

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 12th January 1963*

*EVERY FRIDAY*

*6d*



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

### Project 33 - Result

You could obtain the solution to the cipher by working through the alphabet backwards, and ringing the letter which followed the appropriate letter, i.e. the letter after z (T), the letter after the next y (A), the letter after the next x (K), the letter after the next w (E) and so on. When you've gone through the alphabet, start at z again.

Here's the solution:- Take a nine o'clock boat from Montreux to Geneva.

On arrival go to the hotel on the quay and sit at the same table with the man wearing a gardenia. Hand over the plan to him.

And here are the only winners –  
**Scout David Thomson**, 21st Aberdeen.  
**P.L. James Welsh**, 3rd Elgin.  
**Scout R. Wood**, 25th Warrington.  
**P/2nd Cohn Hughes**, 18th Crosby.  
**P.L.(S) G. A. Eltringham**, 34th Nottingham.  
 who receive £1 vouchers and my congratulations.

### Pip and Pen

A year or two ago we used occasionally to eavesdrop on the conversation of two P.L.'s, friends at the same school, but in neighbouring Troops. They are now in the Seniors, but Pip and Pen arrive in their place.

Pip: Hello, did you do the Maths?

Pen: Hello: yes, most of it, but never mind that. I've got to run a stunt at Troop Night tomorrow and I haven't an idea, not a new one. Have you come across anything lately?

Pip: Mmmmmmm.

Pen: Well, tell all.

Pip: Mmmmmmm.

Pen: What's this bee stuff?

Pip: Should I or should I not tell it to you? To be or not to be? as Hamlet said.

Pen: Am I your mate, or am I not - as Pen said?

Pip: I can refuse you nothing Seriously, it goes like this:

The P.L. is at one end of the hall and the rest of the Patrol at the other. The P.L. has to face the wall and is given a mirror to use as a periscope to see behind him. The Patrol is blindfold.

The P.L. is then given a task which he has to instruct his Patrol to accomplish. *The Patrol may not speak*, and do not know beforehand what the task is. The P.L. may not move.

Pen: I get the picture: one Patrol at a time?

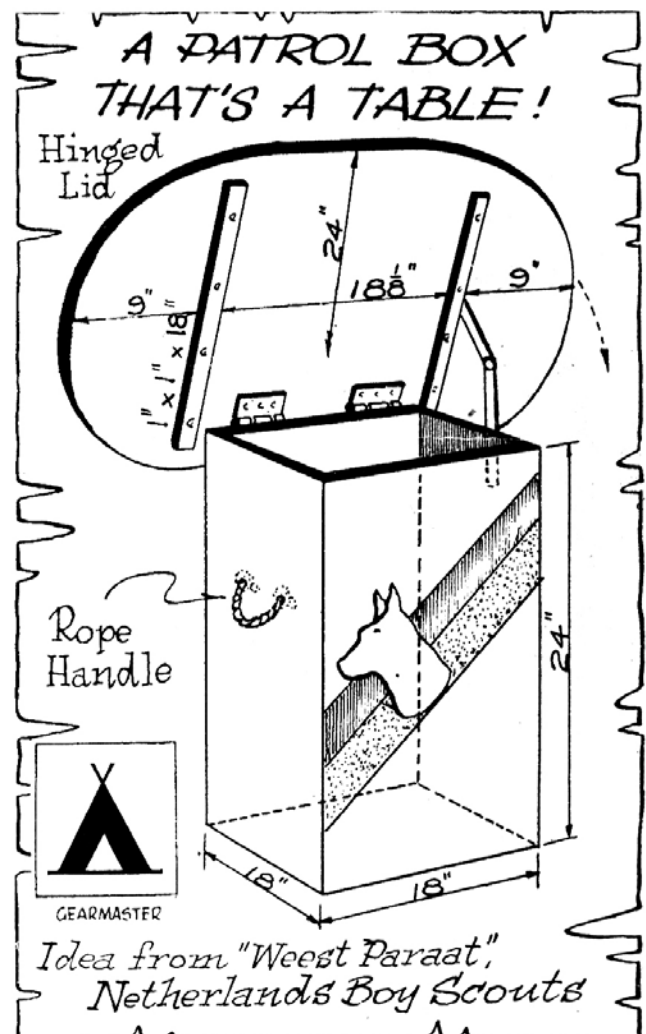
Pip: If you like, as a demonstration, or all Patrols at the same time, winners the first to complete the task.

Pen: What sort of tasks?

Pip: Oh, almost anything. The Patrol has to climb over a line of chairs or through a window. Or each chap has to fill a mug from a bucket of water at the other side of the hall.

Pen: Or start with something simple like the Patrol arranging themselves in order of size or in order of birthday months or

Pip: You've got the idea. Now, where's your Maths book (but here we'd better leave them.)





**Camp Fire Sketches Note book (2)**

**Trees and Sap.** Stand your Patrol inside the Camp Fire Circle and have them stand round the fire with the arms to their sides. Ask for a volunteer, and tell him to run in and out of the Patrol standing round the fire. As he runs you tell the story, the Patrol and you all doing the actions of trees with your arms

"In the winter the trees are bare and the branches hang down; as the year progresses so the trees spring to life and the branches rise. In the height of the summer the trees are in full bloom and the branches are stretching to get all the sun they can. As the year goes on so the trees lose leaves and start to droop; the autumn passes and soon it is winter. The trees are bare and the branches hang down, yet for all of this the SAP keeps on running." (Back to your places!)

**Yell: How's That**

- First side: How's That
- Second side: Not Out
- First side: How's That
- Second side: Not Out
- First side: HOW'S THAT
- Second side: NOT OUT
- First side: Bother.

Start off quietly with short sharp words, get louder with each "How's that" and end with a drawn out Bother "

**Yell: Heave**

A group of men are pulling a log to the top of a hill, to enable them to roll it into the river.

- HEAVVE (groan and haul on the rope) HEAVVVVE (groan and haul on the rope, accentuated)
- HEAVVVVVVE (even more so)
- THAR SHE GOES (whistle down scale then)
- P L O P (drawn out)

**How to Lift a Heavy Pack**

Mr. T. Kehoe and his colleague Mr. T. W. Firth of Unthorpe, Middlesbrough are kindly allowing me to use the following excellent advice, which should go into your Camper's or Hiker's Notebook, on the correct way of lifting a pack :

1. Limits of weight which should be lifted without mechanical aid by young males:

- 60 lb. occasionally
- 45 lb. continuously

These are maxima and should only be called for if it is unavoidable - normally not more than 2/3 these maxima should be used.

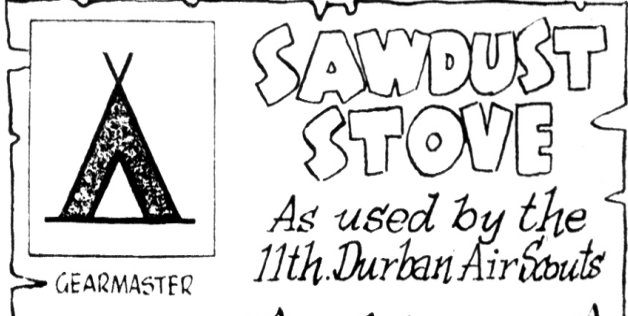
2. The best shape and weight distribution for a pack should be in the form of a shallow 'V'. With the apex at the bottom, i.e., the greater part of the weight should be at the top of the pack; and the centre line should be co-incident with the spine when in position. Norwegian High type is the nearest.

3. The following method for lifting is recommended:-

- (i) Position pack on right knee with straps towards body, lifting with straps, power provided by straightening legs, moving right leg forward and knee underneath to receive pack.
- (ii) Thread right arm through strap - ending with strap on shoulder - left hand steadying top of pack. Right shoulder turning in towards pack to facilitate positioning of strap on shoulder.
- (iii) Straighten right leg, lifting body to upright position - swinging pack on to the back at the same time

- (iv) Thread left arm through strap and rotate arm to locate strap on shoulder.
- (v) Settle pack in position so that weight is distributed centrally.

4. Wherever possible packs should be put on with a second person providing the lift. The wearer merely slipping his arms through the straps, knees slightly bent, knees straightened as pack is swung on back.



**SAWDUST STOVE**

*As used by the 11th Durban Air Scouts*

GEARMASTER

In an old 5 gal. drum make a 2 1/2" diameter hole in the base.

← EYE HOOK IN 3" DIAMETER TOP

TAPER TO 2 1/4" DIAMETER

Make a Tapered wood peg, 3" longer than drum depth.

← Grid for drum top.

Pack sawdust tightly into drum with peg in position, to within about 2" of top.

Then screw peg out carefully ... stand drum on bricks or flat stones ...

Light small fire under base hole to catch the sawdust alight.

1 BAG (SACK) OF S/DUST = 3 DAYS!

One drum of sawdust burns for 3 to 4 hours. Handy when you face fuel problems. Get sawdust from carpentry shop.

MIKONTO

# A new series for Seniors by John Lane

## Collecting Records and Building your Record Library



How should I start collecting records? How can I start building up a really worthwhile record library? And how am I to know what Sort of music I shall like? All these are questions we have asked ourselves from time to time. The choice is so vast that it seems impossible to know where to begin, and how difficult it is to discover new music we shall like other than that we already know. Record collecting is not cheap. And if you buy the wrong records it can be disappointingly expensive. All the more reason then to buy what you are going to like in a year or two's time, or even ten year's time as much as today. These articles are about such problems and, I hope, some of the means and ways of solving them.

The new cheap-price range of 12inch records enables you to buy two records for the price of a normal one, and the great variety of recorded music on Extended Play (or E.P. - its usual abbreviation) enables you to buy a host of records at remarkably low cost. These two types of record can form the backbone of a relatively cheap but varied collection, and even these can be purchased second-hand. To take a definite example, say Tchaikovsky's 6th Symphony, the "Pathetique".

This is issued by various companies in their cheap price range which varies between 21s. 6d. to 23s. 6d. and the same record, second-hand, in perfect condition costs between your own Record Library 14s. and 17s. 6d. A normal 12 inch recording costs about 40s. new and 27s. second-hand and E.P.'s cost about 5s. to 7s. 6d. second-hand. With such low prices it should be possible to build up a really interesting personal collection.

### **The Extended Play Record**

The small 7 inch E.P. disc costs from 7s. to 13s. and is the cheapest record on the market. It is easily the best way to start your collection, to find out what you like and what you do not like, in a relatively painless way. There is now a vast selection of music on E.P. and in my next article I shall be making a few suggestions. E.P.'s are also available, of course, on stereo, and cost about the same. Second-hand E.P.'s vary from 5s. to 7s. 6d.

### **The Cheap-Price Range 12in. Record**

One of the best buys for the slightly more ambitious collector is this new cheap-price range. At present there are hundreds of titles and there is no better way of building up a basic library than by collecting these. They are issued as follows:-

Decca: Ace of Clubs at 21s. 6d. each (mono).

H.M.V.: Concert Classics and Encore at 22s. 8d. each (mono).

Deutsche Grammophon: Heliodor at 23s. 3d. each (mono).

Philips: Classical Favourites at 23s. 6d. (mono).

Vox: G.B.Y. series at 22s. 6d. (mono).

Pye: Golden Guinea 21s. (mono).

If you have any difficulty in obtaining up-to-date leaflets about these excellent series write for details from the following addresses:-

Decca Record Co. Ltd., 9 Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1.

E.M.I. Records (for H.M.V.) 20 Manchester Square, London, W. 1.

Deutsche Graminophon Ltd., 12/13 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Vox Productions (G.B.) Ltd., 231 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Philips Records Ltd., Stanhope House, Stanhope Place, London, W.2.



## Record Clubs

There are several record clubs specialising in various aspects, but the World Record Club is the most likely to be of help. To join, you have to agree to buy four records a year (they cost 29s. each) but the choice is limited to those editions published by the club. Details are often available in the Press or from

World Record Club, Box 11, Parkbridge House, The Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

There is also the Concert Hall Record Club Ltd. Dept. 526D, Grove House, 551 London Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

## Secondhand Records

For those for whom the cheap range of record is insufficient in terms of quality of sound, performance and interpretation the second-hand copy is indispensable. There are, for instance, half a dozen different interpretations of Beethoven's Erioca Symphony in the cheap price-range and probably dozens of others available, but one of the best, by Otto Klemperer is only available on CX 1346 at 38s. or in a second-hand copy at anything from 25s. to 30s. And there can be no doubt that the greatest performances give by far the greatest pleasure in the long run; they seem to remain alive after other interpretations have grown stale.

These records are in perfect condition, and even played on the most expensive equipment sound as new.

Do not think that second-hand means second-best, for not only are the interpretations some of the best available, but the quality of the recorded sound is invariably superior to cheaper editions.

Most of my own records were bought in this way and I have no reason to regret it. Buy from reputable dealers, such as those whose addresses are given below, or watch in "The (3ramo-phone" magazine in your library. The following will gladly send lists every month of their stock available.

**Geoff. Ives, Hi-Fi Centre**, 40 St. Giles' Street, Norwich.

**Record Specialties**, 4 Duke Street, London, W.C.I.

**Kenneth Holman**, Ondine House, Wey Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

**G. Melvin, The Gramophone Shop**, 901 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, W.I.

Finally a word about reading. The odds are that as soon as you like a piece of music you will want to know something about it, and the words on the back of the record sleeve are designed to help you. In fact, the more you know about music the more you will enjoy it. Try and look at "The Gramophone" in your local library, at record catalogues and reviews. Join your local Gramophone Society if there is one, and try and get hold of the following books which will help you along.

A short guide to Long Play," by M. Goff. The Museum Press, 7s. 6d.

"A further guide to Long Play": by M. Goff. The Museum Press, 9s. 6d.

Undoubtedly the best book on building up a small library which you should certainly get is "A Basic Record Library" Classical and Jazz (published at 2s. 6d. by The Sunday Times, 200 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.I.). Other excellent paperbacks are "Music on Record" in two volumes A to M and L to Z, by Peter Gammond, published by Arrow Books. This is a critical. guide to the best orchestral music. And if you want to look up a review of a record before buying it to make certain it has no faults "The Gramophone L.P. Classical Record Catalogue" at 5s. is an index of almost all recorded music available in this country and a handy method of finding out which copy of "The Gramophone" contains the review you want. There are also several books on music published by Pelicans. But perhaps the. best book of all is called "Collecting Gramophone. Records," by E. M. Bryant, published by the Focal Press at 12s. 6d., in which there are sections on the care of records, their storage, and basic methods of acquiring a representative collection.

In my next article I shall be making some suggestions about buying the first records and in the meantime keep your ears open for all the music you can possibly listen to.

---

# Headquarters Notices

## H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's Challenge Shield Competition, 1962

The results for the current year are as follows *Senior Section*

87th Nottingham	78 points
4th Leek	777 points
3rd 5. Lambeth "A"	770 points

## Junior Section

8th Perthshire	744 points
3rd S. Lambeth "B"	743 points
1st Brookvale "A" (Australia)	729 points

Thirty entries were received in the Senior Section and 24 in the Junior Section.

## H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's Challenge Shield Competition, 1963

This competition for rifle shooting will again be run under the control of the National Small-bore Rifle Association.

Full details, conditions and entry forms may be obtained from H.Q.

The closing date for entries fox' United Kingdom teams is 31st March, 1963; for Overseas teams, 31st May, 1963.

Entries will be made in either the Junior Section for competitors all under 16 years of age, or in the Senior Section for those under 24 years of age., on the day of the shoot. The competition is for teams of four competitors, two cards each.

The Section of the National Small Bore Rifle Association, Codrington House, 113 Southwark Street, London. S.E.I., would be pleased to put any Scout Troop in touch with his nearest rifle club, who may be able to provide training facilities with expert coaches. The Club also may be able to assist with rifles, but Scouts would have to purchase ammunition used.

For a nominal annual subscription of 5s. Groups who regularly practise rifle shooting may affiliate direct to the N.S.R.A. Particulars may be obtained from Secretary of the N.S.R.A.

## The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme

From the 1st January, 1963, the cost of entry into the Award Scheme will be 3s. The entry fee will cover the cost of the Record Book and postage.

**C. C. GOODHIND,**  
*Secretary.*



# *My side of the Mountain*

by

**Jean George**

(Illustrated by the Author)



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

**FOR NEW READERS:** *A young boy, Sam Gribley, living with his large family in an apartment in New York, decides to cut loose from town life and go off alone to look for the land his great-grandfather owned in the Catskill Mountains. With a pen-knife, an axe, a ball of string and some flint and steel as his only resources, he lives "off the land" for over a year on the mountain where his great-grandfather's farm once flourished, sleeping inside a hollowed-out hemlock tree, catching~ fish and snaring rabbits, rearing and training a falcon, and observing all that goes on 'around him throughout the seasons.*

## CHAPTER TWO

### **I, which, I get started., this Venture**

I left New York in May. I had a penknife, a ball of string, an axe, and \$40, which I had saved from selling magazine subscriptions. I also had some flint and steel which I had bought at a Chinese store in the city. The man in the store had showed me how to use it. He had also given me a little purse to put it in, and some tinder to catch the sparks. He had told me that if I ran out of tinder, I should burn cloth, and use the charred ashes.

I thanked him and said, "This is the kind of thing I am not going to forget."

On the train north to the Catskills I unwrapped my flint and steel and practised hitting them together to make sparks. On the wrapping paper I made these notes:

"A hard brisk stroke is best. Remember to hold the steel in the left hand and the flint in the right, and hit the steel with the flint.

"The trouble is the sparks go every which way." And that was the trouble. I did not get a fire going that night, and as I mentioned, this was a scary experience.

I hitched rides into the Catskill Mountains. At about four o'clock a truck driver and I passed through a beautiful dark hemlock forest, and I said to him, "This is as far as I am going."

He looked all around and said, "You live here?"

"No," I said, "but I am running away from home, and this is just the kind of forest I have always dreamed I would run to.

I think I'll camp here tonight." I hopped out of the cab.

Hey, boy," the driver shouted. "Are you serious?" Sure," I said.

Well, now, ain't that sumpin'? You know, when I was your age, I did the same thing. Only thing was, I was a farm boy and ran to the city, and you're a city boy running to the woods. I was scared of the city - do you think you'll be scared of the woods?"

"Heck, no!" I shouted loudly.

As I marched into the cool shadowy woods, I heard the driver call to me, "I'll be back in the morning, if you want to ride home."

He laughed. Everybody laughed at me. Even Dad. I told Dad that I was going to run away to Great-grandfather Gribley's land. He had roared with laughter and told me about the time he had run away from home. He got on a boat headed for Singapore, but when the whistle blew for departure, he was down the gangplank and home in bed before anyone knew he was gone. Then he told me, "Sure, go try it. Every boy should try it."

I must have walked a mile into the woods until I found a stream. It was a clear athletic stream that rushed and ran and jumped and splashed. Ferns grew along its bank, and its rocks were upholstered with moss.

I sat down, smelled the piney air, and took out my penknife. I cut off a green twig and began to whittle. I have always been good at whittling. I carved a ship once that my teacher exhibited for parents' night at school.

First I whittled an angle on one end of the twig. Then I cut a smaller twig and sharpened it to a point. I whittled an angle on that twig, and bound the two angles face to face with a strip of green bark. It was supposed to be a fishhook.

According to a book on how to survive on the land that I read in the New York Public Library, this was the way to make your own hooks. I then dug for worms. I had hardly chopped the moss away with my axe before I hit frost. It had not occurred to me that there would be frost in the ground in May, but then, I had not been on a mountain before.

This did worry me, because I was depending on fish to keep me alive until I got to my Great-grandfather's mountain, where I was going to make traps and catch game.

I looked into the stream to see what else I could eat, and as I did, my hand knocked a rotten log apart. I remembered about old logs and all the sleeping stages of insects that are in it. I chopped away until I found a cold white grub.



I swiftly tied a string to my hook, put the grub on, and walked up the stream looking for a good place to fish. All the manuals I had read were very emphatic about where fish lived, and so I had memorized this: "In streams, fish usually congregate in pools and deep calm water. The heads of riffles, small rapids, the tail of a pool, eddies below rocks or logs, deep undercut banks, in the shade of overhanging bushes - all are very likely places to fish."

This stream did not seem to have any calm water, and I must have walked a thousand miles before I found a pool by a deep undercut bank in the shade of overhanging bushes. Actually, it wasn't that far, it just seemed that way because as I went looking and finding nothing, I was sure I was going to starve to death.

I squatted on this bank and dropped in my line. I did so want to catch a fish. One fish would set me upon my way, because I had read how much you can learn from one fish. By examining the contents of its stomach you can find what the other fish are eating or you use the internal organs as bait.

The grub went down to the bottom of the stream. It swirled around and hung still. Suddenly the string came to life, and rode back and forth and around in a circle. I pulled with a powerful jerk. The hook came apart, and whatever I had went circling back to its bed.

Well, that almost made me cry. My bait was gone, my hook was broken, and I was getting cold, frightened and mad. I whittled another hook, but this time I cheated and used string to wind it together instead of bark. I walked back to the log and luckily found another grub. I hurried to the pool, and I flipped a out of the water before I knew I trout had a bite.

The fish flopped, and I threw my whole body over it. I could not bear to think of it flopping itself back into the stream.

I cleaned it like I had seen the man the fish market do, examined its stomach, and found it empty. This horrified me. What I didn't know was that an empty stomach means the fish are hungry and will eat about anything.

However, I thought at the time that I was a gonner. Sadly, I put some of the internal organs on my hook, and before I could get my line to the bottom I had another bite. I lost that one, but got the next one. I stopped when I had five nice little trout and looked around for a place to build a camp and make a fire.

It wasn't hard to find a pretty spot along that stream. I selected a place beside a mossy rock in a circle of hemlocks.

I decided to make a bed before I cooked. I cut off some boughs for a mattress, then I leaned some dead limbs against the boulder and covered them with hemlock limbs. This made a kind of tent. I crawled in, lay down, and felt alone and secret and very excited.

But ah, the rest of this story I was on the northeast side of the mountain. It grew dark and cold early. Seeing the shadows slide down on me, I frantically ran around gathering firewood. This is about the only thing I did right from that moment until dawn, because I remembered that the driest wood in a forest is the dead limbs that are still on the trees, and I gathered an enormous pile of them.

That pile must still be there, for I never got a fire going.

I got sparks, sparks, sparks. I even hit the tinder with the sparks. The tinder burned all right, but that was as far as I got. I blew on it, I breathed on it, I cupped it in my hands, but no sooner did I add twigs than the whole thing went black.

Then it got too dark to see. I clicked steel and flint together, even though I couldn't see the tinder. Finally, I gave up and crawled into my hemlock tent, hungry, cold, and miserable.

I can talk about that first night now, although it is still embarrassing to me because I was so stupid, and scared, that I hate to admit it.

I had made my hemlock bed right in the stream valley where the wind drained down from the cold mountaintop. It might have been all right if I had made it on the other side of the boulder, but I didn't. I was right on the main highway of the cold winds as they tore down upon the valley below. I didn't have enough hemlock boughs under me, and before I had my head down, my stomach was cold and damp. I took some boughs off the roof and stuffed them under me, and then my shoulders were cold. I curled up in a ball and was almost asleep when a whippoorwill called. If you have ever been within forty feet of a whippoorwill, you will understand why I couldn't even shut my eyes. They are deafening!

Well, anyway, the whole night went like that. I don't think I slept fifteen minutes, and I was so scared and tired that my throat was dry. I wanted a drink but didn't dare go near the stream for fear of making a misstep and falling in and getting wet. So I sat tight, and shivered and shook - and now I am able to say - I cried a little tiny bit. Fortunately, the sun has a wonderfully glorious habit of rising every morning.





*a couple of good shelters - make  
sure your fire is on scraped earth  
also be sure to put it out!*

When the sky lightened, when the birds awoke, I knew I would never again see anything so splendid as the round red sun coming up over the earth.

I was immediately cheered, and set out directly for the highway. Somehow, I thought that if I was a little nearer the road, everything would be all right.

I climbed a hill and stopped. There was a house. A house warm and cozy, with smoke coming out the chimney and lights in the windows, and only a hundred feet from my torture camp.

Without considering my pride, I ran down the hill and banged on the door. A nice old man answered. I told him everything in one long sentence, and then said, "And so, can I cook my fish here, because I haven't eaten in years."

He chuckled, stroked his whiskery face, and took the fish. He had them cooking in a pan before I knew what his name was.

When I asked him, he said Bill something, but I never heard his last name because I fell asleep in his rocking chair that was pulled up beside his big hot glorious wood stove in the kitchen.

I ate the fish some hours later, also some bread, jelly, oatmeal, and cream. Then he said to me, "Sam Gribbley, if you are going to run off and live in the woods, you'd better learn how to make a fire. Come with me."

We spent the afternoon practising. I pencilled these notes on the back of a scrap of paper, so I wouldn't forget.

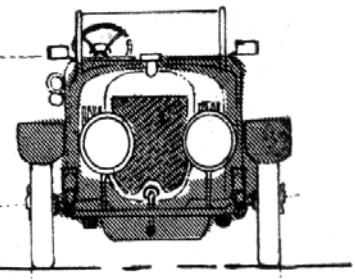
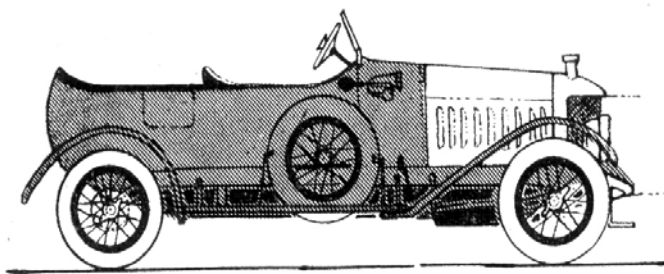
"When the tinder glows, keep blowing and add fine dry needles one by one - and keep blowing, steadily, lightly and even. Add 1 inch dry twigs to the needles and then give her a good big handful of small dry stuff. Keep blowing."

Next Week:

**THE MANNER IN WHICH I FIND  
GRIBBLEY'S FARM**

## Yesterday's Cars (25)

By Ray Evans



**Vauxhall [1913] 'Prince Henry'**

**Gt. Britain**

One of the world's first real sports cars. It is a powerful 25 horse power car with a top speed of around 85 m.p.h. Four speed gearbox, four cylinder engine. Hand brakes on rear wheels and foot on transmission.



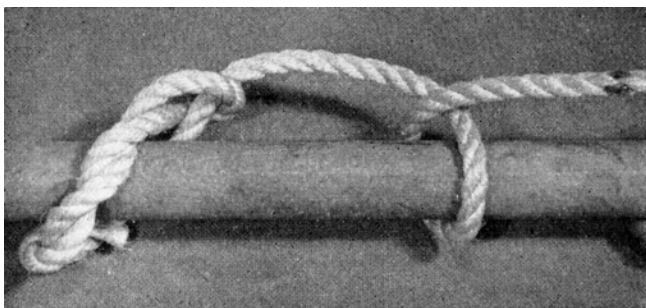
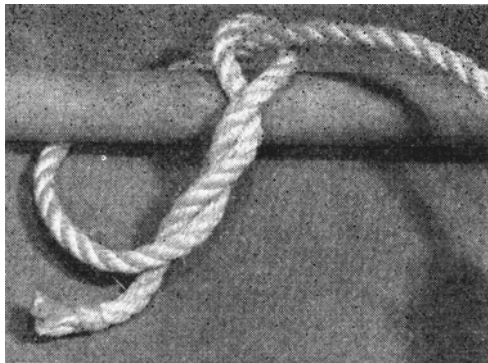
# YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES-

By John Annandale and Robert Dewar

## SECOND WEEK

### THE TIMBER HITCH

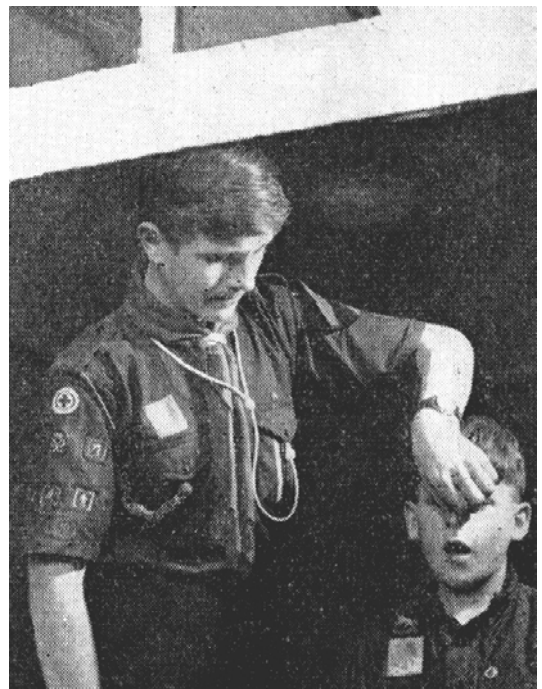
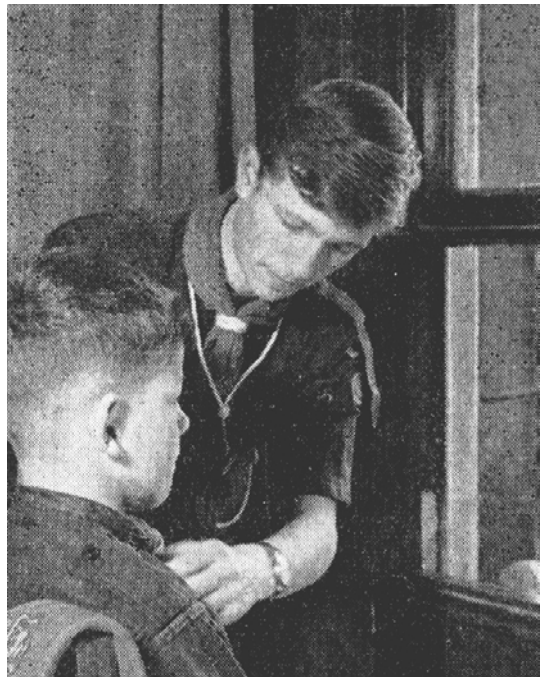
The timber hitch is used for tying round a heavy log which you want to drag from one place to another. The more you pull, the tighter it gets - but is easy to undo once the strain is off.



### BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE

Sit patient at open window, undo all tight clothing round the neck and chest. Place a towel in front to prevent clothes being soiled.

Pinch nose firmly just below the hard part. Do not plug the nose.



*Now turn to page 10 and follow our Nature Trail*





## Your Second Class Tests in Pictures (continued)

### Nature Trail

There are twenty-five signs in this Trail can you tell what they mean?

Can you follow the trail to its end and identify the trail maker, position in Patrol, which Patrol which Troop, and where?

#### Next Week

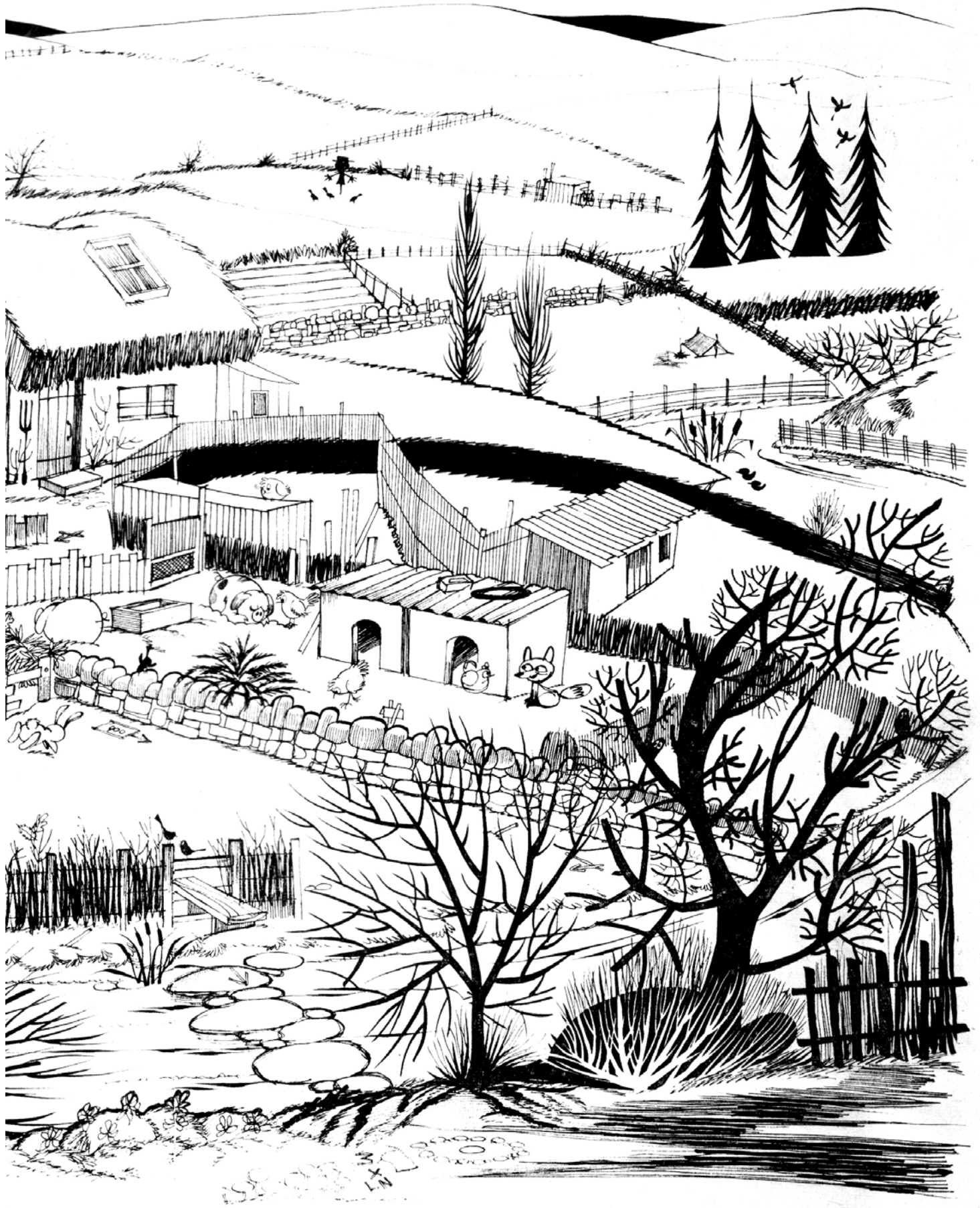
Stings and Bites  
Square Lashing  
Revise Kim's Game  
And Nature trail

#### THIS WEEKS COVER

"The day is what you make it" – and in this photo by John Annandale, a P.L., is getting fun out of a snowy day – but surely this can't be Skip?











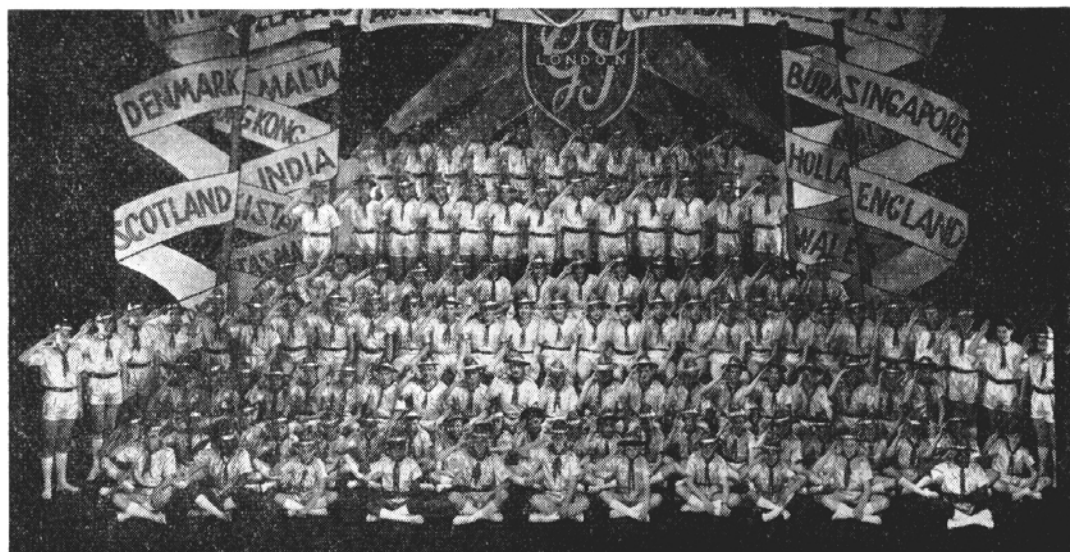
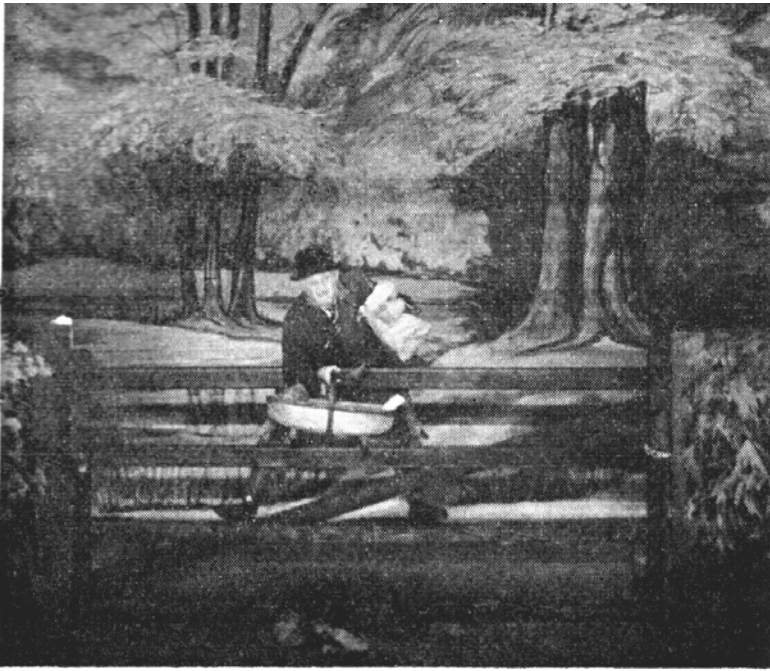
*On Wednesday, 28th November, 1962, H.M. The Queen honoured The Gang Show by attending a performance and going backstage to visit the cast.*

# THE GANG SHOW 1962

*Glimpses from the* **3** *TH* *Anniversary Production*









# BE AN INTERNATIONAL

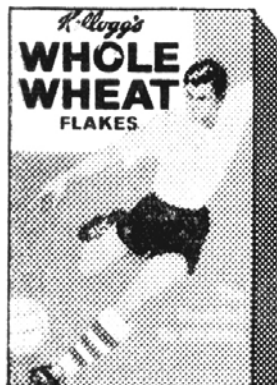
Play in your country's colours...

JERSEY • SHORTS • STOCKINGS

ALL FOR ONLY

# 15'9

AND TWO PACKET TOPS



### SAVE UP TO 8/6

Four super football kits (jersey, shorts and stockings) for you to choose from—England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. You can play in the international colours of your own country. These kits are made by "Umbro," who kit out the top league clubs and home international teams. Each outfit is available in four sizes. Don't miss this great bargain. Fill in the order form below, and send it in with the money and two Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops.

## Kellogg's WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES

### ORDER FORM

Please indicate size, team colour and number of kits required in the appropriate square.	Size 26" (5 yrs) 15/9 plus 2 Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops	Size 28" (6-7 yrs) 15/9 plus 2 Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops	Size 30" (8-9 yrs) 15/9 plus 2 Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops	Size 32" (10-11 yrs) 15/9 plus 2 Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops
--	---	---	---	---

ENGLAND				
SCOTLAND				
IRELAND				
WALES				

SEND TO: Kellogg's Football Kit Offer, P.O. Box 38,  
1 The Parsonage, Manchester 3

Please send me..... Football kit(s) (size and colour as indicated). I enclose cheque/P.O. No..... value..... payable to "Kellogg's" and crossed "& Co" and..... Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes packet tops.

NAME .....  
(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS .....





## PATROL ACTIVITIES

What a wonderful sight met our eyes this morning as we awoke, rather late, and looked out of the Senior Scout Hut at our local camp site where we have been spending the weekend. Everywhere was fresh, clean white snow and the sun was just rising, glinting on everything, making the branches of trees like jewels. It looked just like fairyland and a photograph would have made a splendid Christmas card for next year.

Yesterday had been dry, but very cold; we had helped the Warden in every way we could, clearing up fallen leaves, digging out ditches full of rotted summer growth, bandaging trees damaged by storm and generally making ourselves useful in exchange for being allowed - as a special privilege - to spend a night in the Senior Hut.

Yes, I had my Patrol with me and they were very keen to take part in a winter weekend although, of course, we didn't sleep in tents, but we hadn't brought our electric blankets with us.

Now the outlook had completely changed for, unknown to us, snow had started to fall shortly after we had turned in and now a 2inch blanket covered everything. Thank goodness the snow had stopped falling and the day looked fine and, there being a touch of frost in the air, the snow was crisp underfoot.

Anyway, even before we had washed or had breakfast we opened the door and ventured out to look for footprints in the snow. I had to warn the blokes to watch where they were walking so as not to cover up any animal or bird tracks with their big feet, and feet in gum boots certainly make big prints. Sure enough, there were beautiful prints of a rabbit which seemed to have come from under the Senior Hut and later returned to its cosy hide there.

---

### JUVENILE PARTIES VISITING THE ISLE OF MAN

The Isle of Man Steam Packet Co. Ltd. offers concessionary steamer fares to juveniles and accompanying adults, with free conveyance of quantity of camp equipment varying according to strength of party.

Full details from

**Thomas Orford & Son (Agents), India Buildings,**

**40 Brunswick Street, LIVERPOOL, 2;**

**W. E. Williames & Co. Ltd. (Agents), 82/86 High Street, BELFAST;**

**or Head Office of the Company, Imperial Buildings, DOUGLAS, Isle of Man.**

Then someone discovered some tiny tracks which we took to be mice prints, probably field mice looking for food, and suddenly we came across the tracks which, although rather like dog tracks, we thought were those of a fox as we had been told by the Warden that he had seen a fox during the week. We determined to try to follow it later on and see if we could find its hide, or should I say lair.

By now we were beginning to feel hungry, so back we went to the Hut, lighted the Calor Gas and soon had a grand breakfast of eggs and bacon, washed down with coffee and, of course, lashings of bread and butter and marmalade.

Having washed up I decided to take only two of the Patrol and my camera, and have a look at the place where the Warden has built a feeding place for birds, etc. We had to be very quiet and the snow helped us to be, although we had to pack the top of our wellingtons to stop them flopping against our legs as we lifted them and put them down again.

Oh! what a wonderful sight. On the ground where bread and maize had been scattered there were four hen pheasants of a drab speckled colour and two cock pheasants in all their glory of brown and red and with beautiful white collars. What lovely long tail feathers they had.

They were very busy feeding so we were able to get close enough for a rather long distance photograph. I can't afford a telephoto lens yet, you know. On the ground, too, eating for all they were worth were a couple of rabbits and on the tree shelf we could see blackbirds, starlings, a robin, and at the nut box, blue-tits, coal-tits, and great-tits all taking their turn to get all the peanuts. I do hope that the photos I took turn out well, especially as they are in colour and should project well.

One of the Scouts couldn't hold it any longer and had to cough, so away went all the birds and the rabbits but not before the two cock pheasants, who had been feeding apart, had turned on each other as though to warn off the other from what he considered was his feeding place.

We wandered back to the others and on the way back we took some photos of the various tracks we saw in the snow made by all sorts of birds and animals. I almost wished I had loaded my camera with black and white film for then I could have got some good shots which, too, would have made excellent Christmas Cards.

As we approached the others we had to suffer a hail of snowballs and that started a grand snow fight and that certainly warmed us up very well.

After that we reported to the Warden to see what he wanted us to do in the camp and we are just off to do some logging up for him. I hope that you can get as much fun out of your Scouting as we manage to get in our Patrol activities.

---

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

---

**BRAN TUB**

By Kwasin and Keneu

No 366

**Kwasin & Keneu's Quiz for Cubs: 1**

1. What letters do you always like to have in your pockets?
  2. When is a sergeants coin?
  3. In which game is there a third man?
  4. What three animals are hidden here You're behind with your swotting?
- So what? Have a go at it!
5. If you think of a famous English rugger player and one of our best known newspapers you should think of what well known potato ?
  6. What trees do you find in a theatre?
  7. What is a kipper before it's a kipper?
  8. Who looked out on what feast and what was the snow like?
  9. When is a race-horse's birthday?
  10. What is the number plate of Her Majesty the Queen's car?

(Answers next month)

**The Origin of the Scout Badge**

In the Middle Ages, Charles, King of Naples, owing to his French descent, had the fleur-de-lys as his crest.

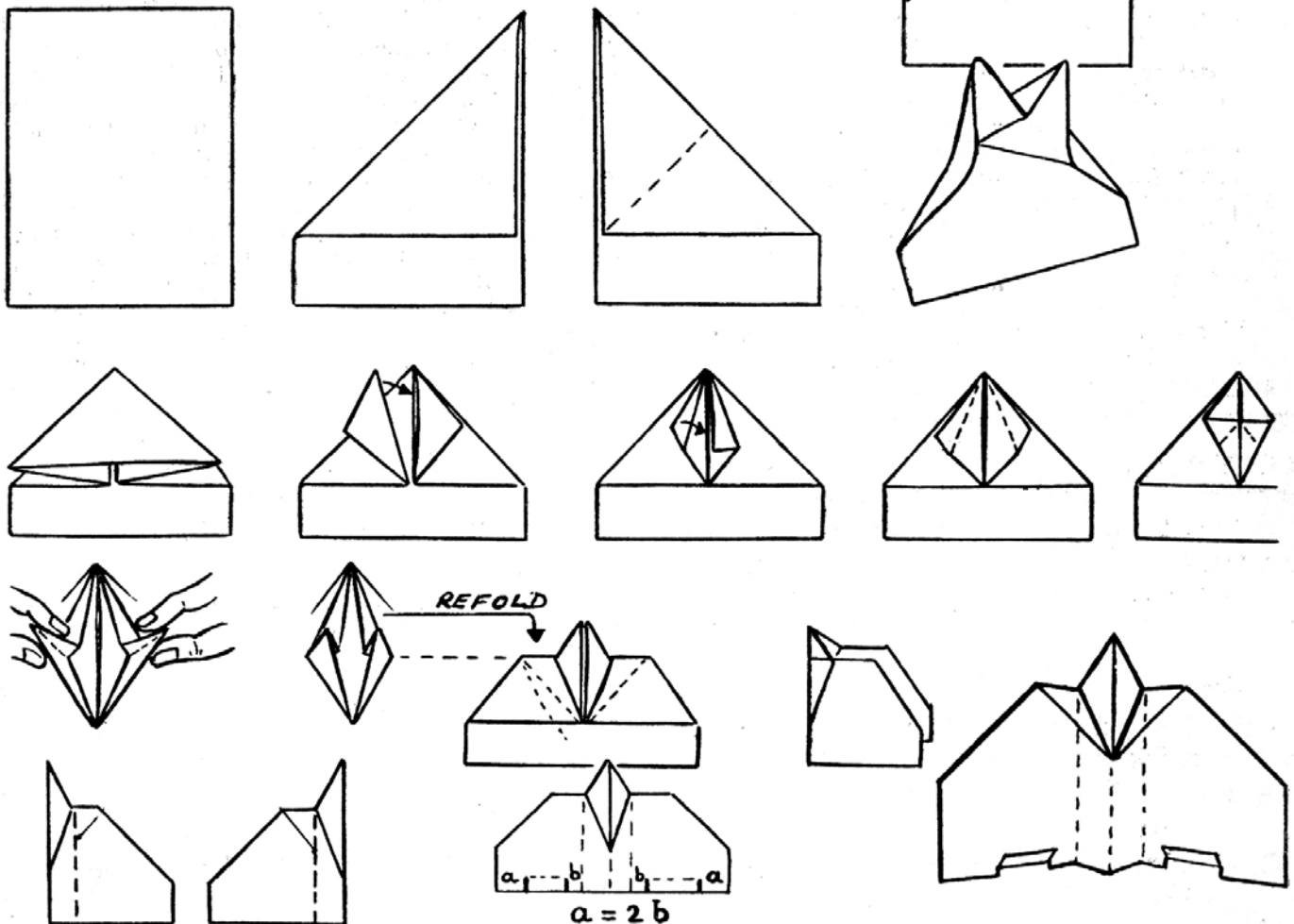
It was in his reign that Flavio Gioja, the navigator, made the mariners' compass into a practical and reliable instrument. The compass card had the initial letters of North, South, East and West upon it. In Italian the North was "Tramontana

So Gioja put a capital "T" to mark the North point. But in compliment to the King he made a combination of the letter "T" with the King's fleur-de-lys crest. From that time the North point has been universally shown on the maps, charts, and compass cards by that sign.

The actual meaning to be read from the fleur-de-lys badge is that it points in the right direction (and upwards), turning neither to the right nor left, since these lead backward again. The stars on the two side arms stand for the two eyes of the Wolf Cub having been opened before he became a Scout, when he gained his first two Stars. The three points of the fleur-de-lys remind the Scout of the three points of the Scout's Promise - Duty to God and Queen, Helpfulness to other People, and Obedience to the Scout Law.

**MODEL AEROPLANE**

**MAKE THIS WITH STIFF PAPER !**





# A Pack in Danger

**FOR NEW READERS:** *Wheatford is a small village in the ten country. It has one Cub Pack which was founded by Miss Paulina Hearne who lives in Wheatford but teaches in nearby Cambridge. When she meets Christopher Graham, a scientist from the University, she has less time for the Pack and appears to be losing interest let it. Because of this the Cubs see in Graham a dangerous enemy. Jimmy Scott-Davies shows the fiercest dislike; he is the Second of the Yellows and is nicknamed Double Barrel as his name boasts a hyphen. He discusses the situation with his closest friends: Sixer Mark Holman and Gerry Woods, the Sixer of the Greys. Double Barrel threatens violence if Christopher Graham takes Akela away from Scouting. He is ready to do anything to keep Miss Hearne with the 1st Wheatford.*

**By JOHN MEEHAN**



## CHAPTER TWO A Lost Cause

Double Barrel looked defiantly at Mark Holman and Gerry Woods as if he expected some opposition. He had just told them that the 1st Wheatford would never collapse while he was alive to hold them together. Now his face seemed to say "I dare you to contradict me. Just try it." But there was no opposition. Double Barrel's friends were waiting for the next move. To both of them it appeared he was simply flaring into angry excitement that would best be left to spend itself and burn down again alone. He was sure to quieten in a moment.

Sixer Mark Holman thought "Fine words, but I don't suppose Double Barrel's got the least clue about saving us really. He says we'll never go under while he's alive. Just words 11 bet Big Ben against my father's green alarm-clock that old Double Barrel is shouting through his hat."

Gerry Woods thought "We must keep calm. He's yelling like a film hero. Next thing you know he'll be leading a cavalry charge. What we want is planned action and not promises. We must keep calm."

Double Barrel stuck out his chin and tilted it towards them.

"You think I'm kidding, don't you? You think when I said the Pack wouldn't go under as long as I was alive, it was a cloud of hot air. That's what you think, isn't it?"

Mark Holman and Gerry Woods felt as if during the silence Double Barrel had been sitting inside their heads watching their brains at work. It was an uncomfortable idea.

"Well, Double Barr . .

"I say Doub . .

"Well I'm not. I'm not kidding. I'm going to save our Pack and I'm starting right now."

By this time the Cubs had walked back through the village and had reached the point where their roads homeward separated. Double Barrel had to turn right along Brambles Lane and the others had to keep straight on. They stood now at the corner of Brambles Lane so that they could finish their discussion.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Gerry Woods. "Are you going to be our next Akela then?" He hadn't wanted to argue but as Double Barrel was so persistent and had even attacked them, perhaps it would be better to settle the matter immediately.

"Very funny," said Double Barrel. "Why don't you get yourself a job in a circus? As a clown."

**"Nasty, horrid little kids gallivanting around in bunches like that..."**

"Very funny," said Double Barrel. "Why don't you get yourself a job in a circus? As a clown."

"Take it easy," said Mark Holman, "take it easy."

"I am taking it easy," shouted Double Barrel.

"Well take it easy somewhere else," crackled a voice close behind them. It was a thin, screeching noise that the voice made and its suddenness startled the Cubs into silence. Mark Holman swivelled round and saw Moses Sherwood watching them suspiciously over the hedge at the bottom of his garden.

"You kids go and do your shouting somewhere else," he said. "Get away from here quick, before you disturbs me poultry. Them hens of mine can't stand no such racket like you make. Clear off now. Go on. Clear off!"

Moses glared at them and waved his knobby walking-stick above the hedge.

"If you ain't moved on in a pair of seconds I'll crack you with this." He indicated his walking-stick and waved it once again. "Get moving you young louts. Good-for-nothing trouble-makers

Double Barrel was about to take up the quarrel, but Mark Holman held his arm, saying "Better not," and the three Cubs moved quickly away from Moses Sherwood's grim, dull little cottage.

"Trouble-maker," snorted Double Barrel. "That's good, that is. He's the biggest one on earth if you ask me. And I daresay if they put him on a rocket to Mars, he wouldn't find his equal up there either."

Moses, Sherwood was in fact the biggest trouble-maker in the village. That was undisputed. He acted as Wheatford's general gardener and window cleaner and because he had to go to other peoples houses to do his work, he had the chance to learn about their lives.

And Moses made it his business to find out as much as he could. He was mean, a gossip and a busybody and his poultry-keeping had caused constant trouble. On about ten different occasions he had complained to the Council about the behaviour of his neighbours who, he said, had no respect for hens and did not realise "them birds was delicate beasts".

He stood now at the gate of his cottage and his eyes glared maliciously after the retreating Cubs.

"Any more of that and I'll have the police on you for breaking the peace," he piped, his thin, unpleasant voice pitched precariously near cracking point.

The Cubs kept moving until they could hear Moses Sherwood no longer and when at last they stopped to look back, there was no sign of the grumbling old man. He had slipped into the parlour of his cottage mumbling bitterly about the "ruffians of today". He stooped into his chair and thought how much pleasanter Wheatford would be without any Cubs. "Nasty, horrid little kids gallivanting around in bunches like that," he said to himself. "I'll 'ave to see how I can get rid of them altogether. We've had too much of them in these parts."

The three Cubs began talking in lower voices, not realising that they now had one more enemy enlisted against them. Perhaps it was just as well that Double Barrel did not know what Moses was thinking, for in his present fighting mood he would probably have wanted to demolish the old man's cottage.

"And what are your ideas for saving the Pack, Double Barrel?" asked Mark Holman "You haven't said anything definite yet."

"The first thing is this. We get Mr. McTurk's permission to use the barn on Sunday morning and we have a meeting of the whole Pack. Then I'll say something definite, you bet your boots."

That, at any rate, seemed to Mark a good idea. Because of the urgency of the situation it would help matters a great deal to discuss the whole problem with the Pack.

"Right. Agreed. I'll fix it up," said Mark Holman.

"And I'll be there to do some straight talking. You can rely on that."

"I don't doubt you for a moment," laughed Mark Holman.

With a wave Double Barrel released himself from his friends and headed back towards Moses Sherwood's cottage on the corner of Brambles Lane. As he turned left into the lane Double Barrel stuck his tongue out at the gateway where Moses had stood.

"You grumpy old devil," he said aloud and whistling at full pitch, hoping that Moses might hear and be annoyed, he hurried up Brambles Lane towards his home.

As soon as the Pack Meeting had ended, Miss Paulina Hearne, the 1st Wheatford's Akela, had rushed off to catch the six o'clock 'bus into Cambridge. She was due to meet Christopher Graham at quarter to seven. After the 'bus had pulled out of Wheatford she forgot the Pack completely, except once when the thought came to her that she should give up Scouting. She passed the idea quickly out of her mind and instead concentrated on the curling lanes whisking underneath the 'bus and watched the gentle Spring evening softly begin to fade.

Promptly at quarter to seven Christopher Graham met her in the Market Square and they walked together down the street with the peculiar name of Petty Cury. They headed towards their favourite restaurant which was called "El Rinconcito". It is a Spanish name and means The Little Corner".

"How were the little horrors tonight?" asked Christopher Graham. "Beats me how you can stand being pestered by those blessed Cubs after teaching all day."

He took Paulina Hearne's coat and hung it with his own. "Sorry I couldn't pick you up in the car tonight, Paulina but you knew I was working late didn't you?"

"Of course Christopher, I knew." Miss Hearne settled in her chair and looked at the menu. She wished Christopher wouldn't be so outspoken about the Cubs but...

"And how were the horrible 1st Wheatford - that mighty little Wolf Cub band in their natty little green and yellow uniforms. Ought to wear bowlers I think," Christopher laughed.

"They're not horrors at all. You must remember, Christopher, I started that Pack and . . ."

"All right, all right. Don't get het up. What are you going to eat?"

It was after the meal that Paulina Hearne received the biggest and pleasantest shock of her life. They had left "El Rinconcito" and were walking along past the massive stone front of St. John's College. Suddenly he had stopped and had asked her to marry him. For a moment she was speechless, but then she saw clearly that it was what she really wanted, to be Christopher Graham's wife.

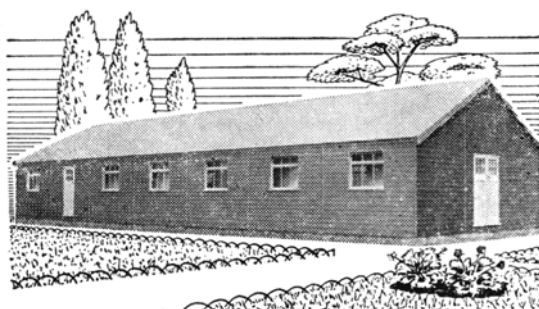
"Yes I will," she had answered. "Yes I will."

Christopher looked steadily down at her. "And remember now you're to be my wife I don't want you wasting any more of your time with those kids in fancy dress. No more Scouting from now on. You won't have the time and I don't like Cubs and you work too hard already. Are they enough reasons?"

Miss Paulina Hearne smiled back at Christopher Graham and if Double Barrel had seen her, he would probably have thought that not even he could save the 1st Wheatford. The Pack seemed a lost cause now.

#### Next Week: PLANS FOR SURVIVAL

*Ideally suited for*  
**your TROOP H.Q.**



As made and supplied to:

10th HAYES (BOTWELL HOUSE) SCOUT GROUP; 1st  
FITTLEWORTH SCOUT GROUP; 5th BEBINGTON SCOUT  
GROUP; 2nd DENHAM SCOUT GROUP; 2nd SOUTH RUISLIP  
SCOUT GROUP; 36th MITCHAM SCOUT GROUP; HOLMER  
CHURCH SCOUT GROUP; 1st SAWBRIDGEWORTH SCOUT  
GROUP; 2nd HIGHBRIDGE SCOUT GROUP; 36th EPPING  
FOREST SOUTH BOY SCOUTS; 1st REDLYNCH SCOUT  
GROUP

Brochure on request

**HARDUN & SONS LTD.**

HORTON ROAD · WEST DRAYTON · MIDDX.

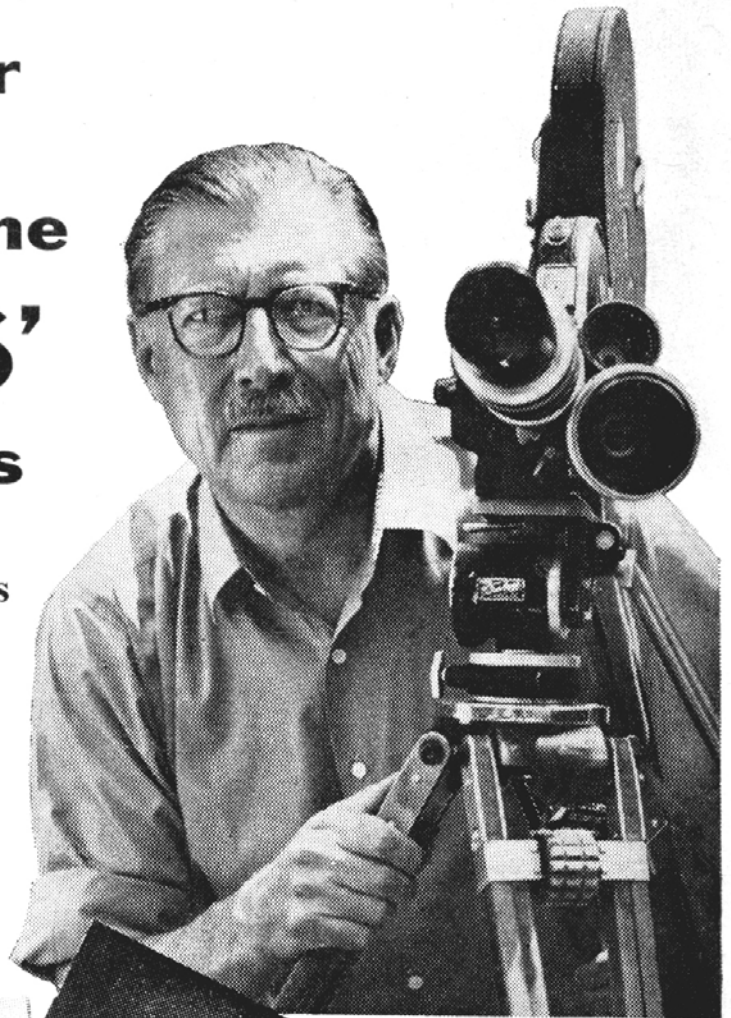
Tel.: West Drayton 3621/2/3/4, 3761/2 and 3088/9



# Enjoy all the colour and excitement of my new magazine **'ANIMALS'** says Armand Denis

"Many of the world's greatest naturalists will write for 'Animals', and the pictures will be just as fascinating as the articles; of the 32 pages in each issue, 16 will be in superb full colour.

This, for instance, is the 'On Safari' feature where Michaela and I want to tell you all about our exciting adventures.

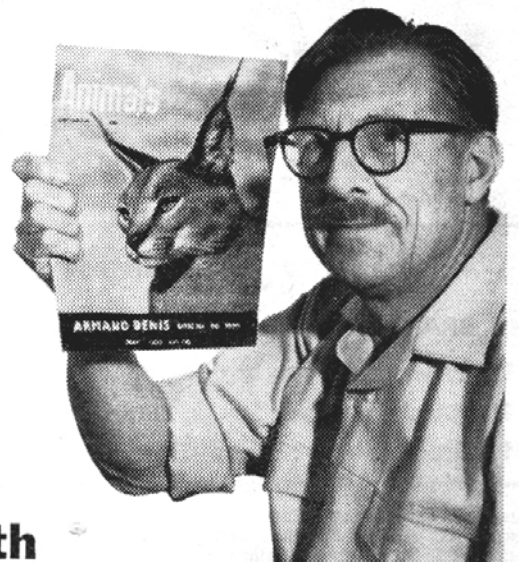


I only wish I could show you all the life-like animal photographs in the colour and size they will appear in the magazine.

'Animals' has as patrons one of the world's foremost biologists, Sir Julian Huxley, and the Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, Sir Solly Zuckerman; and a distinguished Editorial Board includes such famous writers as Peter Scott and Alan Moorehead. All articles will be written by people who are animal lovers as well as experts. 'Animals' will bring you excitement and enthusiasm as well as facts."

**FREE!** *The superb full colour Armand Denis Wild Life calendar is free with the first issue. Make sure of your copy. Place an order for 'ANIMALS' with your newsagent now!*

**ANIMALS Price 2/-**  
**every Tuesday—first issue January 8th**



do-it-yourself

# MOCCASIN KIT

IMPORTED FROM CANADA



These easy to make moccasins have components of thick natural grain Canadian bullhide and the finished article which YOU have made is the last word in foot comfort.

## SPORTSMAN KIT

The original moccasin kit, a proven product.

SIZE 3-9 26/6 (Post 2/-)

SIZE 10-11 29/11 (Post 2/-)

## RANGER KIT

This kit has all the excellent features of the "Sportsman", but with an extra heavy duty flexible insole giving greater foot comfort and durability.

SIZE 3-9 29/11 (Post 2/-)

SIZE 10-11 33/6 (Post 2/-)

## MISS CANADA MOCCASINS

Cut from finest Canadian top-grain cowhide, these bone coloured moccasins have a gaily coloured tartan foam-rubber insole.

SIZE 2-3 25/- (Post 2/-)

SIZE 4-7 26/6 (Post 2/-)

## STAFF

The Scout Shop has vacancies for:—

Sales Assistants, Senior and Junior.

Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to:

General Manager, Equipment Department,  
Boy Scouts Association,  
25 Buckingham Palace Road,  
London, S.W.1.

**THE Scout Shop**  
THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

AND BRANCHES

- 124 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.
- 183 Clapham Manor Street, S.W.4.
- 19 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N.13.
- 62 The Headrow, Leeds.
- 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.
- 20 Working Street, Cardiff.
- 104 Hindes Road, Harrow.
- 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.
- 17 Turl Street, Oxford.