we were mad about last year don't even raise the slightest flicker of interest today. Not so long ago it was Deck Quoits, Deck Quoits all the time and before that it was all Hindu Crinolins. (You know the thing an eighteen inch hoop of iron with a bar of wood across it, and a light rope about twenty foot long connected to the hoop with spokes of thin cord, each five foot three inches long, and with a weight, say a piece of lead or a one inch wood cube at the end of each of the ten or eleven spokes the whole to be whirled expertly above the head or at the side, and then tossed up into the air whilst another expert comes in and takes over, if he can!)

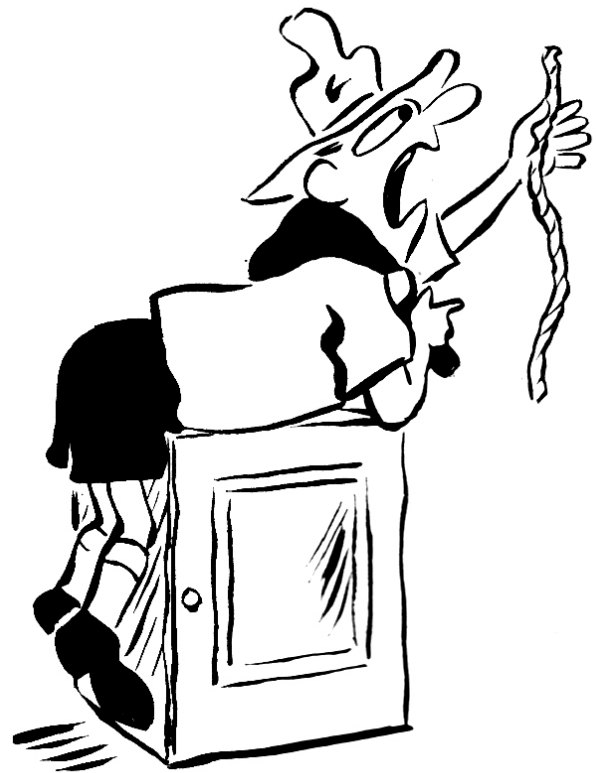
THE DOLDRUMS!

At the moment we are all having a blank spell. Not surprising I suppose, since everyone is still suffering from a surfeit of good old Christmas Pudd, not in itself a bad thing, but when 'Enry 'Iggins says "Skip, lend me your other hand to tie this knot, I'm too tired to use both of mine," something must be done!!!

After all, I've hardly got the strength left to push my Bathchair over to where dear 'Enry is reclining ungracefully on his Patrol box - to slosh him for being cheeky.

HAPPY DAZE!!

I sit here with half-closed eyes, viewing my sagging Troop with seeming disdain whilst my greyhound mind is racing feverishly over that section marked "Ideas for Livening-up Lolling Louts, Scoutmasters, for the use of!"



"Skip, lend me your other hand"

Instructive? Yes, it's got to be instructive in a mild but unmistakable sort of way, 'cos we never do anything in our Troop that hasn't got a meaning to it.

Competitive? Yes, that too, to give keenness.



The whole to be whirled expertly



Always give instructions to the P.L.'s

Active? Of course! Got to snap them out of this torpor.
Disciplinitive? No such word. But we need some anyway.

IT'S CATCHING

Something about my manner must have seeped through to the assembled crowd because, all of a sudden, they seem to be frantically busy. Further inspection shows that they are doing nothing really, but making a great show of it.

Enough! My mind is made up! I have the solution! A blood-curdling yell from me - TERROOOOP - and the lot of them snap to attention like the report from a Christmas Cracker. Come to think of it, they're all a bit crackers. Marvellous what a bit of Down the hall, training will do, isn't it? I hold forth, round the "We are going to have a Relay - but not in your usual shambling manner. A real Relay with all the paraphernalia and accoutrements. Send the Patrol Leaders to me."

As a matter of fact, I seldom address the Troop as a whole, but always give instructions to the P.L.'s and then let them explain it to their Patrols. A small point, but a necessary part of the Patrol System.

"Gentlemen," I began. "You will remember that before the Deck Quoits Craze, and before the Hindu Crinolin Craze, and before the Chalk Rugby Craze, we had a Relay Craze? Well, we are going to resuscitate it, and in case you have forgotten how it went, I shall remind you, but only once."

THE WORKS!!

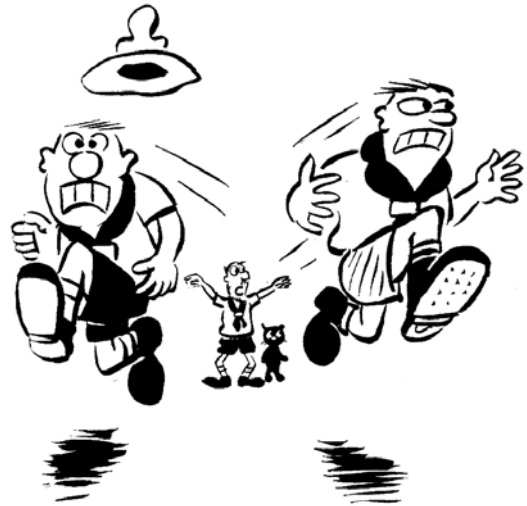
"When I say Relay Formation, you will fall in facing the North end of the hall with your Patrols behind you, all at ease, and in perfect straight lines. We shall not begin until this is so. At the word Relay, you will all snap to attention with a sickening crack, and at the word Go, you will begin.

As soon as you take the first step around the course your Patrol will begin to yell and encourage you like the madmen they are, and will not stop until the last man has finished, when all will be absolute silence, the Patrol will be once more in immaculate straight lines behind you, and you will have one hand smartly and eagerly raised above your head.

No one will start the course until he has been well and truly touched by the man who has just completed it....Any questions?"

"Haven't you forgotten, dear Skipper, to outline the course and give us the details of the Relay?" says Neddy who is an unusually observant lad.

Not being so slow myself I crack back, "Oh! Come, come. Surely you don't want me to do everything for you. What's a little detail like that, after all? I've given you the rules and now you want the regulations...Any suggestions?"



Come on everybody

"Down the hall, through the door, round the woodshed, back through the door, and up the hall, but this time, hopping. It's interesting to see four blokes trying to get through the door at once," says Fatso, who always gets through first, even if he's the last one there

"How shall we know they've all gone round the wood shed?" I ask in my suspicious way.

"Cos of the first Law, and anyway, what's the use of playing if you cheat?" comes the angelic chorus. Training again, of course.

"We'd better have knots for a start. We need the revision," says Phred.

"Too easy!" points out Neddy. "Unless the first one takes three ropes and leaves them behind the woodshed and everyone else ties a Tenderfoot knot, and the last one brings back the three ropes, all joined together with the famous five tied in them."

When you have finished gassing, shall we begin?

I ask, secretly pleased at not having had to work out all the gory details. "In any case, 'Enry looks as though he is going to faint from suppressed excitement."

WATCH THEIR DUST!!

"RELAY... BEGIN... Come back. I haven't said GO! RELAY.. -GOOOOO!

I get so excited when these relays are on and I want everyone to win. I yell "Come on everyone" but nobody hears above the mad roar of the other encouraging yells.

Well! There we are, off again to another smashing year of hard work door, Whoopee!

Did I say WORK? In our mob we never *work*. IT'S ALL PLAY.

A new serial begins today !



My side of the Mountain

by

Jean George

(Illustrated by the Author)



*From the book published by The Bodley Head
© Jean George, 1959*

CHAPTER ONE

In which I Hole Up in a Snowstorm

"I am on my mountain in a tree home that people have passed without ever knowing that I am here. The house is a hemlock tree six feet in diameter, and must be as old as the mountain itself. I came upon it last summer and dug and burned it out until I made a snug cave in the tree that I now call home.

"My bed is on the right as you enter, and is made of ash slats and covered with deerskin. On the left is a small fireplace about knee high. It is of clay and stones. It has a chimney that leads the smoke out through a knothole. I chipped out three other knotholes to let fresh air in. The air coming in is bitter cold. It must be below zero outside, and yet I can sit here inside my tree and write with bare hands. The lire is small, too. It doesn't take much fire to warm this tree room.

"It is the fourth of December, I think. It may be the fifth. I am not sure because I have not recently counted the notches in the aspen pole that is my calendar. I have been just too busy gathering nuts and berries, smoking venison, fish, and small game to keep up with the exact date.

"The lamp I am writing by is deer fat poured into a turtle-shell with a strip of my old city trousers for a wick.

"It snowed all day yesterday and today. I have not been outside since the storm began, and I am bored for the first time since I ran away from home eight months ago to live on the land.

"I am well and healthy. The food is good. Sometimes I eat turtle soup, and I know how to make acorn pancakes. I keep my supplies in the wall of the tree in wooden pockets that I chopped myself.

"Every time I have looked at those pockets during the last two days, I have felt just like a squirrel, which reminds me: I didn't see a squirrel one whole day before that storm began. I guess they are holed up and eating their stored nuts, too.

I wonder if The Baron, that's the wild weasel who lives behind the big boulder to the north of my tree, is also dened up.

Well, anyway, I think the storm is dying down because the tree is not crying so much. When the wind really blows, the whole tree moans right down to the roots, which is where I am.

"Tomorrow I hope The Baron and I can tunnel out into the sunlight. I wonder if I should dig the snow. But that would mean I would have to put it somewhere, and the only place to put it is in my nice snug tree. Maybe I can pack it with my hands as I go. I've always dug into the snow from the top, never up from under.

"The Baron must dig up from under the snow. I wonder where he puts what he digs? Well, I guess I'll know in the morning."

When I wrote that last winter, I was scared and thought maybe I'd never get out of my tree, I had been scared for two days - ever since the first blizzard hit the Catskill Mountains. When I came up to the sunlight, which I did by simply poking my head into the soft snow and standing up, I laughed at my dark fears.

Everything was white, clean, shining, and beautiful. The sky was blue, blue, blue. The hemlock grove was laced with snow, the meadow was smooth and white, and the gorge was sparkling with ice. It was so beautiful and peaceful that I laughed out loud. I guess I laughed because my first snowstorm was over and it had not been so terrible after all.

Then I shouted, "I did it!" My voice never got very far. It was hushed by the tons of snow.

I looked for signs from The Baron Weasel. His footsteps were all over the boulder, also slides where he had played. He must have been up for hours, enjoying the new snow.

Inspired by his fun, I poked my head into my tree and whistled. Frightful, my trained falcon, flew to my fist, and we jumped and slid down the mountain, making big holes and trenches as we went. It was good to be whistling and carefree again, because I was sure scared by the coming of that storm.

I had been working since May, learning how to make a fire with flint and steel, finding what plants I could eat, how to trap animals and catch fish - all this so that when the curtain of blizzard struck the Catskills, I could crawl inside my tree and be comfortably warm and have plenty to eat.

During the summer and fall I had thought about the coming of winter. However, on that third day of December when the sky blackened, the temperature dropped and the first flakes swirled around me. I must admit that I wanted to run back to New York. Even the first night that I spent out in the woods, when I couldn't get the fire started, was not as frightening as the snowstorm that gathered behind the gorge and mushroomed up over my mountain.

I was smoking three trout. It was nine o'clock in the morning. I was busy keeping the flames low so they would not leap up and burn the fish. As I worked, it occurred to me that it was awfully dark for that hour of the morning. Frightful was leashed to her tree stub. She seemed restless and pulled at her tethers. Then I realized that the forest was dead quiet. Even the woodpeckers that had been tapping around me all morning were silent. The squirrels were nowhere to be seen. The juncos and chickadees and nuthatches were gone. I looked to see what The Baron Weasel was doing. He was not around. I looked up.

From my tree you can see the gorge beyond the meadow. White water pours between the black wet boulders and cascades into the valley below. The water that day was as dark as the rocks. Only the sound told me it was still falling. Above the darkness stood another darkness. The clouds of winter, black and fearsome. They looked as wild as the winds that were bringing them.

I grew sick with fright. I knew I had enough food. I knew everything was going to be perfectly all right. But knowing that didn't help. I was scared. I stamped out the fire, and pocketed the fish.

I tried to whistle for Frightful, but couldn't purse my shaking lips tight enough to get out anything but *pfffff*. So I grabbed her by the hide straps that are attached to her legs and we dove through the deerskin door into my room in the tree.

I put Frightful on the bedpost, and curled up in a ball on the bed. I thought about New York and the noise and the lights and how a snowstorm always seemed very friendly there. I thought about our apartment too. At that moment it seemed bright and lighted and warm. I had to keep saying to myself: There were eleven of us in it! Dad, Mother, four sisters, four brothers, and me. And not one of us liked it, except perhaps little Nina, who was too young to know. Dad didn't like it even a little bit. He had been a sailor once, but when I was born, he gave up the sea and worked on the docks in New York. Dad didn't like the land. He liked the sea, wet and big and endless.

Sometimes he would tell me about Great-grandfather Gribley, who owned land in the Catskill Mountains and felled the trees and built a home and ploughed the land - only to discover that he wanted to be a sailor. The farm failed, and Great-grandfather Gribley went to sea.

As I lay with my face buried in the sweet greasy smell of my deerskin, I could hear Dad's voice saying, "That land is still in the family's name.



Somewhere in the Catskills is an old beech with the name Gribley carved on it. It marks the northern boundary of Gribley's folly - the land is no place for a Gribley."

"The land is no place for a Gribley," I said. "The land is no place for a Gribley, and here I am three hundred feet from the beech with Gribley carved on it."

I fell asleep at that point, and when I awoke I was hungry. I cracked some walnuts, got down the acorn flour I had pounded, with a bit of ash to remove the bite, reached out of the door for a little snow, and stirred up some acorn pancakes. I cooked them on a top of a tin can, and as I ate them, smothered with blueberry jam, I knew that the land was just the place for a Gribley.

Next Week:

I GET STARTED ON THIS VENTURE

THE SCOUT NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN

- * 2nd Class Tests in Pictures.
- * A new feature on Collecting Records
- * A Special pictorial Gang Show Report



SPY IN THE EYRIE

"Well, now we're all here, chaps," Graham announced to the assembled Eagle Patrol, "I must tell you that we're expecting a temporary extra member of our Patrol for tonight's meeting. He wants to join in everything as if he'd been in the Eagles for years, and it's most important that you should treat him as an ordinary Scout, because, you see, he's really rather seriously handicapped he's -"

I pushed the door open and walked in a Scoutmaster. Hallo. Skip, welcome to the Eagles' Eyrie."

"Hallo, you blokes. Thanks for the welcome, but I must say at once that this intrusion was Graham's idea. If you ask me it's a contravention of the United Nations Charter, spying on a Patrol Meeting like this."

"Well it won't do any harm just this once," Graham assured me. "Anyway, you're now a temporary member, so we'll call you Tommy Tenderfoot. O.K.?"

"It's better than Andy Capp," I rejoined, to be rewarded by a polite chuckle from his Patrol.

"Right, programme for tonight," continued the P.L. "Rod will run the first game, then comes Patrol-in-Council, followed by Progress period, when I'll help Pete on his Tenderfoot while the rest of you work under Jim; as we came last in the First Aid Competition on Friday you'd better brush that up. Next we'll have John's 'new angle on Kim's Game' which will be our Competition for tonight. Then I'll introduce you to this month's Proficiency Badge, the Pioneer, and we'll end up with another game, to be run by Alec. Now over to you, Rod."

* * * *

I haven't space to tell you the whole story of that revealing evening with the Eagles, but I have made a few notes which may be helpful to you in your quest for better Patrol Meetings.

The first game was the old favourite, "O'Grady Says", and, at the Patrol-in-Council which followed the Eagles planned the programme of the next Patrol Meeting. This was to be held on a Saturday morning at the local camp-site; after a two-hour meeting similar in form to the present one but making full use of the site and its amenities, they intended to cook lunch and then hold an afternoon expedition to the top of a nearby church tower for some mapping practice.

The present meeting was being held in John's house, and after the First Aid revision he told us to go outside and take a look at the walls and windows.

All sorts of queer objects were on view, standing on or suspended from the window-sills, and with the torches we had been warned to bring we had to identify and memorise them. Surprisingly, Graham was the only one with a higher score than mine Graham began his introduction to the Pioneer Badge by seating Peter and John on doormats at opposite ends of the polished lino floor, each holding the end of a rope. He then demonstrated the Spanish Windlass on the middle of the rope, and as he tightened it so the two Scouts slid slowly towards each other. An amusing and "appetising" way to introduce a subject He went on to describe how he had gained the Badge, also show-us the Sail maker's Whipping. Long Splice and Turk's Head, the last of which resulted in every member of the Patrol making himself a new woggle. Graham promised them even more ambitious activity at the Saturday morning meeting to come.

Alec introduced a couple of partner contests "Snatch and Grab" and "Reluctant Wheelbarrow both of which he had found in one of the Patrol Books. Graham then closed the meeting with Prayers, the first of which he had written himself, referring especially to Jim's sister who was in hospital. ex-P.L. Dave who had just started his first job, and a young Church member we all knew who was in his first term's training for the Ministry. I learned something from the way the Eagles really entered into the spirit of those Prayers, as a result of Graham's thoughtful preparation.

"A wonderful Meeting - how on earth do you do it?" I asked Graham as we left John's house. "I could flatter myself that you put on a special show for my benefit but somehow I got the impression that your Meetings are always well-run and well-attended - the Scouts seemed almost to take it for granted."

"Well, that was the first full attendance for three months," he admitted. "But we never have less than four there. I'm lucky in following Dave as P.L. - his Meetings were always great fun and I've tried to follow his pattern. You saw a typical Dave-type programme tonight."

"You seem to have found two secrets of success at least," I told him. "You bring everyone into it by giving each Scout a job to do, which is the best method of getting them there to start with; I admired the way you brought them into the Prayers, too. Then you introduce any new subject - the Pioneer Badge, for example - in the most imaginative and interesting way so that they're really keen for more. This is already being copied by your Scouts, such as John with his Kim's Game, and that will mean that the tradition you inherited from Dave will go on with successive P.L.'s for many years."

"I hope so," Graham replied rather faintly, obviously embarrassed by my praises.

"Well, thanks for a terrific evening," I said as I make for my own front door. "Couldn't have run it better myself **COULD YOU?**"

* * * *

P.S. Some Scout in Chester-le-Street is waiting impatiently for details of a Progress Chart I mentioned in my last article. If he had told me his name and address he would have had it long ago!

Events at the International Scout Chalet, Kandersteg, 1963

Beginners' Ski Course - 16th March to 24th March

A Ski Course for Beginners, open to members of the Movement, over 15 years of age, is to be held at the International Scout Chalet, Kandersteg. The party will depart from London on 16th March and return to London on 24th March. The cost, which includes travel by train (including couchettes) and boat and accommodation in the Chalet (but excludes hire of equipment). will be £22.10s. for those under 20 years of age and £26.10s. for those over 20 years of age.

Climbing Courses

July 7th - July 17th

September 1st - September 11th (No. 44)

September 22nd - October 2nd (No. 45)

(if there are enough applications) (No. 46)

The cost, excluding travel but including full board and lodging in club huts, services of mountain guides and kitchen staff, accident insurance:-

£10.10s for camping in the Chalet grounds with own tent

£11.5s. for staying in the Chalet.

* * * *

Application forms and further information about these Courses may be obtained from your County International Representative, where appointed, or from the International Department. Headquarters. 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London. S.W.1.

EXPEDITION "BLOODHOUND"

The International Scout Club is to lead a new venture, commencing in 1963, and applications are invited for the first Expedition, from Scouts of Senior age.

This scheme will appeal to any Senior Scout with: A desire to Look Wide internationally; a stout pair of hiking-boots; and a sense of humour. It is to take the form of a Wide Game, somewhere in Europe, following leads from check-point to checkpoint, and even from country to country. One thing is certain - it will be great fun!

The dates? 2nd to 17th August.

The Cost? This is not yet firm, but should not exceed £16.

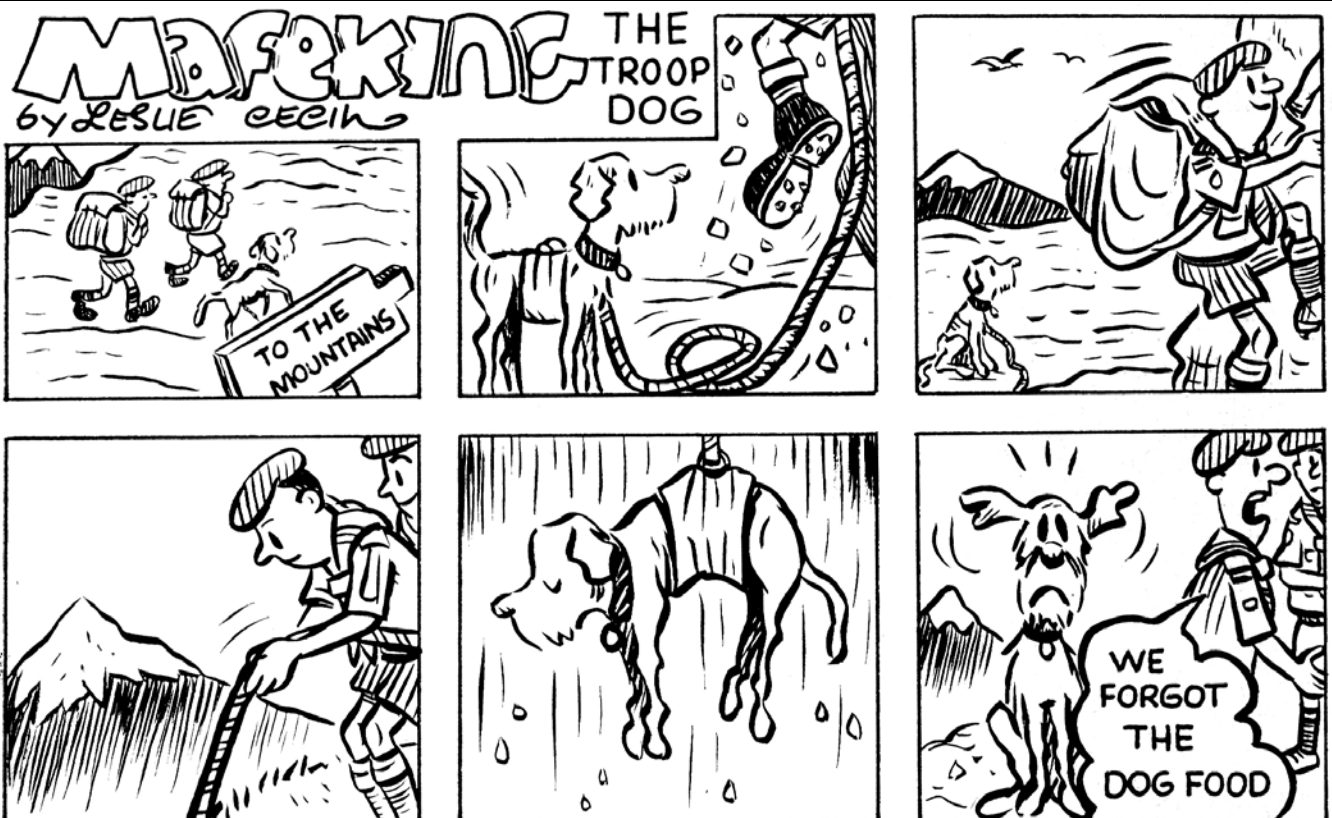
The place? Will be revealed on 3rd August!

Teams? Will consist of four or five Seniors or Scouts over 15, and we will try and make up teams where they are short.

Application forms? Obtainable from The Secretary, International Scout Club, Baden Powell House, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7. Please mark the envelope "Bloodhound".

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Start the year right with a Good Turn. Remember, though, in your eagerness to help others, first see that your help is not required for a Good Turn to your own family.



YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES—

Next Week; Nose Bleeding; Nature Trail; Timber Hitch.

TYING A FISHERMAN'S KNOT

This knot is used for joining together two wet ropes



STAGE ONE:

Lay the two ropes alongside each other. With the end of each rope tie a thumb knot around the other rope

STAGE TWO:

Pull together. Note that the thumb knots must both be tied so that when pulled together they lie onto each other.



CUTS and SCRATCHES



1. Clean with antiseptic in water.
2. First wash around the wound then wash from wound outwards.

3. Place dry dressing of sterilised lint over wound.

Hold dressing in place with bandage. Do not ignore use of Elastoplast if this is available.



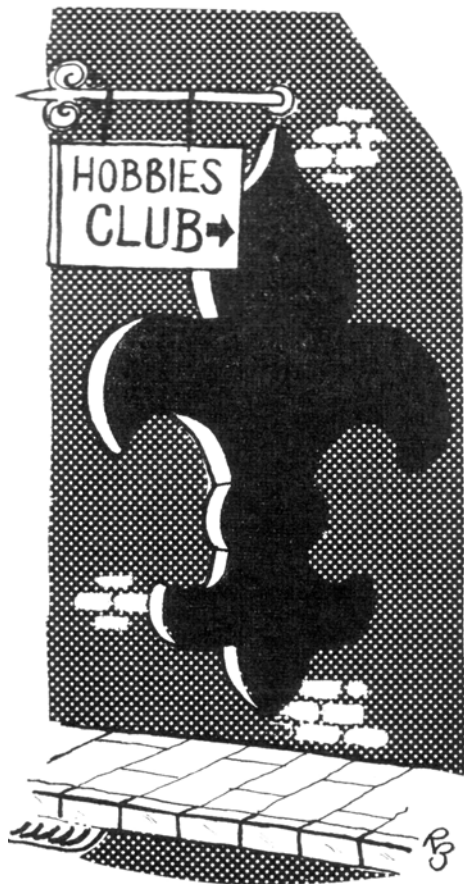


PHOTO-TIPS



In view of the tremendous popularity of photography' among Scouts throughout the country, we are - beginning this week - going to feature a fortnightly article giving hints and tips on this rewarding pastime with a view to encouraging all Scouting photographers to make the best of their cameras.

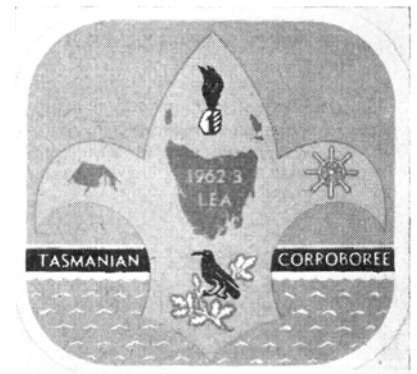
This series, written by W. R. Bowles, of the Photographic Information Council, kicks off from the very first whistle with some useful advice for the brand-new "shutterbug".

The great thing about photography is that, whatever your age, and whatever equipment you have - be it a box camera or a really advanced model bristling with knobs, dials and levers - you can create pictures and see them right through to the final processing stages entirely by yourself. True, if you have the simplest of cameras, you are restricted to some extent by limitations of shutter speed, aperture and focusing, but provided you appreciate the capabilities of your camera, you can still take first class pictures. Remember, it is the person behind the camera who counts more than the camera itself.

Let's start this week right at the bottom of the scale with the trusty box camera. Although this is the simplest form of camera (a light-tight box with a lens, a fixed shutter speed, focus and aperture) it has stood the test of time and, if used sensibly, can produce pictures of surprisingly good quality.

Most box cameras have their lenses set at what is known as the hyperfocal distance - that is, the setting which will be common to most situations.

Badge of the Month



At this time of year we usually deal with a Jamboree emblem from Australasia. This year is no exception, and our badge is that of the Tasmanian Corroboree.

Tasmania, Australia's smallest and only island State, is now host to some 2,000 Scouts from all over the Commonwealth, who are camping in an ideal woodland and hill setting just outside the capital city of Hobart.

The badge, designed by Mr. Terence Kelly, portrays the State, including King and Flinders Islands, by a green map set amid blue waters. The Scout badge embodies the State, and the other Scout insignia bind it to the Commonwealth and to the world.

The "oak leaf proper thereon a raven sable" is the crest of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout of Tasmania, and former British Commonwealth Chief Scout. The torch aloft represents the Venturer Badge with its connotations of determination, initiative and self reliance, the tent suggests the value of the Corroboree, and the helm reminds us of our Sea Scouts and of Tasmania's maritime associations.

The state's temperate climate and mountainous nature provide ideal outdoor Scouting conditions, and during the Corroboree some Scouts will be out hiking and climbing among the 4-5,000 feet mountains, where snow could be encountered, while others are on the beach bathing.

Because of this, you should never take subjects which are nearer than six feet to the camera; if you do, they will be blurred through being out of focus. That's point number one. Secondly, never jerk the taking button. The shutter certainly will not move any faster if you bang it. In fact, you will be doing no more than treating yourself to a bad dose of camera-shake if you do anything but squeeze the shutter gently.

Pretend your camera is an air-gun, and you will have much better results. In other words, sight your subject, hold your breath, squeeze the trigger. Then relax.

Because the box camera has only the simplest of controls, it should not be used in conditions where the light is bad. You can control this to a certain extent by varying the type of film according to the weather, but don't expect to take pictures of black cats in coal cellars! With normal, medium speed film, restrict your photographic activities to fairly bright days, and to be on the safe side, position yourself so that the sun shines over your shoulder.

Next time, we'll have a look at some of the basic rules of composition. Until then - happy shooting . .

Looking after your Tools

By TED CATHERCOLE

As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell

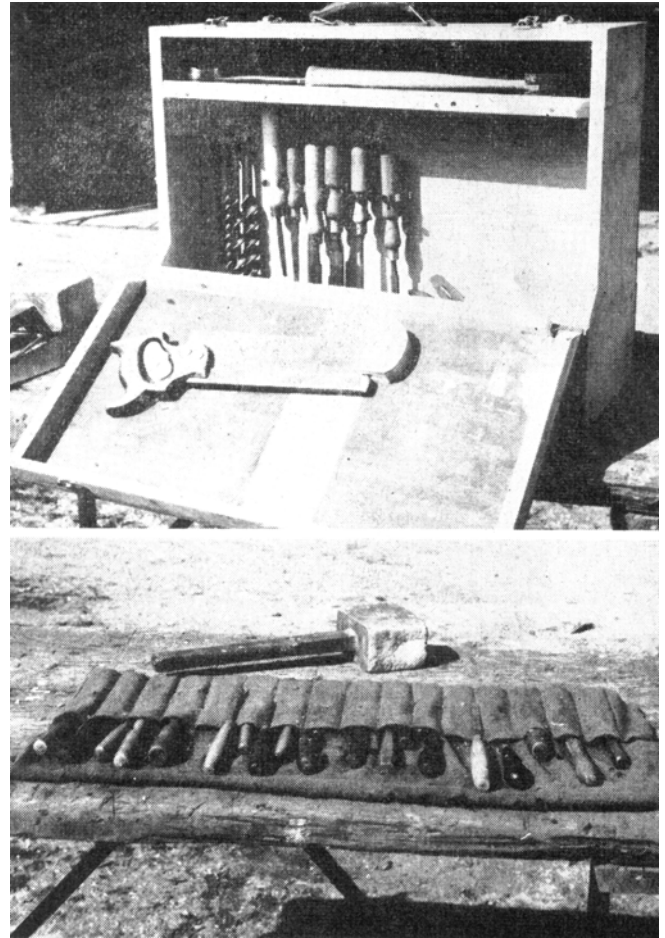
You cannot do any handicraft successfully, and least of all woodwork, unless you have efficient tools which you keep in first class order and really treat as friends. It is often overlooked that blunt tools - chisels, for example, are much more likely to cause accidents than are sharp tools, and so we are going to begin this series on "Looking after your tools" by offering two suggestions for tool containers.

The box type of container illustrated is made from off-cuts of wood and, apart from the metal fastenings, the cost should be negligible. You will notice that there is a compartment for cutting tools and that each tool is fixed with terry clips so that it cannot jump about in the box and thereby become blunt. The tenon saw is given a special place in the lid and there is a shelf where a hammer or two can be kept. In the photograph, just showing in the bottom of the box, you can see a plane and this also would be fixed to the side of the box. Obviously the whole thing can be more elaborate and it is better to make the box bigger than you require initially, so that as you acquire more tools there is somewhere to put them and they can be looked after.

It is not a bad thing to fix a lock on the box. If you have a small brother you will know the reason why I suggest a lock and, indeed, not only brothers, but mothers have been known to seize the nearest chisel when what they really needed was a screwdriver.

The second type of container is much easier to carry about providing that you do not have too many tools in it. The hold-all we have illustrated is made of felt sewn into compartments, each of which will contain just one tool, a chisel, a screwdriver, or any tool of the long, thin variety, but

you still have to provide a separate place for hammers and saws, etc. This felt hold-all is ideal for woodcarving chisels and those are what are shown in the picture.

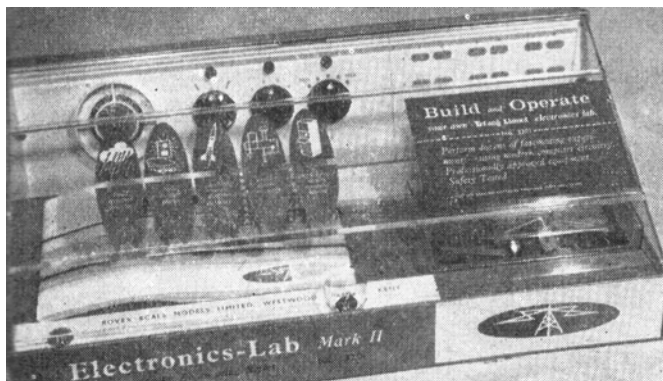


SCIENTIFIC MODELS

A revolutionary new series of instructive, operating models and sets has become available in the Tri-ang Lionel Science Series.

Possibly the most interesting of the Series are the Electronics Engineering Sets. With these you can construct a range of working appliances each of which is designed to demonstrate, in a practical and simple manner, the basic principles behind many of the modern electronic devices used in the home, the laboratory, and even in missile guidance control centers! The experiments that can be undertaken range from simple wiring to the use of complex electrical circuitry.

Special sensing devices are supplied in the sets that react to changes in moisture, light and temperature.



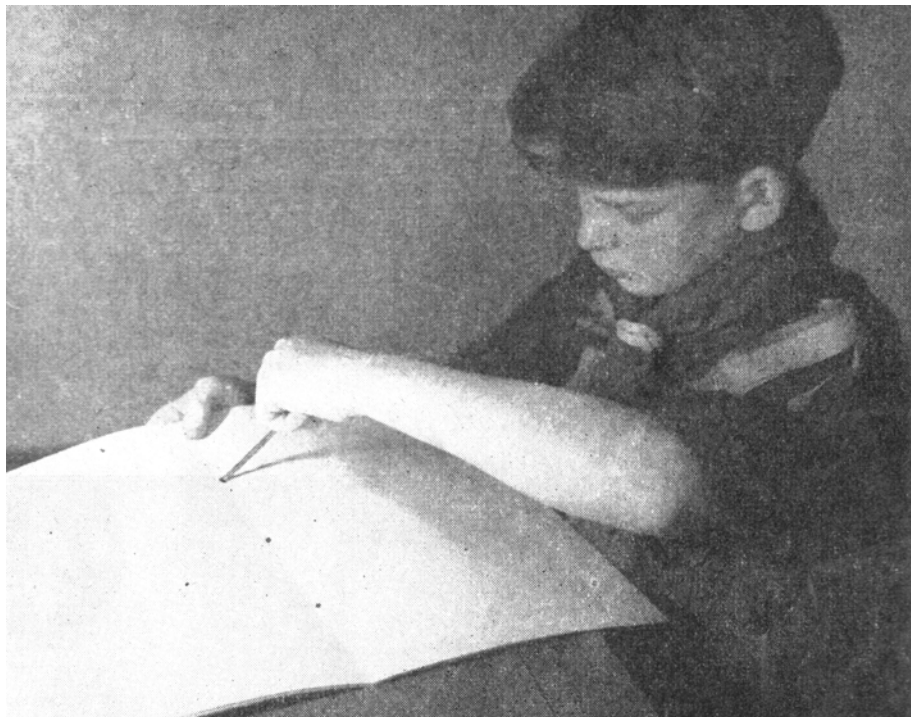
These are employed in a fascinating series of experiments to provide remote control of lighting, television receivers, electric trains, electric clocks and many other household electrical appliances. In every case you undertake the complete assembly and wiring of the equipment supplied to be used in the demonstration. Full details for the construction of the apparatus, the wiring of the circuits to be employed, and the method to be used in completing the equipment are given in the Electronics Manual supplied with every set. This is a comprehensive, easy to read booklet with diagrams showing the stage-by-stage sequence of the assembly and wiring of the equipment.

In every case an explanation is given of how the device you are using actually works, and its applications in the world of science is detailed.

There are many useful pieces of equipment for a Scout to construct and games of skill can be contrived from the, parts in the sets.

These sets will provide endless hours of fun in constructing and using the components for practical purposes, and at the same time, serve to impart useful technical knowledge of the fascinating world of electronics. Prices of the sets are as follows:-

3200 Electronics Engineering Set Mk.1	39/-
3201 Electronics Engineering Set Mk.2	62/2
3202 Electronics Engineering Set Mk.3	86/4
3203 Electronics Engineering Set Mk.4	124/3



An idea For a Good Turn

by

Scout Billy Weir
(74th Perthshire Troop)

1. Fold your sheets of paper and pierce three holes.

For A good number of years my Troop has been making Scrap Books made up from old Christmas Cards, and when completed we give them to kiddies in hospital.

On every occasion we are assured by the Matron that the kiddies love to get the picture books.

Let me explain how to go about making these books. First, collect all the old Christmas Cards you can get, and even add a few interesting colourful pictures. You may even add a few pictures from your Comics.

The next stage may be a little difficult, the actual book. Old Christmas Card sample books would do, but many of them are on the heavy side. If you have a friend in a printing business, it may be possible to get a supply of the top and bottom sheets which are packed with a ream of paper for protection, and these sheets are varied in colour which is all the better for our purpose.

Take about ten sheets 18 inches by 11 inches and fold them in two, with a thicker card on the outside.

Pierce three holes on the fold (1) another way to make the holes is by the use of a nail and hammer, but be sure to have the book on a block of wood, as Mother would not appreciate holes in her table.

Now get a needle and thread, make the first insertion through the centre hole, going towards the back of the book, you bring the needle back to the middle of the book by going through the top hole, and (2) shows the needle going through the other outside hole. We next pass the thread along the back towards the centre hole this brings the two ends together which are tied off with a reef knot (3).

It makes a far better display if you cut out the pictures, no matter how roughly (4).

Before you paste the pictures, lay them out in the formation which is most pleasing (5). You either buy ready made paste, or make a flour paste.

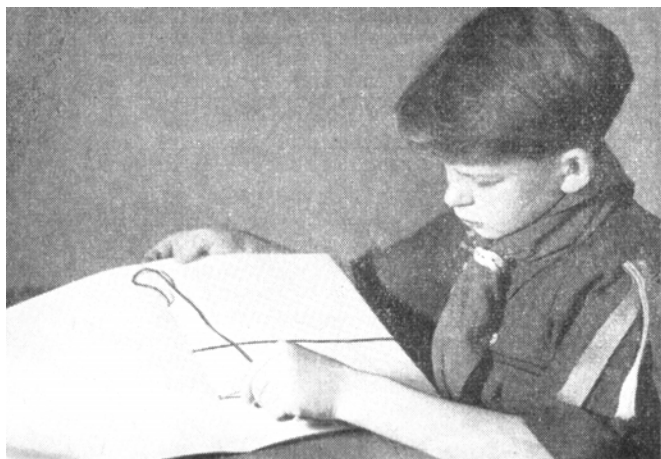
If the sheets are inclined to get wavy, put a weight on the book for a time, especially at night when you finish.

The book is now completed and you have made something to be proud of (6), knowing kiddies in hospitals will be delighted when looking at the pretty pictures.

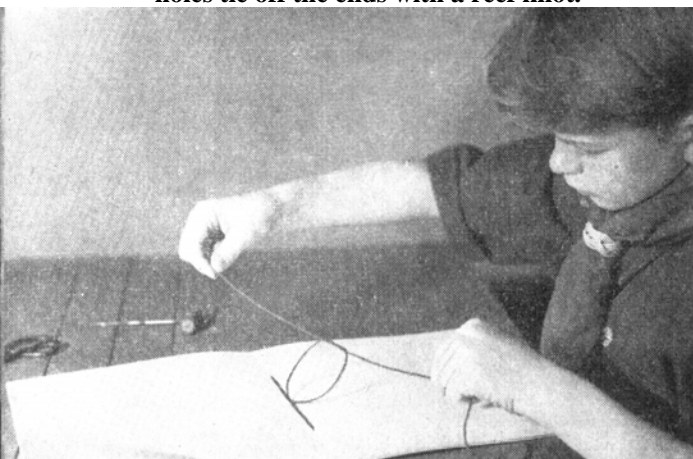
As a final touch write a message on the cover, such as 'Get well soon' from Scout ... etc.

Come on Scouts, go to it.

2. Keep the pages together with suitable binding.



3. When the binding thread has been passed through the holes tie off the ends with a reef knot.





4. Assemble the Christmas cards you have collected and cut out the pictures, it doesn't matter how roughly you do this as the cut-out makes a better display.

5. Decide your layout before pasting the pictures on a page. When applying the paste lay your pictures on an old newspaper. This will protect the table and also enable you to make sure the edge of each picture is pasted properly.



6. A completed book which, with a suitable message, will bring much pleasure to a sick child in hospital



Mystery and intrigue built up to such a degree that the future of the Pack became very uncertain. Begin today following our new Cub Serial.

A Pack in Danger

CHAPTER ONE

Double Barrel takes a decision

By JOHN MEEHAN

"I'd like to strangle that man Graham. Why doesn't he stop poking his nose in around here? He's ruining everything. If I could get my hands round his throat, it would be a good enough deed to last me for a year." Double Barrel sighed and stooped to pick a long, tough-looking blade of grass. He thrust it into his mouth and began to chew fiercely. "He's a real menace," Double Barrel grumbled. "He should be done away with, or lost, or drowned, or buried in the earth or something."

The three Cubs continued plodding along the narrow lane without speaking. Sixer Mark Holman was thinking that Double Barrel had not sounded very much like a true Cub and yet, at the same time, Mark sympathised with his attitude towards this intruder Graham who had caused the Pack so many problems lately. Gerry Woods, the tall, lanky Sixer of the Greys, was thinking that Double Barrel could always be relied on to say peculiar things. What, he wondered, would he produce next? As for Double Barrel, he was thinking how it would be possible to strangle Mr. Christopher Graham, or at the very least to drown him or bury him underground for the next year.

His real name was Jimmy Scott-Davies and this hyphenated surname was the reason that everybody called him Double Barrel. He was a sturdy boy with flame-coloured hair and green eyes, and a bright, fiery character that matched his looks. He was Second of the Yellows and although he was a good Cub who was honest, cheerful and helpful, he had a strong temper that flared up when he was angry.

Miss Hearne, the 1st Wheat-ford's Akela, had often spoken to him about it. "Jimmy," she would say to him, "instead of being like Mowgli, you're too much like the snarling tigers. When you learn to calm down..." Double Barrel remembered that phrase now, but he was determined not to calm down over Christopher Graham. That would be unthinkable.

"Just look at the damage he's done to us," Double Barrel rumbled on. "Ever since Graham's known Akela, the Pack meetings haven't been held so often."

"You're right," agreed Mark Holman. "Sometimes we used to have two in a week and camping was a pretty regular affair."

I don't believe I've seen the inside of a tent for six months."

"There you are," shouted Double Barrel. "Why don't we strangle him? I'd do it. Just you tell me when, that's all. Just you tell me when!"

Gerry Woods and Mark Holman laughed so hard that even Double Barrel relaxed.

"Of course I was only joking," he grinned "But all the same it's a great idea."

I read somewhere once about a perfect crime that . . ."

"Come on you old murderer," said Mark Holman. "Cut the cackle or we'll be late for the Meeting."

The Cubs moved briskly down the lane past Mrs. Jolly's Post Office and turned left into the crunchy, gravel path that led to Frank McTurk's farm. A hundred yards away was a stile.

They hopped across it and knew that it would take them two and a half minutes more to reach the barn which Mr. McTurk had given the Pack for its meetings.

The Cubs had travelled along the route so regularly during the last three years that they were able to say just how long it would take to move from one point to the next.

They knew that it was twenty-five yards from Patterson's Bakery to the Butcher's and that if they ran all out from there, they could reach Mrs. Jolly's Post Office in thirty seconds. When they were late, such knowledge was often very valuable.

Three years before, there had been no Pack at all in Wheatford.



But Miss Paulina Hearne had changed that when she moved into the quiet fen country village that was half-an-hour's bus journey from Cambridge where she worked as a teacher. With great enthusiasm she had started the 1st Wheatford and had given up nearly all her spare time to Scouting. She had persuaded Frank McTurk to allow the Cubs to use his barn as a Den and had even made him interested enough in the Movement to help out when the boys went camping. Often the boys had pitched tents on the farmer's fields or been shown the way the farm worked. Once Double Barrel had even been allowed to drive a tractor. but it got so much out of control that he nearly demolished the Den. The experiment had not been repeated.

The other villagers of Wheatford had also helped the Cubs a great deal. Mr. Patterson, the baker, had given them twenty pounds as a Christmas present last year to bolster the funds: Mrs. Jolly always organised the refreshments at Parents' Days when the Cubs would put on shows and displays: Len Fairfax, the landlord of Wheatford's Public House "The Pink Elephant", gave a hand with running the football team. In these and many other ways the men and women of the village worked for the Cubs. And the reason was that Miss Hearne was the best, friendliest, most charming, persuasive Akela a Pack could wish to have. At least she had been until six months ago when she had met Christopher Graham, a Cambridge University scientist.

From that moment the Pack began to hold a much lower place in her life. Until then she had often held two meetings during the week and had even taken groups of Cubs for special training on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. But since she had known Christopher Graham, Akela had spent most of her free time with him. The Cubs knew about Miss Hearn's friend, for they had seen him speed through the quiet Wheatford lanes in his shiny black Jaguar. Regularly throughout these last six months his car could be seen racing in from Cambridge to pull up outside Maple Cottage where Miss Hearne lived with her parents. The Cubs felt that Graham was a dangerous enemy to the Pack. That was why Double Barrel had been so offensive about the Cambridge scientist.

The meetings began at six o'clock and usually lasted for an hour and a quarter. Tonight the Sixes quickly got down to Badge work and were practising in their own areas of the Den.

"Do you think I'll ever win my Artist's Badge, Akela?" asked Double Barrel. "Whenever I get a pencil between my fingers it seems to go all out of control like For a moment he hesitated, trying to think of a comparison. "All out of control," he repeated, "like, er, like, well like

"Like that tractor you nearly smashed up the barn with last Summer?" suggested Akela.

The Cubs laughed. Sixer Mark Holman squinted at Double Barrel's drawing.

I say, that elephant's a bit lop-sided isn't it?

So would you be if you'd only got one tusk," Double Barrel replied. There were more laughs, but suddenly Akela called "Pack!" for silence.

"I'm sorry, Cubs," she said, "but our meeting won't be going on as long as usual. I'm afraid you'll have to start clearing up the barn right away."

There were pleading cries of, "Oh, Akela Just a bit longer, Akela!"

"No, Cubs. I'm sorry, but we're finishing now."

Mark Holman saw by his watch that it was twelve minutes to seven. Normally they carried on until at least quarter past. But it was no use arguing with Miss Hearne because she was very firm when she wanted to be. The rest of the Pack realised this, too, and obediently tidied up the Den.

As soon as the barn had been swept and all the loose equipment stored in the cupboard, Akela called the Cubs to her again.

"From now on," she said, "all our Meetings will end at ten minutes to seven. For the moment I am extremely busy and I can't spend so much time with you."

The Meeting ended and the Cubs split up into discontented groups heading unhappily homewards. Double Barrel, Mark Holman and Gerry Woods were first over the stile. As they crunched along the path away from the farm, Double Barrel took off his cap and slapped it angrily against his right knee. The effort jerked a mop of red hair across his face and he looked for a moment like a wild-eyed pirate.

"You see where this is leading us," he said. "A bit longer and we'll be having half-hour Meetings. Just that and nothing else. No camping, no extra badge training, no outings, no displays, no parents' days, nothing. Just a bare half-hour a week."

"You're wrong, Double Barrel," said Mark Holman. "That's not where it's leading at all." The Sixer looked calm despite the surprise he had caused. "Where it's leading is this. Soon there won't be any meetings at all. Then Akela will leave us. When that happens nobody else in the village will be able to take over. We'll be sunk."

"You mean the Pack will be finished?" said Gerry Woods. "You mean it won't be long before we don't have any more Scouting in Wheatford?"

"Precisely," said Mark Holman. "It looks as though we've had it. A few more weeks and it'll be all over. The 1st Wheatford will be the zero Wheatford and we'll all be on the scrap heap."

Double Barrel banged his cap against his knee again and then stuck it firmly on the back of his head.

"Never!" he said. "We'll never go under. Not as long as I'm alive!"

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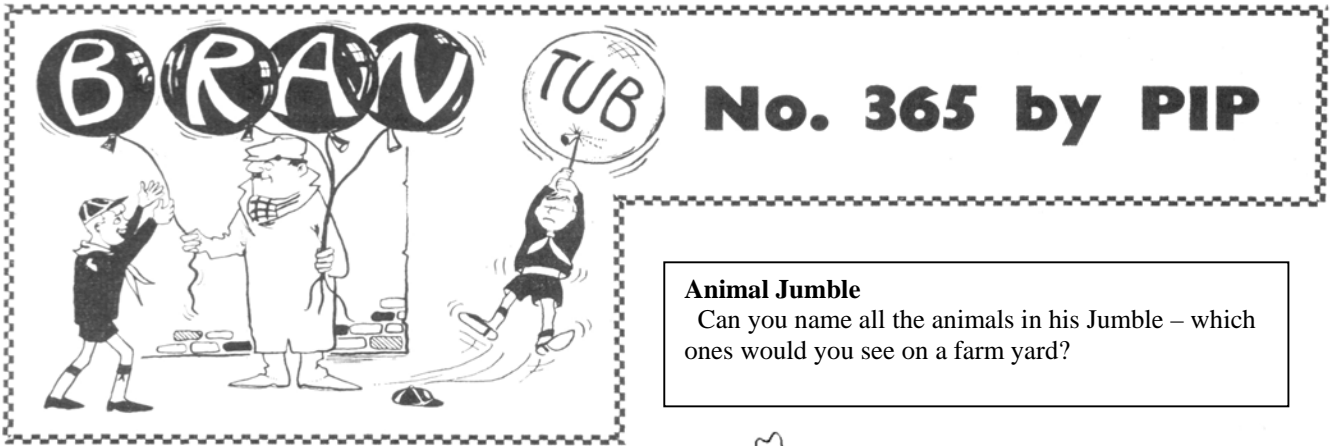
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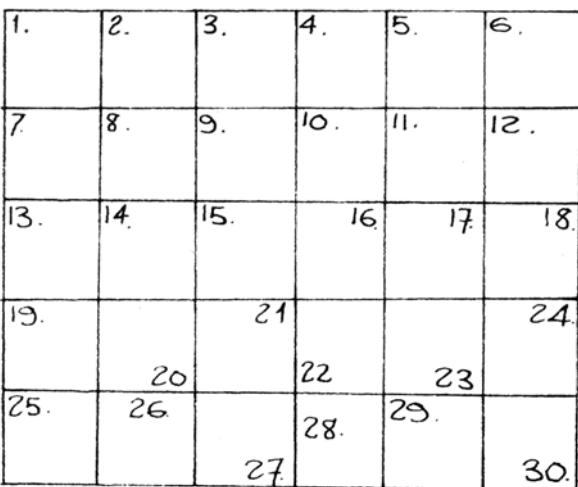
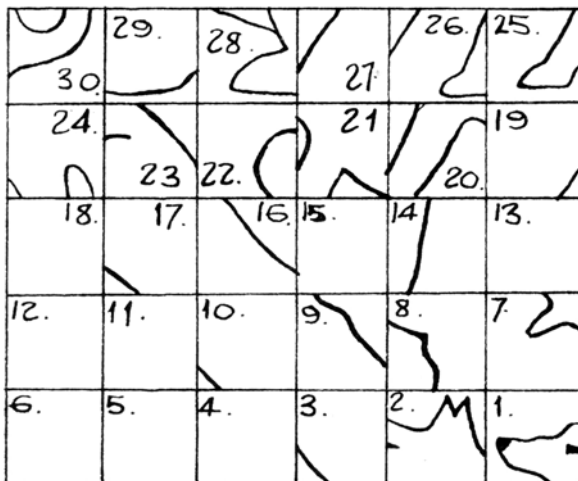
Animal Jumble

Can you name all the animals in his Jumble – which ones would you see on a farm yard?



Picture Puzzle

Copy very carefully the outline in each of the square of the same number given below.



New Year Competition for Wolf Cubs only

* What you have to do:
Using your imagination draw a picture to include the figures:-

1963

Add your name, age, Pack and home address.

* Send your drawing to:-
Bran Tub,
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25 Buckingham Palace Road,
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All entries must arrive by 31st January, 1963.
* Prizes of Cornet Cameras, complete with a flashgun and accessories, will be given for the FOUR best drawings and there will be consolation prizes for runners-up.

PEN PALS
WANTED

- S.S. John Barber** (15), 3, Park Lane, Oreston, Nr. Plymouth, Devon - Pen-pal anywhere outside U.K. Hobbies Scouting, stamps, C.B.'s.
- P/2nd Michael Wailer** (11), 58, St. Werburgh Cres., Hoo, Rochester, Kent - Scout pen-pal anywhere exe. Gt. Britain (English speaking). Hobbies Scouting, cycle racing.
- Karim A. Karimjee**, P.O. Box 1388, Mombasa, Kenya. - Pen-pals in England with a view to exchanging stamps.
- Miss D. Pennington** (17½), 18 Moorefield Close, Eccles, Manchester, Lancs. - S. Scout pen-pal or Akela of same age, overseas. Hobbies : Cubs, hiking, swimming, camping, pop and classical music. Photo if poss.
- J. V. Jeyaseelan** (17), Hartley College, Point Pedro, Ceylon. - Guide pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies Scouting, stamps coins, tennis.
- K. Sivrajah** (18), "Wellisydy," Thumpulai, Point Pedro, Ceylon - Guide pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, fishing, rowing, matchbox labels, shells, stamps.
- S.S. Michael Annan** (15), 31, Orient St., London, S.E.11. - Guide pen-pal in Gt. Britain. Hobbies: Scouting, camping, records, hiking. Photo if poss.
- Mohamed Balla Taha**, Clerk-Police Office, Kosti, Sudan. - Pen-pal with a view to swopping C.B.'s. stamps, photos.
- S.S. Norman H. Firth** (15), 34 Wycombe Close, Davyhulme, Nr. Manchester, Lancs. - Senior pen-pal in Europe. Hobbies : Soccer, all outdoor sports, Scouting, CBs, photography, etc. Like Photo.
- Barbara Dawkins** (15½), 46 Stanborough Ave., Boreham Wood, Herts - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies : Pop music, films reading.
- P/2nd Allen Hill** (14½), 11 Prince Maurice Rd., Lipson, Plymouth, Devon. - Guide pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, cycling, records.
- Rover John Scott-Smith** (19), 46 Fleethall Grove, Stifford Clays, Grays, Essex. - Ranger, Cadet, Guide pen-pals. Hobbies : Sports, music, Scouting, reading, correspondence.
- Kenneth J. Wise** (14), 47 Coleshill Rd., Teddington, Middlesex. - Scout or Guide pen-pal aged 13-15, anywhere abroad (speaking German, French or English). Hobbies: Scouting, camping, swimming, fishing. Photo, please.



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