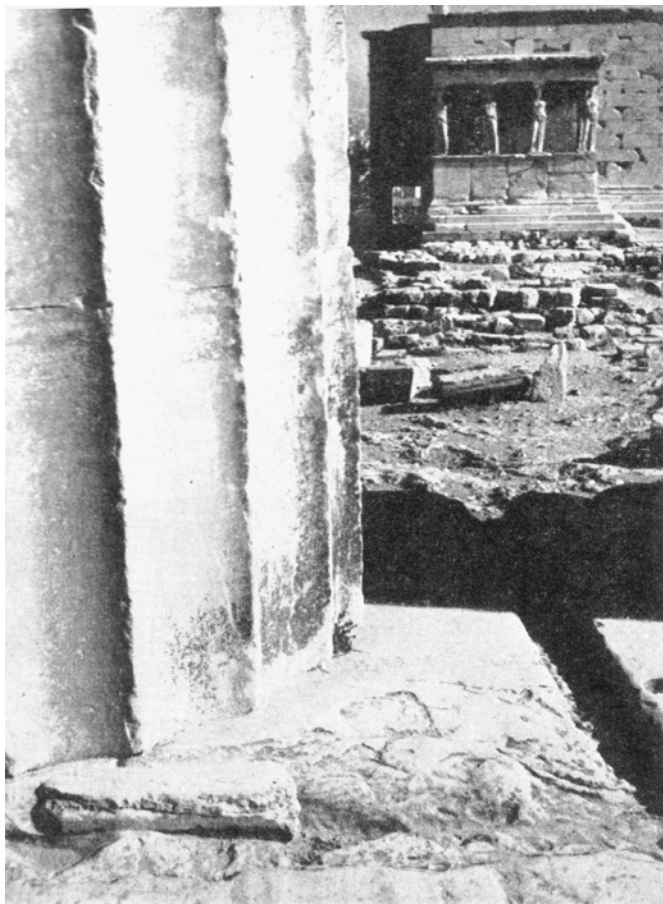


The Scout



Week ending 19th January 1963 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



The Erechtheum from the Pathenon



1963 see's the World Jamboree in Greece

Who were the Greeks? No one really knows the full answer to this question and even the Greeks themselves could only guess at their origins. However, it seems likely that this brilliant race was the result of the mingling of different peoples, just as we ourselves are. First there were the original inhabitants of Attica (the area - about as big as Gloucestershire - which surrounds Athens) and later a Greek-speaking people came from the north; it was their language which became the speech of a new nation. It is interesting to learn that words such as "Athens" and the name of the goddess "Athene" are not, in fact, Greek words and must have belonged to the original inhabitants who worshipped a goddess of that name.

The main invasions of Greece took place about 1300 B.C. and 1100 B.C. These must have been similar to the infiltrations of Danes and Saxons into our own islands. The first people were called Archaeans and probably arrived as small groups of adventurers. They finally settled down peacefully and were absorbed by the races already living in the various parts of Greece. Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus, the great warriors who set out for the Trojan war from their home at Mycenae, were Archaeans. The war itself, according to tradition, took place between 1194 and 1184 B.C.

Later still, about 1100 B.C. the Dorians invaded Greece and they seem to have been the people who brought the Greek language to Attica. They were very warlike, but their standard of civilisation was far behind that of the people they conquered. A dark age lasting until about 900 B.C. followed, and only then did the civilisation of Greece begin to revive. At that date beautiful vases were being made around Athens and these are called "Dipylon" vases after the Dipylon gate of the city near which they were found.

Athens itself remained fairly unimportant as a city until 600 B.C. In the Peloponnese meanwhile, Sparta had become the dominant power while the Athenians were busy uniting Attica into a single state. Athens was lucky in producing great statesmen and politicians at this time and in particular the merchant, poet and philosopher, Solon. He was chosen to reorganise agriculture and reform the political organisation. Having done so, he gave up his office and set off, once more from Athens on his journeys.

But political trouble did flare up again and the result was the rule of the tyrant, Pisistratus, between 546 and 527 B.C. He was an aristocrat and very civilised and appears to have been a good man. He set out to make Athens into a great city by giving it fine buildings and monuments, and to him also the city owed the reorganisation of the great festivals. It was Pisistratus who gave tragic drama a place in the festival of Dionysus, and the first tragic contest took place in 534 when the prize went to one Thepis, whom we know little about.

The tyranny did not, however, last very long for Pisistratus's son was driven out and Cleisthenes, another aristocrat, reformed the constitution once more. The scene was now set for the great development of Greek civilisation which we call the Classic period of the 5th century.

Already on the horizon the power of Persia was threatening.

By 548 its power had reached the Aegean for Cyrus had defeated the famous king Croesus. In 490 a Persian force landed at Marathon and was faced by only a small army of Athenians helped by 1,000 men from Plataea. Aeschylus, the great playwright, fought in the battle which was a decisive victory for the Athenians.

But the Persians were not completely daunted by this victory and in 480 began their second attack. Meanwhile, Themistocles, a far-sighted general, had got the Athenians to build a fleet and this was their salvation. Heroic stands were made against the advancing Persian armies such as that at Thermopylae but these merely gave Themistocles more time to prepare. Finally Athens itself was overcome and the Acropolis sacked and burnt. The Athenian army took refuge on the island of Salamis and placed all hope in its fleet. Themistocles planned a ruse to get the Persian fleet to fight in the narrows and this worked. The result was a shattering victory, and by it, almost unaided, Athens saved Greece. The following summer Sparta made her contribution, defeating the Persian army at Plataea by the absolute steadiness of her troops rather than by good generalship. But the great Persian invasion was over; freedom and reason had defeated despotism and fear.

The period that followed was the glory of Athens.

She built wonderful temples on the Acropolis to replace those destroyed by the Persians, and she became the centre of an island empire. From 461 to his death in 429 Pericles tried to make Athens unchallengeable, but in 431 the war with Sparta broke out. The great statesman taught the Athenians to put their main trust in their navy and to retreat behind the walls that stretched between Piraeus and the Acropolis. And this policy was a successful one. Unfortunately plague broke out in Athens itself and there were great sufferings; over one quarter of the inhabitants died and among them Pericles himself. Athens had lost its great leader and still the war went on. Unfortunately the men that followed Pericles were neither great leaders nor statesmen and finally there was the disastrous expedition to Syracuse which cost Athens its fleet.

The war finally ended in 404 with the defeat of Athens. All attempts to unite Greece had failed and it remained for Alexander the Great of Macedon to weld the warring city states into an empire which was to stretch from Europe to the Punjab.

(The second article will appear next month)

The hill of Marathon where the warriors were buried



- Main dates in Greece's history -

First settlements at Athens	about 3000 B.C.
Archaean invasions	about 1300 B.C.
The age of Agamemnon, Menelaus at Mycenae and the Trojan War	1194-1184 B.C.
Dorian invasion	about 1100 B.C.
Solon the legislator	639-559 B.C.
Pisistrarus the Tyrant	540-528 B.C.
Battle of Marathon	490 B.C.
Naval Battle of Salamis	480 B.C.
Pericles	490-429 B.C.
"The Golden Age"	446-431 B.C.
The Building of the Parthenon	441-438 B.C.
The Peloponnesian War	431-404 B.C.
Battle of Chaeroneia when Philip of Macedon defeated Athens Alexander the Great	346-323 B.C.
Roman occupation of Athens	146 B.C.
The Apostle Paul in Athens	52 A.D.
Herod Atticus - he rebuilds much in Athens and makes a new theatre under the Acropolis	101-177 A.D.
The Byzantine Period	from about 400 A.D.
Occupation of Athens by Franks and Catalans	1204-1456 A.D.
Occupation of Athens by the Turks	1456 A.D.
Occupation of Athens by the Venetians	1687 A.D.
(The Parthenon severely damaged by an explosion of Turkish gunpowder) Recon quest of Athens by the Turks	1688 A.D.
Lord Elgin, the British Ambassador, saves great sections of the Parthenon Friezes from destruction and brings them to England. (They are in the British Museum)	1816 A .D.
Byron, the poet, dies at the Battle of Missolonghi, fighting for Greek independence	1824 A.D.
Greece becomes independent and Athens the capital of the Kingdom of Greece	1834 A.D.



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-grand father 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 THREE

The manner In which I find Gribley's Farm

The next day I told Bill goodbye, and as I strode, warm and fed, onto the road, he called to me, "I'll see you tonight. The back door will be open if you want a roof over your head."

I said "okay," but I knew I wouldn't see Bill again.

I know how to make fire, and that was my weapon. With which I could conquer the Catskills. I also knew how to fish for fish and to make a fire. That was all I need to know, I thought.

Three rides that morning took me to Delhi. Somewhere around here was Great-grandfather's beech tree with the name Gribley carved on it. This much I knew from Dads stories.

By 6 o'clock I still had not found anyone who had even heard of the Gribleys, much less Gribley's beech, and I slept on the porch of a schoolhouse and ate chocolate bars for supper. It was cold and hard, but I was so tired I could have slept in a wind tunnel.

At dawn I thought real hard: Where would I find out about the Gribley farm? Some old map, I said. Where would I find an old map? The library? Maybe. I'd try it and see.

The librarian was very helpful. She was sort of young, had brown hair and brown eyes, and loved books as much as I did.

The library didn't open until ten-thirty. I got there at nine. After I had lolled and rolled and sat on the steps for fifteen or twenty minutes, the door whisked open, and this tall lady asked me to come on in and browse around until opening time.

All I said to her was that I wanted to find the old Gribley farm, and that the Gribleys hadn't lived on it for maybe a hundred years, and she was off. I can still hear her heels click, when I think of her, scattering herself around those shelves finding me old maps, histories of the Catskills, and files of letters and deeds that must have come from attics around Delhi.

Miss Turner - that was her name - found it. She found Gribley's farm in an old book of Delaware County. Then she worked out the roads to it, and drew me maps and everything. Finally she said, "What do you want to know for? Some school project?"

"Oh, no, Miss Turner, I want to go and live there."

"But, Sam, it is all forest and trees now. The house is probably only a foundation covered with moss."

"That's just what I want. I am going to trap animals and eat nuts and bulbs and berries and make myself a house. You see, I am Sam Gribley, and I thought I would like to live on my Great-grandfather's farm."

Miss Turner was the only person that believed me. She smiled, sat back to her chair, and said, "Well, I declare."

The library was just opening when I gathered the notes we had made and started off. As I pushed open the door, Miss Turner leaned over and said to me, "Sam, we have some very good books on plants and trees and animals, in case you get stuck."

I knew what she was thinking, and so I - told her I would remember that~

With Miss Turner's map, I found the first stone wall that marked the farm. The old roads to it were all grown up and mostly gone, but by locating the stream at the bottom of the mountain I was able to begin at the bridge and go north and up a mile and a half. There, caterpillaring around boulders, roller-coastering up ravines and down hills, was the mound of rocks that had once been Great-grandfather's boundary fence.

And then, do you know, I couldn't believe I was there. I sat on the old grey stones a long time, looking through the forest, up that steep mountain, and saying to myself. "It must be Sunday afternoon, and it's raining, and Dad is trying to keep us all quiet by telling us about Great-grandfather's farm: and he's telling it so real that I can see it."

And then I said, No. I am here, because I was never this hungry before."

I wanted to run all the way back to the library and tell Miss Turner that I had found it.

Partly because she would have liked to have known, and partly because Dad had said to me as I left,

If you find the place tell someone at Delhi. I may visit you someday.” Of course, he was kidding. because he thought I’d be home the next day, but after many weeks, maybe he would think I meant what I said, and he might come see me.

However, I was too hungry to run back. I took my hook and line and went back down the mountain to the stream.

I caught a big old catfish. I climbed back to the stone wall in great spirits.

It was getting late and so I didn’t try to explore. I went right to work making a fire. I decided that even if I didn’t have enough time to cut boughs for a bed, I was going to have cooked fish and a fire to huddle around during those cold night hours. May is not exactly warm in the Catskills.

By firelight that night I wrote this:
“Dear Bill (that was the old man))

After three tries, I finally got a handful of dry grass on the glow in the tinder. Grass is even better than pine needles, and tomorrow I am going to try the outside bark of the river birch.

I read somewhere that it has combustible oil in it that the Indians used to start fires.

Anyway, I did just what you showed me, and had cooked catfish for dinner. It was good.

Your friend,
Sam.”

After I wrote that I remembered I didn’t know his last name, and so I stuffed the note in my pocket, made myself a bed of boughs and leaves in the shelter of the stone wall, and fell right to sleep.

I must say this now about that first fire. It was magic. Out of dead tinder and grass and sticks came a live warm light. It cracked and snapped and smoked and filled the woods with brightness. It lighted the trees and made them warm and friendly. It stood tall and bright and held back the night. Oh, this was a different night than the first dark frightful one. Also I was stuffed on catfish. I have since learned to cook it more, but never have I enjoyed a meal as much as that one, and never have I felt so independent again.

CHAPTER FOUR

In which I find many useful Plants

The following morning I stood up, stretched, and looked about me. Birds were dripping from the trees, little birds, singing and flying and pouring over the limbs.

“This must be the warbler migration,” I said, and I laughed because there were so many birds. I had never seen so many. My big voice rolled through the woods, and their little voices seemed to rise and answer me.

They were eating. Three or four in a maple tree near me were darting along the limbs, pecking and snatching at something delicious on the trees. I wondered if there was anything there for a hungry boy.



I pulled a limb down, and all I saw were leaves, twigs and flowers.

I ate a flower. It was not very good. One manual I had read said to watch what the birds and animals were eating in order to learn what is edible and non-edible in the forest. If the animals can eat it, it is safe for humans. The book did suggest that a raccoon had tastes more nearly like ours. Certainly the birds were no example.

Then I wondered if they were not eating something I couldn’t see - tiny insects perhaps; well, anyway, whatever it was, I decided to fish. I took my line and hook and walked down to the stream.

I lay on a log and dangled my line in the bright water. The fish were not biting. That made me hungrier. My stomach pinched. You know, it really does hurt to be terribly hungry.

A stream is supposed to be full of food. It is the easiest place to get a lot of food in a hurry. I needed something in a hurry, but what? I looked through the clear water and saw the tracks of mussels in the mud. I ran along the log back to shore, took off my clothes and plunged into that icy water.

I collected almost a peck of mussels in very little time at all, and began tying them in my sweater to carry’ them back to camp.

But I don’t have to carry them anywhere, I said to myself. I have my fire in my pocket, I don’t need a table. I can sit right here by the stream and eat. And so I did, I wrapped the mussels in leaves and sort of’ steamed them in coals. They are not quite as good as clams - a little stronger, I would say - but by the time I had eaten three, I had forgotten what clams tasted like and knew only how delicious fresh-water mussels were. I actually felt full.

I wandered back to Great-grandfather’s farm and began to explore. Most of the acreage was maple and beech, some pine, dogwoods, ash; and here and there a glorious history.



*good working fireplace
with leaf bucket*

I made a sketch of the farm on my road map, and put X's where the hickories were. They were gold trees to me. I would have hickory nuts in the fall. I could also make salt from hickory limbs. I cut off one and chopped it into bits and scraps. I stuck them in my sweater.

The land was up and down and up and down, and I wondered how Great-grandfather ever cut it and ploughed it. There was one stream running through it, which I was glad to see, for it meant I did not have to go all the way down the mountain to the big creek for fish and water.

Around noon I came upon what I was sure was the old foundation of the house.

Miss Turner was right. It was ruins - a few stones in a square, a slight depression for the basement, and trees growing right up through what had once been the living room. I wandered around to see what was left of the Gribley home.

After a few looks I saw an apple tree. I rushed up to it, hoping to find an old apple. No apples beneath it. About forty feet away, however, I found a dried one in the crotch of a tree, stuck there by a squirrel and forgotten. I ate it. It was pretty bad - but nourishing, I hoped. There was another apple tree and three walnuts. I scribbled X's. These were wonderful finds.

I poked around the foundations, hoping to uncover some old iron implements that I could use. I found nothing. Too many leaves had fallen and turned to loam, too many plants had grown up and died down over the old home site. I decided to come back when I had made myself a shovel.

Whistling and looking for food and shelter, I went on up the mountain, following the stone walls, discovering many things about my property. I found a marsh. In it were cattails and arrow-leaf - good starchy foods.

At high noon I stepped onto a mountain meadow. An enormous boulder rose up in the centre of it. At the top of the meadow was a fringe of white birch. There were maples and oaks to the west, and a hemlock forest to the right that pulled me right across the sweet grasses, into it.

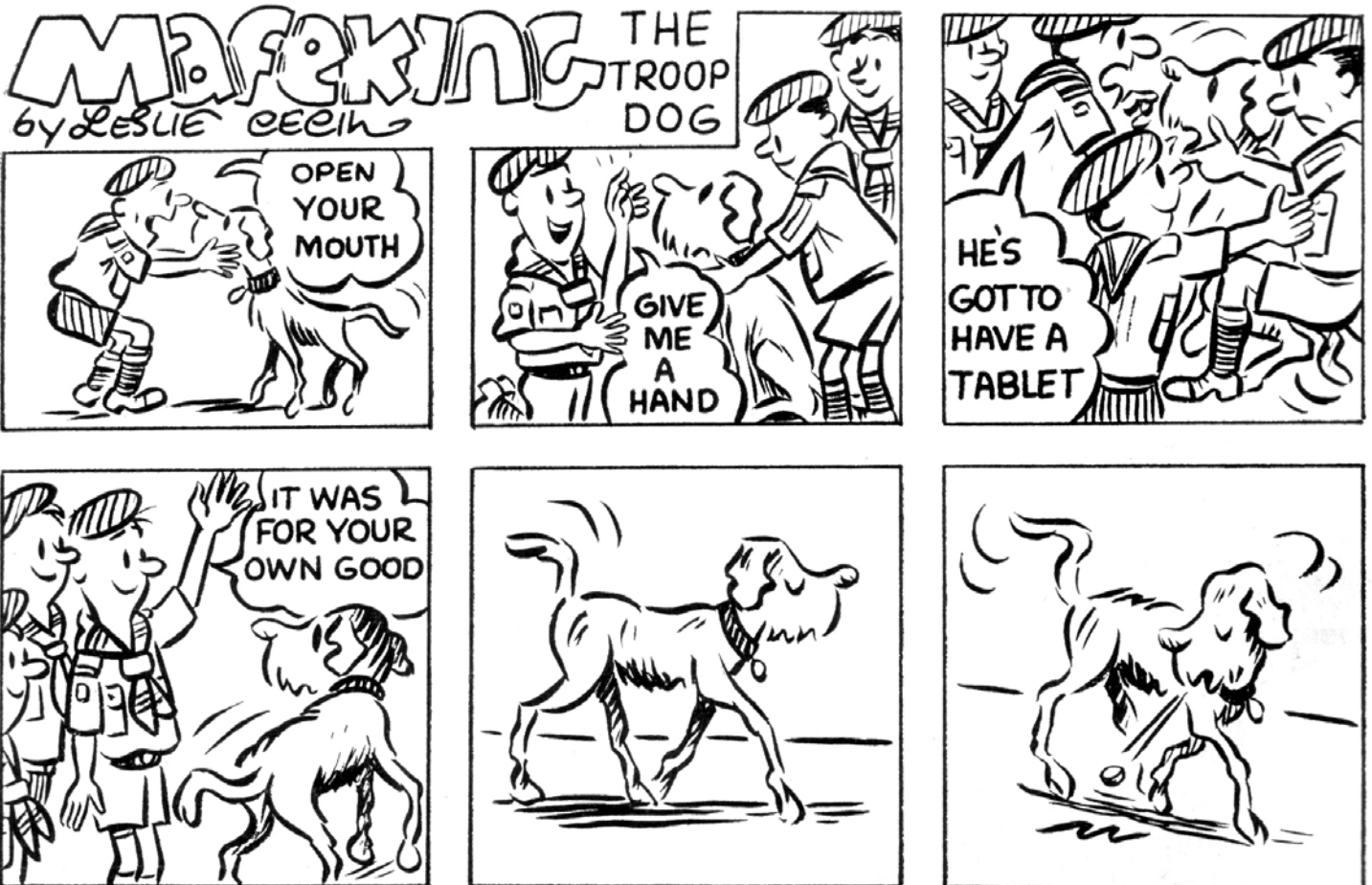
Never, never have I seen such trees. They were giants - old, old giants. They must have begun when the world began.

I started walking around them. I couldn't hear myself step, so dense and damp were the needles. Great boulders covered with ferns and moss stood among them. They looked like pebbles beneath those trees.

Standing before the biggest and the oldest and the most kinglike of them all, I suddenly had an idea.

Next Week:

THIS IS ABOUT THE OLD, OLD TREE



NO POINTS FOR MIKE

Friday evening:

Mike the Menace walked part of the way home with me after the Troop Meeting.

"Where was Scruffy Evans tonight?" I asked.

Mike is a very keen P.L., and it is very rare for his Patrol to lose any points in the Patrol Competition through the unexplained absence of any of the members. Of course chaps miss occasionally through illness, or homework, or other visitations of nature, but Mike keeps in such close touch with them all that he is nearly always able to tell me why they are away, in which case, of course, no points are lost.

"I haven't the foggiest idea where he was," he admitted frankly. "He was at the Patrol Meeting two nights ago and I saw him in school today."

"I suppose you'll chase him up?" I asked.

Mike shook his head solemnly.

"That's just what I won't do," he said. "I've been reading a book about adolescent psychology, and it has taught me a thing or two. Apparently a lot of chaps start behaving very queerly when they are about 15, which is just Scruffy Evans' age, but it isn't due to anything in their conscious minds. Their sub-conscious is responsible, and they need handling very delicately. Scruffy Evans being absent tonight without sending an excuse suggests that he has got a very bad attack of the sub-conscious, and according to the chap who wrote the book, he needs handling very delicately."

Personally I have always thought Scruffy Evans such a pleasant bone-headed type that I would hardly have suspected him of having a mind at all, let alone a subconscious one, but I let Mike go on talking. It is difficult to stop him, once he starts, anyway.

"You see," he said, "On Wednesday he was at the Patrol Meeting, as keen as mustard, and yet only two days later he has let the Patrol down flat. His sub-conscious must have attacked him with simply frightful suddenness, because he knows perfectly well that the Otters are hard on our heels for the Patrol Shield this month, and that the five points he has chucked away may mean all the difference. But if I call round and ask him what the so-and-so he means by it his ego.."

"His what?" I asked.

"Don't you know what an ego is?"

"I've a rough idea," I said, "but I shouldn't have thought Scruffy Evans was the sort to go in for luxuries like that."

"I wish you wouldn't joke about a serious matter," said Mike darkly. "Poor Scruffy's whole future may depend on us understanding his psychology at this vital moment in his young life. But I can see it is no use going into details, if you don't know anything about adolescent psychology. I'll just tell you what I propose to do. Next time I meet Scruffy I shan't say a word to him about him being absent and losing us the five points."



he has got a very bad attack of the sub-conscious

I shall just be particularly kind and friendly, and maybe he will unbosom himself of his own accord. It is a grave mistake to try to force the confidence of young people when they are at the crazy mixed-up stage. Gentleness and patience are the only hope."

I turned in at my own gate, and went to bed feeling rather dazed.

Saturday evening:

Mike called round just in time for tea (he said it was a coincidence, but consumed all the sandwiches I had cut for myself) and told me that he was more worried than ever about Scruffy Evans. He had met him in the street, with Frank Keirson, the P.L. of the Otters, and had spoken to him kindly and gently, asking him if he had got any good stamps for his collection lately, but Scruffy had looked at him oddly and said nothing about his reasons for missing the parade.

"There is no doubt," said Mike, "that he has got a very serious attack of sub-consciousitis, or whatever they call it. We shall have to proceed with the utmost care."

Sunday evening;

I was just sitting down to tea this afternoon by myself, looking forward to cutting into a nice big cake which my landlady Mrs. Hubbub had cooked for me when there, was a knock at the door. It was not Mike, as I had feared, but Scruffy Evans and Frank Keirson, who obviously had something they wanted to get off their chests, though they were unable to pluck up enough courage until they had fortified themselves with the whole of the cake.

"The fact is, sir," said Frank at last. "Scruffy wants to be transferred to my Patrol from Mike's. He says Mike doesn't take enough interest in his chaps, he's too couldn't-care-less. For instance, on Friday Scruffy put his brakes on too sharply on his way to Troop Meeting and went head first over the handlebars of his bike. He was unconscious for a few minutes, though of course with a head like his, the main damage was a dent in the road; and they took him to hospital to have a look at him. It's true that he was released almost at once, but a decent P.L. would surely have shown a bit of interest, and asked why he missed the Meeting, but when we ran into Mike this afternoon he simply burbled some tripe about foreign stamps. I ask you...?"



... from here and there

I'm rather unpopular person with a Group in my District at the present time because I had the nerve to take some of its members to task over their slovenly appearance at a Church Parade. This doesn't worry me a scrap and I will do the same again if ever the occasion should arise, no matter where it occurs.

It seems to be the fashion these days for many young people to go around looking like walking rag-bags. To be "with it" as the saying goes, it appears that one is expected never to brush one's hair or have it cut or to clean one's shoes. And I regret to say this kind of nonsense is creeping into Scouting. Pride of uniform and personal cleanliness in some quarters are "strictly for the birds" and old "squares" like me are mere figures of fun.

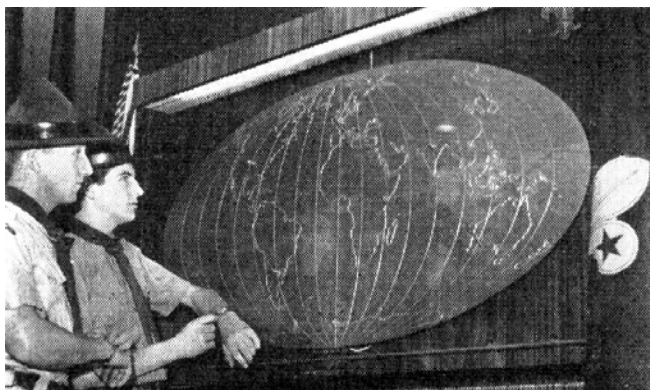
Is the one-time regular practice of carrying out inspection at the beginning of Troop and Pack Meetings ceasing to take place? I sincerely hope not.

Which brings me to a picture I saw in the newspapers not long ago of Princess Margaret looking very pleased and happy about something. What was it? You'll find the answer elsewhere on this page.



WORLD CLOCK

Visitors to Baden-Powell House are now welcomed by the shining face of a very handsome world clock consisting of a brightly polished aluminium map of the world bearing eight time-pieces showing the hours in various places around the globe. This excellent example of craftsmanship has been donated by those good friends of Scouting, Coca-Cola, who have helped us in so many ways over the past five years.



Here we see two members of the H.Q. staff checking their watches against the clock's reading of Greenwich Time.

HIS MIDDLE NAME IS "COURAGE"

The courage of Alan Humphreys, a Rover of Sutton Coldfield, is a byword among his brother Scouts. Alan lost his right leg following a road smash at the beginning of last November, but four weeks later he was up and about on crutches attending a rehearsal of the local Gang Show. "Why all the fuss?" he said. "Apart from losing a leg I am quite all right. There is nothing to stop me getting about." That's the spirit, Alan.

SOUTHWARD BOUND

If you think it's been cold lately spare a thought for Rover Scout Andrew Champness of Guildford Surrey, who is at present on a months trip as a member of a British Antarctic Survey team which will take him through the ice-packed Weddell Sea.



His job in the team will be as assistant cook at a base for 27 men. In addition to being a Queen's Scout. Andrew is also a holder of the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award and the rare Baden-Powell Award.

FIRE FIGHTERS

And from cold we now turn to heat. Some of you may have read in your papers or saw on your T.V. screens last month that a Troop of Air Scouts in East Anglia have been undergoing a course of fire-fighting at a U.S.A.F. base along with American Scouts residing in this country. They certainly had a taste of the real thing for the pictures showed them wearing protective clothing quenching a giant-size petrol blaze with foam apparatus. Phew!

KIND THOUGHTS FROM FAR-OFF ISLANDS

Look up your atlas and see how far away are the British Solomon Islands and the Bahamas. They are thousands of miles away from these shores but the Scouts of those places really do think about us. Although there was no reason for them to do so they recently sent to Headquarters in London generous contributions from their respective Bob-a-Job earnings.

Thank you, Scouts of the 1st Honiara Group in the far-off Pacific and to you our Bahamian brothers in the Western Atlantic!



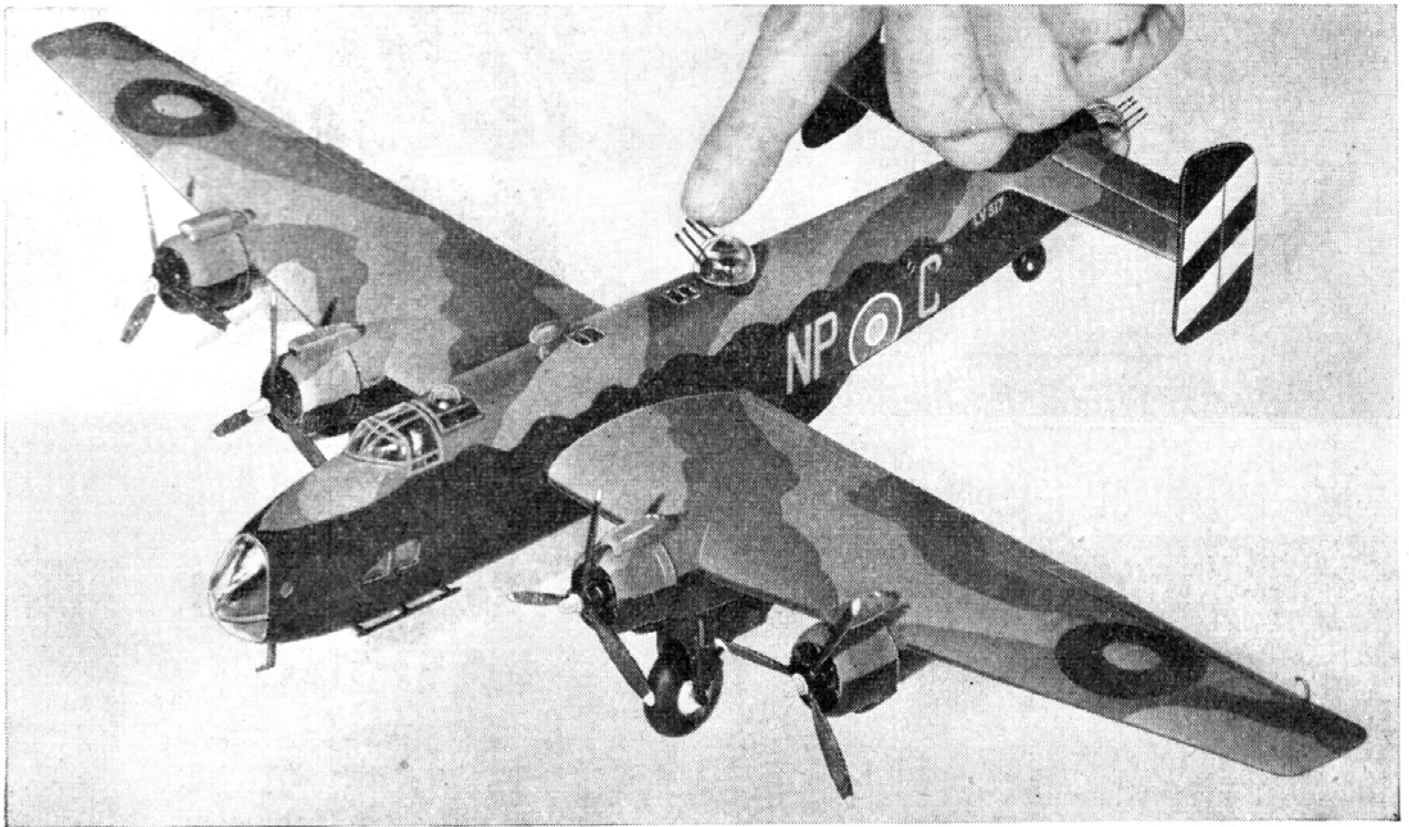
SMART CUBS

I finish my piece this month on the same note with which I started. The picture on the left shows the Cubs of Tonge Moor, Lancashire, greeting Princess Margaret when she was up there in November.

A pretty smart bunch don't you think? I only hope they keep up this standard when they move into the Scouts.

Bye now!

TED WOOD.



... even the guns elevate!

This Airfix 1/72nd scale Halifax bomber is loaded with realistic detail. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ " span, fully crewed, 122-part kit 7/6. It's typical of the realism you get with Airfix models. They're just like the real thing! More than that, though, Airfix give you constant scale, so that the models of

every series are proportionately right; and a great ever-increasing range—there are 11 series now, with over 150 kits. At prices from 2/- to 12/6, Airfix are great on value too. For endless modelling fun—make it Airfix.

JUST LIKE
THE REAL THING!

AIRFIX

CONSTANT SCALE
CONSTRUCTION KITS

From model and hobby shops, toy shops, and F. W. Woolworth

STOP PRESS !

**LATEST AIRFIX PRODUCTION
R.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Latest in the Airfix series of 1/600 scale modern ships, this 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch long model is a masterpiece of detail. 131-part kit, plus transfers and cement: 10/6d.



ALSO NEW 18-inch long model of Cook's "ENDEAVOUR" 12/6d.
1/72nd scale FLYING FORTRESS Bomber 7/6d.

A.162

GET YOUR CATALOGUE

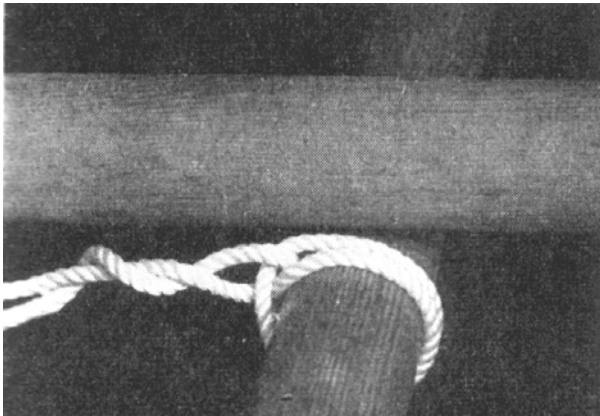
28 pages of models, facts and kit details from your dealer - only 9d



YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES-

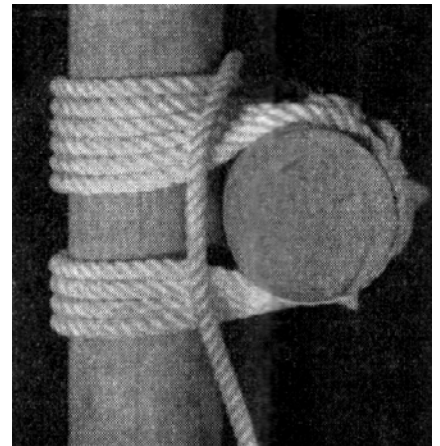


By John Annandale
and
Robert Dewar

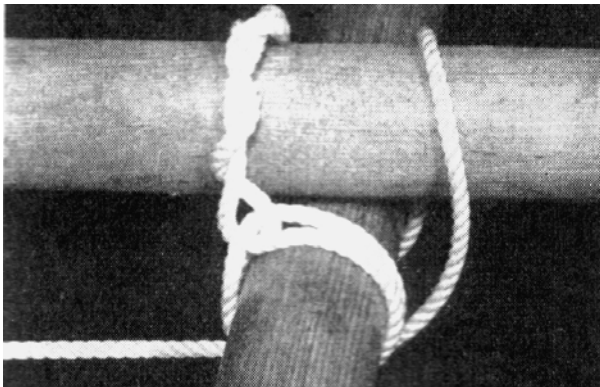


THE SQUARE LASHING

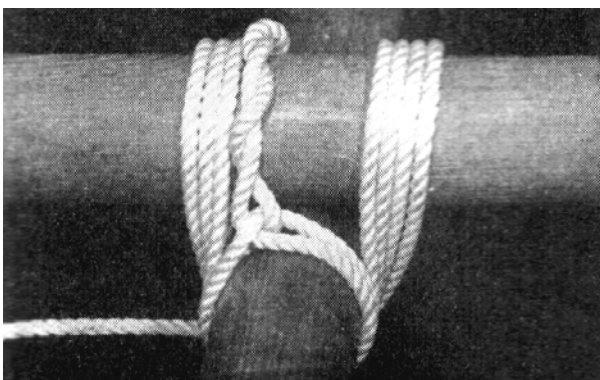
1. Start with a clove hitch round the bottom or most secure spar immediately below the spot where the other spar will cross it. Twist up running end of rope round the standing end



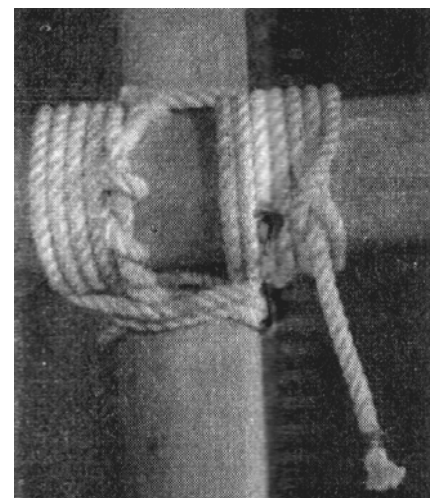
2. Now pass the lashing in front of and over the spar as shown in the photograph. Pull each half turn tight.



3. Continue the lashing until four complete turns are made, placing each new turn inside the previous one.



4. Pass lashing round one spar and commence frapping turns between spars and across lashing to draw the whole firmly together

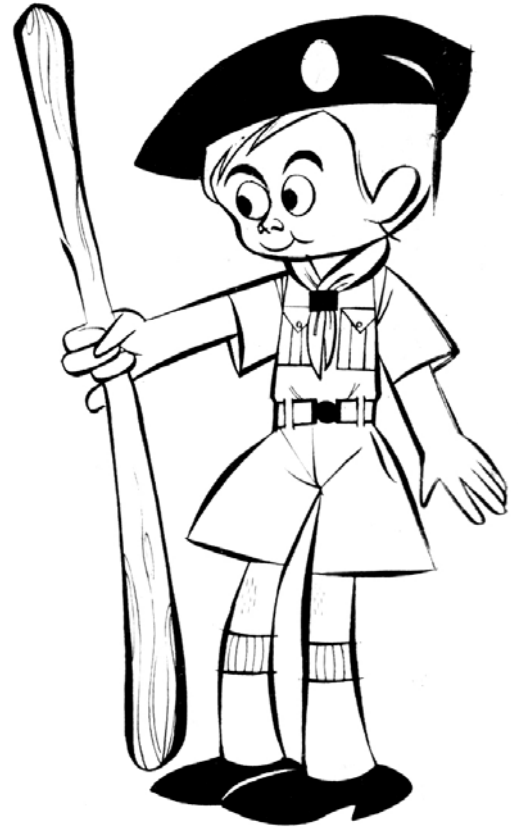


5. Finish off with a clove hitch on the other spar to which you started. It is better to tie two half-hitches and our picture shows a special "Scout" locking clove-hitch.

REVISE YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION

Next week you are scheduled to take and pass this test. You should be continually developing your powers of observation. This week, as a revision exercise for you, here is a drawing of a Scout who is a Patrol Leader. What badges, besides Proficiency Badges and the Second or First Class Badge, could he have on his uniform? Also where are they worn? Should he have garter tabs?

Check your answers with your own P.L. or Skip.



NEXT WEEK

Burns and Scalds

Diagonal Lashing

Path Observation

STINGS AND BITES

Whether you live in town or country, you may get stung or bitten by an insect, animal, plant or even snake.

Concerning snakes, there is only one British snake capable of giving a poisonous bite. This is the adder or viper. The grass snake, or slow worm, is really only a limbless lizard and is often, as you possibly know, kept as a pet.

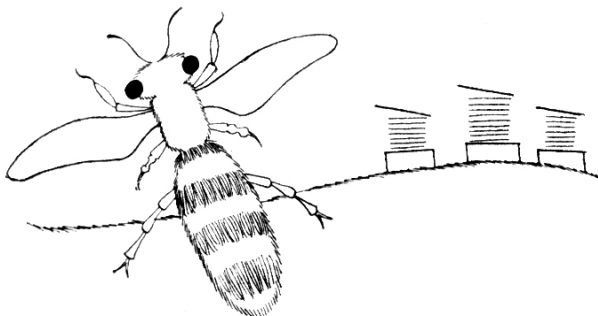
The real fear of bites comes from animals which are highly-strung, hysterical, frightened or which have been badly treated. No wild animal in Britain is liable to bite anyone except in defence of either its young or home.

Animal bites should be washed under running tap water; then dabbed with antiseptic solution unless the bite is near the eyes. Cover the bite with lint and seek medical advice.



Insect bites from bees and wasps, fleas and ants should be treated in the following way:

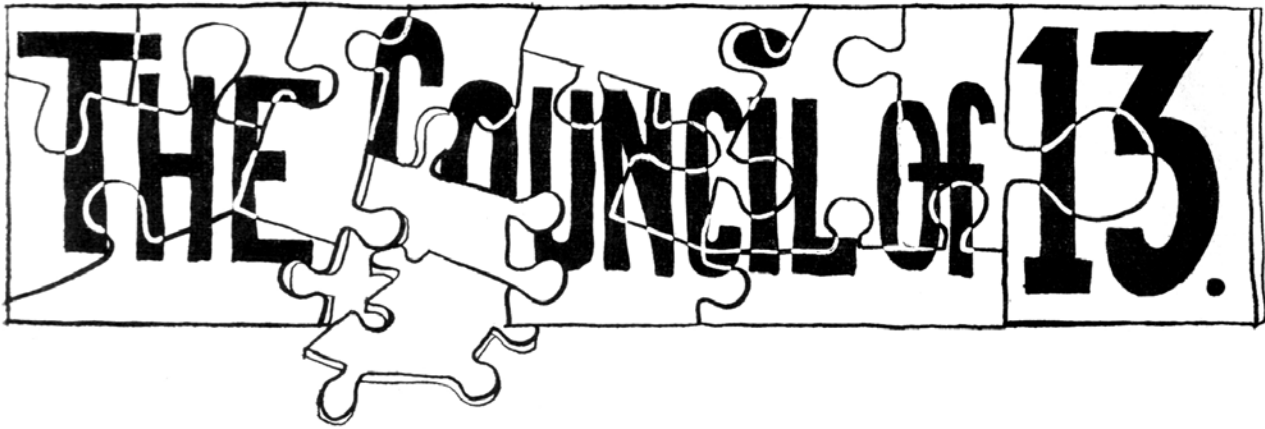
- (i) Wasp stings should be covered with lint soaked in vinegar and water to reduce pain and swelling.
- (ii) An insect bite should be washed thoroughly. A thin paste made by mixing bicarbonate of soda with a little water should be applied. This is also useful for bee stings, but first remember to remove the sting.



Anyone who has been stung or bitten in the area of the eyes or mouth should immediately consult a doctor.

Stings by a stinging nettle can be treated swiftly and effectively by a dock leaf - sometimes called a dock leaf - usually found near beds of stinging nettles.





PATROL CAMPING YEAR

A week before Christmas our Buffalo Patrol Leader surprised me with a request to take his Patrol for an indoor camp at the beginning of January. Although I knew Richard's standard of camping was high, I was not so happy about the rest of the "gang," and thought of the Patrol having their camping enthusiasm dampened forever.

"But it is indoor Skip, and part of the plan."

It is so unusual for Patrol Leaders to have plans these days, that my interest was immediately roused. Over a cup of coffee in the den "the plan" was explained.

Richard was not happy about the Buffalo's camping standard at the last Summer Camp and vowed to put it right during this Scouting year. In September, at a "Patrol in Council" he discussed it with the Patrol and they agreed to back him up and so, with his Second, Richard planned a year's camping training.

They decided to use their "Patrol Corner Time" at Troop Meetings, during the Autumn, in practising certain camping skills and here are a few of the things they learnt.

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 check-point, 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 makeup 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".

1. How to make a camp bed with two blankets.
2. How to pack a rucksack and kitbag.
3. How to make a slip reef knot.
4. How to lay their kit out all alike.
5. How to pack and fold a tent.
6. What equipment would be needed for a Patrol Camp and how to look after it.

Apparently they also spent several evenings at Richard's home making a model camp site (I must remember to see they enter that in the next District Handicrafts Competition) and how to cook several dishes including bacon and egg. This they did on Richard's mother's gas stove.

The indoor camp in question was the Buffalo's next step. Richard showed me the programme and it included fire laying and lighting, gadget making and tent pitching all of which was not possible in the heart of the City. I explained that they could go to the camp site for a day's visit but Richard's answer was "We can get a better Patrol spirit by staying the night and we cannot do all we want to in one day.

The hut is warm and we are -taking extra blankets."

After the camp Richard intends the Patrol to continue their camp preparation by making a cookery book of all the dishes they try. Besides this he said he would be going to the two P.L. training camps to get some ideas for the programmes at his camps.

The first outdoor camp for the Patrol would be in May when there is a District Camp and this would be followed by Whitsun Camp when Richard intends to take the Patrol away for four days. Between Whitsun and Summer Camp, the Buffalo's have one more weekend camp in their plans and then they feel they can go to the big camp of the year really proficient at camping.

"Well, Skip," said Richard. "That is the plan. Please let us go, our parents have agreed and you can come to lunch on Sunday."

"O.K. Richard, you can take your Patrol away to camp and I'd love to come to lunch. If you will let me stay for the afternoon I'll give you all a lift home."

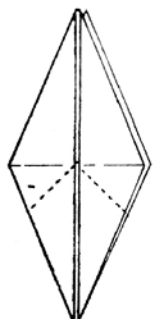
"Thanks Skip, we'd like the lift home. Dad's taking the gear there for us and it will mean we can cut down the cost and stay a little later. I must go, the Patrol are waiting for me, and they cannot wait to hear that the camp is on."

I must find out why the other Patrols haven't planned their Patrol Camping Year."

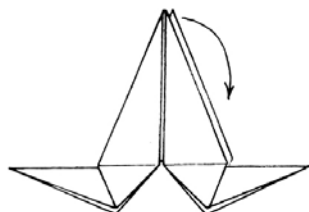
ORIGAMI

A HEN

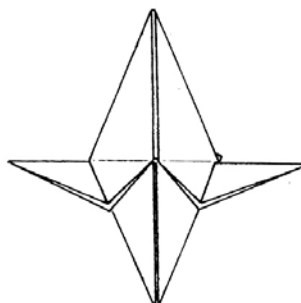
Here is a fairly simple yet very lifelike figure which, like so many of the better models, commences with the Basic Fold. The Basic Fold was fully described in the issues of "The Scout" dated the 13th. October and the 10th. November 1962: any reader who unfortunately missed these issues can obtain the necessary details free of charge by writing to the Editor.



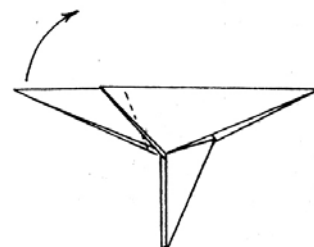
1. Start with the Basic fold, as above. Fold the lower flaps upwards and outwards at the dotted lines



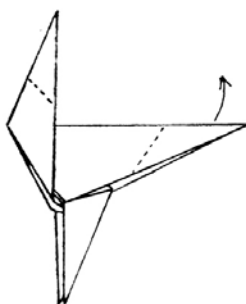
2. to produce the above. Fold the back point down to the other end.



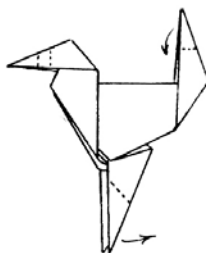
3. You have now arrived at the position above. Now fold the model in half along its vertical axis with the flaps



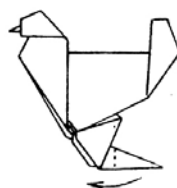
4. inside to give you the above. Fold the forward point upwards at the dotted line turning it inside out



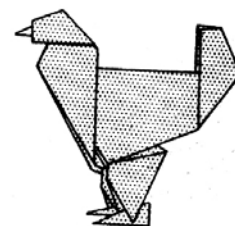
5. Fold the upper point forward and the right hand point upwards at the dotted lines.



6. Fold the forward point back and then forward to form the beak: fold the upper point in to form the tail and then reverse fold the two lower points as shown.



7. All that is left is to fold back the lower points to make the feet and there is your HEN.



"Do you think this rather angular hen would lay square eggs?"

Eric Throukell

For Your Book Token

Britain's Story by M W Thomas (Nelson, 35s.). This is a splendid book which any intelligent person of almost any age beyond twelve or so would enjoy and benefit from reading, although 13 or 14 year-olds most of all. It has loads of attractive illustrations. It has sections dealing with Homes, Food and Clothing, Transport and Trade, workers on the land or industry, and on our history and our laws. Each chapter ends with a small quiz with suggestions for further reading and things to do. This is really a most attractive book.

Your Book of Sailing, by Gabor Denes (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is full of practical information and has some fine photographs. If this is a hobby you hope one day to indulge in, this is the book to begin with.

R. H.

- WORLD FRIENDSHIP BADGE COURSE -

The International Scout Club are running a Course at Baden-Powell House from Saturday afternoon until Sunday afternoon, 30th-31st March, 1963. The Course will be open to all Scouts of 14 years and over. The Course fee will be 4s. 6d. (excluding main meals and overnight accommodation).

The Course will give information about the various parts of the Badge, allow Scouts to meet others from abroad and those who have been abroad, and generally help those thinking of taking the Badge. The Course will not pass all or parts of the Badge.

Further information and application forms are obtainable from the Organiser, World Friendship Badge Course, International Scout Club, Baden-Powell House, Queens Gate, London, S.W.7. For those living within easy travelling distance of Baden-Powell House, the Course need not be residential.



THE STAMP COLLECTORS BADGE

by
Howard L. Fears

This is the time of year at which any Scout interested in stamps should concentrate on securing his Stamp Collector's Proficiency Badge. Under-15 Badge requirements are simple

1. Collect at least 1,000 stamps in good condition.
2. Neatly mount and arrange your collection.
3. Identify 12 stamps shown by the Examiner and identify simple water-marks.
4. Explain at least five out of eight common philatelic terms.

To secure 1,000 stamps is not really difficult if you concentrate on obtaining all the duplicates and cheaply-priced items which come along. However, in examining collections the most common failure is not in the number of stamps, but in their condition. Damaged stamps, whether torn, creased or otherwise mutilated, both spoil the appearance of any album page and also detract from the quality of the better stamps. At the same time, your collection must be arranged in good order and if you are not sure of the identity of a stamp, do not make a guess and place it on the wrong country page. Most albums include pages for each stamp-issuing country and when stamps have the name of the country written in English you can easily decide where they should be mounted.

By the use of a stamp catalogue or a simple philatelic guide you could easily discover ways of identifying stamps from most other countries, except those which use a different kind of alphabet from ours. Even then you will soon begin to notice certain common characteristics and once you have identified a given stamp you can remember the particular points of distinction which will help you for the future. Some issues will still present a problem, however, and when this happens-you should seek the advice of an adult collector.

The philatelic terms which you will be asked to explain may vary, but it will not be long before you begin to understand different aspects of stamp collecting which require special words. Already you will know that the pin holes dividing one stamp from another are called the perforations and if stamps have to be divided by cutting with scissors they are called "imperforate". When additional wording has been added to a stamp after printing it has been "over-printed" and if there is any alteration to the face value it is called a "surcharge". The identification of simple water-marks is best carried out with the aid of a catalogue to describe them, plus stamps which have a margin (or edging) attached. With many such stamps you can hold them near a strong light and the water-mark will at once become clear. I am sure that you will soon discover for yourself many interesting aspects of the hobby and once you are confident that your collection is in good condition and you will begin to do more than just pile up little pieces of coloured paper, then you should be getting ready to obtain the Proficiency Badge.

EXPLORERS FROM SPAIN

This month I am illustrating a First Day Cover showing all eight stamps of a recent Spanish issue in honour of their explorers. If a similar issue of stamps was proposed for Great Britain I wonder which eight British explorers you would think should be included?

LUCKY DIP

Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are:-

1375	1479	1602
1851	1854	2029

Don't miss this offer!

Send a 2s. Postal Order today for the special Asian Jamboree First Day Cover available from:-

First Day Covers,
"The Scout" Stamp Club,
25 Buckingham Palace Ro4, London,
S.W.1.



Looking after your Tools

By TED GATHERCOLE
As told to the Camp Chief at Gilwell

Last time we told you how to build a container for your tools.

If you are going to work entirely at home or in the Troop H.Q., then the weight of the container does not matter very much and, consequently, the box type of container is the most satisfactory. On the whole it is better to have a container you can carry about rather than a cupboard fixed to the wall, although, if you are going to work only in one spot a cupboard is satisfactory. In the felt container that was illustrated you will have possibly noticed that it was full of chisels so this time we are going to cover some aspects concerning care of chisels.

First of all do realise that you need a variety of chisels; you cannot do a satisfactory job of work with a sort of all-purpose tool. You need flat chisels of different widths and if you are going to carve you need shaped chisels. There are all kinds of specially shaped tools for different needs and the variety is fascinating. Keep your eyes open so as to be able to add to your collection, but always make sure that you know the purpose of a particular tool before you buy it.

A blunt edge to a chisel inevitably means bad work and frustration and it can mean an accident. It is a good rule to re-sharpen your chisel every time you use it and, in fact, the best thing is to sharpen it as you finish using it so that it is ready for use the next time you need it.

There are various methods of sharpening chisels. Occasionally they need grinding and in general they should be ground at least half an inch at an angle of 25°. Having ground the chisel, finish it off on a good carborundum or oil stone and, after the stoning, give it a few strokes on a piece of old leather to make the blade really keen. Quite a lot of craftsmen use the palm of the hand instead of leather and, indeed, Ted Gathercole does this, but there is an art in doing it and probably the hands of most boys are not sufficiently leathery to be effective and are more likely to cut.

In addition to making sure that the cutting edge of a chisel is sharp, make sure that it is square, by which we mean that if you stand it upright on a flat surface, the handle, or grip of the chisel will be exactly vertical and not at an angle, except of course for those tools which are deliberately designed at an angle for special purposes.

When you are using a chisel remember to keep the hammer out of reach you use a mallet suited to the size of the chisel - not an enormous one as used for a tent. Ideally you will have a variety of mallets for use with your chisels.

The art is to exercise patience, to tap smartly and firmly but never forcibly, otherwise you will damage your work and are liable to split the handle of the chisel. All good woodwork requires patience and the ability to resist the temptation to give a final hard bang in order to get a piece of wood finally severed.

Did you know, incidentally, that woodcarving chisels have different types of wood for the handles so that the carver can identify each chisel immediately and not have to look at the business end when he wants to change his tool?

This is a point to look for if you are buying chisels or if anyone is going to give you a set as a present. Incidentally, second-hand tools which have been well looked after often have many years of good service and are cheaper than a new set direct from the shop.



Last time we dealt with a few do's and don'ts relating to the simple box camera. This week, we'll tackle the basic rules of picture making - as opposed to picture taking. Anyone can take a picture; making a picture entails knowing just a little about the rules of composition.

The first thing to bear in mind is that what you see through the viewfinder will be what eventually appears on your negative, if you plan to make enlargements, you can "crop" unwanted detail to a certain extent, but if you get into the habit of filling the viewfinder frame with as much of the required subject matter as possible, you will be off on the right foot.

The most important rule of composition is this: Keep it Simple. A picture should ideally have only one centre of interest. If more are introduced, the result will be something approaching chaos, for the eye will wander about without knowing where to settle.

Perhaps the easiest way of keeping your pictures simple is to move in as close as possible to your subject, so that all unwanted features are excluded. There seems to be a great tendency, especially among beginners, to "play safe" by getting as far away as possible from their subjects. You've probably seen the sort of thing that results: Tibby the cat appearing as an unrecognisable blob against a background of oceans of lawn; the portrait in which the principal subject is dwarfed by a 40-foot high building; the group on the beach which seems to include half the world's population!

Even box cameras will allow you to focus as close as six feet (closer still with a simple portrait attachment) while other types of camera will let you approach to within 3½ feet. So take advantage of the fact. Get in close.

You should also pay very careful attention to the background. When you are taking a picture, the tendency is for all your attention to be focussed on the subject which is most important as far as you are concerned. Unfortunately, the camera's lens is not so selective; it will faithfully record everything in front of it.

So when you are taking a photograph, think before you squeeze the shutter release button. Take a look round you to see whether there's a chimney pot growing out of Johnny's head, or a line of telegraph wires cutting your landscape picture neatly in half. If there is, simply change your position. A few feet either way will often make all the difference to the composition of your pictures.



Always move in close enough to leave out any unwanted details.

A Pack in Danger

by JOHN MEEHAN

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. Christopher Graham, a scientist from the University, proposes marriage to her. When she agrees, he tells her that he expects her to give up Scouting as soon as she becomes his wife. Although the Cubs do not know that their Akela is to marry, they treat Graham as a dangerous enemy who has caused Miss Hearne to lose interest in the Pack. The strongest opposition to Graham comes from Jimmy Scott-Davies, Second of the Yellows and known as Double Barrel because of his hyphenated name, Sixer Mark Holman and Gerry Woods, the Sixer of the Greys. Unfortunately, just when the Cubs need support, they make themselves another enemy by annoying Moses Sherwood, the biggest busybody and trouble-maker in Wheatford; he is constantly complaining to the Council about his neighbours because he says they disturb his poultry by their noisy behaviour. Moses is ready to use vicious tactics against any opponent and it seems that his efforts and those of Christopher Graham will destroy the Pack.

CHAPTER THREE

Plans for Survival

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning Frank Melurk's barn temporarily ceased to be a farm building and became the 1st Wheatford's Den once again. Sixer Mark Holman had arranged the meeting that Double Barrel had suggested, and every Cub was present. There were no absentees as it was clear to all of them that the present situation was critical. The Cubs wore uniforms, for this was a vital meeting, perhaps the most vital that the Pack had ever held.

Mark Holman strode to the front and the Cubs became gravely silent. He had no need to call for order because everybody was too concerned about the Pack's future to take matters lightly today. There was a tense and serious quiet as he prepared to speak.

"Double Barrel wanted this meeting," said Mark Holman, "and I wanted it too. Before long there'll be no 1st Wheatford at all if we're not very careful. Akela is losing interest in us as you know, and it wouldn't surprise me if she gave us up altogether."

The silence was swept aside and the complaining mutters swelled into an angry roar. But when the Sixer held up his hand the hush came down again like a breath of cold.

"Let's keep things peaceful," he said. "There's no point in shouting our heads off. That won't get us anywhere. We know that since Christopher Graham has been charging about here in his Jaguar, Miss Hearne hasn't had so much time for us as usual. But that's not the worst of it. She might - as I said - give up as Akela. And then what would happen? What could we do?"

"Find another Akela!" shouted somebody.

"Who? Your mother?"

The spokesman looked redly self-conscious until the laughter stopped. He said no more.

"It wouldn't be easy to get another Akela," continued Mark Holman steadily, "and in any case we haven't lost Miss Heame yet and we're not going to without a fight. She's a rattling good Akela."

"Hear, hear!" piped several voices and the Pack clapped and voiced its approval. They liked Miss Hearne and if possible they wanted to keep her.

"What we have to do is see the ways there are of getting Akela to take the interest in us she used to. Somehow we've got to pull through and save the 1st Wheatford. That's why we're here and that's what we're going to talk over. And for a start Double Barrel wants to give you all a piece of his mind."

"Not the loony part," came a voice, "not that for Pete's sake!" Despite the seriousness of the situation the Cubs had not forgotten how to laugh and now they felt there was a possibility of doing something, the tension had eased and they all felt happier.

Double Barrel ignored the insult and glared pugnaciously at his audience.

"We've got to take collective action," he said calmly.

"What's that mean?"

"It means, you idiot, that we've got to work together. It's no good if we do things in bits and pieces' or ones and twos. We've got to be solid."

Double Barrel paused and looked reflectively at the Pack for a moment.

"If we went on strike, for instance," he said slowly, "that would be collective action. Acting together."

"Communist!"

"Sounds like a Trade Union wanting more money."

"How can we strike?"

"Pipe down," growled Double Barrel. "If you brainless outfit have any ideas why don't you come up here and do some talking instead of shouting me down. Wrap up and let me speak."

The Pack "wrapped up" and Double Barrel went on to explain that they could in fact take strike action by refusing to attend Pack Meetings.

"That would shake up Akela and make her realise we mean business and aren't willing to be pushed around like a bunch of babies. Maybe then she'd change her attitude towards us."

Double Barrel stopped and instantly fierce discussions broke out all round the barn. There were such comments as: "Strikes are lousy. My Dad says they're all communists who strike."; and "I think it's wizard. We could get Akela to take some notice of us again."

"All right! All right!" shouted Double Barrel, "we haven't got all day. That's only one idea. Now listen to this."

He then went on to outline his scheme for making life so difficult for Christopher Graham that he would be forced to stay away from Wheatford and leave Miss Hearne in peace.

"We could put tin-tacks all over the road outside Maple Cottage. Then when he zooms up to see Akela his tyres would burst. That'd fix him."

Among other points in this scheme was to have patrols following Graham whenever he came into Wheatford.

"If we just followed him and looked at him and never said a word, he'd find things unpleasant. We'd not speak to him or anything but just follow him, two of us at a time. If he was with Akela we'd speak to her but we'd ignore him and treat him as if he wasn't there."

Then he might end up by thinking he was going mad or something.'

Another bright thought of Double Barrels was to tie cans to the Jaguar, burst the spare wheel and fill the boot with garbage.

And if you don't like the look of either the strike or the make life impossible for Graham's campaign, then we should form a committee to represent the Pack and go and tell Akela all our grievances. This committee would go and appeal to her."

There was silence for a moment as Double Barrel paused in his long speech. He pushed his left hand through his tufty, fiery red hair, and his green eyes sparkled savagely.

You've heard my ideas and I'll tell you now the one that's my favourite, and that is to make things sticky for old Graham. I'd like to murder him. It's only since he's been around that our troubles have started. I'd like to make things hot for him."

There were cheers from the Pack at this. Everybody loathed Graham and wished he had never been heard of.

"Before I finish I'm going to tell you this," said Double Barrel, "if whatever we decide to do fails then I'm going to carry out my own personal campaign against Graham."

"How?"

"What could you do?"

"I could do the things I've mentioned. I'd wreck his car. I'd persecute. Him, I'd send him threatening letters." Double Barrel stopped for an instant and his face lit up at this latest discovery. "Ah yes. I'd write him threatening letters, he repeated, letters that would terrify him and keep him away from Wheatford for ever."

After Double Barrel had finished, the Cubs discussed his proposals and came to the conclusion that the best and wisest solution was to form a committee.

"We couldn't go on strike," said Mark Holman, "and we couldn't have this campaign against Graham. Neither would be honourable for Cubs. If nobody has a better scheme we'll make up the committee as Double Barrel suggests and go to see Akela."

Nobody had a better suggestion and so a committee of all the Sixers with Mark Holman as chief spokesman set off at once to see Miss Hearne.

Mark Holman was nervous as he raised the heavy iron knocker of Maple Cottage. In some ways he felt he was being impertinent but he knew that action was needed so he smashed down the knocker determinedly and made rather more noise than he had anticipated.

"Hello, Mark," Akela said when she opened the door. "What a tremendous clatter. Where you trying to break the house in half!" She looked cheerily at the boys but they stared seriously back at her.

"Why so gloomy? What's the matter?"

Mark hesitated for a moment and one of the Sixers dug him in the back and whispered: "Come on You're supposed to be our spokesman. Well speak

And Mark did speak. "It's about the Pack, and you Miss Hearne and about not having camping, or proper meetings and about Mr. Graham and .."

Miss Hearne quietly slid the door to behind her.

"What's all this about?" she asked firmly.

Mark explained the situation and told her of the recent meeting and the election of the committee that stood facing her. He told her that the Cubs were dissatisfied and hoped that she might be able to give them some of her time as she used to.

"I was about to talk to you anyway boys.

Perhaps you don't know it, but I'm going to marry Mr. Graham and it looks very much as if I'll have to give up the Pack entirely. But I'm sure it'll be easy to find another Akela."

Double Barrel was waiting twenty yards away to hear what happened at the meeting. When he heard the latest development he said: "I'll kill you Graham! I'll put my campaign into operation. You won't get away with this."

Two days later Miss Hearne met Christopher Graham at "El Rinconcito" again. He was serious and seemed silently angry. Miss Hearne leant across the table and asked, "What's wrong Christopher? I know something has upset you."

"Yes, something has Paulina. And it was this."

He pulled an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Paulina. It was addressed to "Menace Graham" and it began:

"Dear Menace, keep your filthy self out of Wheatford and give us peace."

**Next Week:
A CULPRIT IS FOUND**





LONGRIDGE TRAINING COURSES, 1963

30th/31st March; Oarsman Badge; Scouts over 13; Fee: 12s. 6d.

6th/7th April; Helmsman Badge; Scouts over 13; Fee: 12s. 6d.

27th/28th April, 4th/5th May; Master Helmsman Badge (two week-ends); Scouts over 14; Fee: 25s.

18th/19th, 25th/26th May; Coxswain Badge (two weekends); Scouts over 13; Fee : 25s.

31st December, 1963-5th January, 1964; Boatswain Badge (Tuesday to Sunday); Scouts over 14; Fee: 60s.

With the exception of the Boatswain Badge Course, all courses will commence at 4 p.m. on the first day and disperse at 6p.m. on the second day. The Boatswain Badge Course will commence at 4 p.m. on the first day and disperse at 2p.m. on the sixth day.

The cost includes food and accommodation. Those attending week-end courses may "join" on the Friday evening or Saturday forenoon if they so desire, and a small charge will be made for the extra messing.

All Scouts applying for the Helmsman, Master Helmsman and Coxswain Badge Courses MUST have passed the Oarsman Badge.

Applications and enquiries should be addressed to The Bailiff, Longridge Scout Camp, Quarry Wood Road, Marlow, Buckinghamshire. Applications and fees must be returned to the Bailiff by the date shown on the application form, or they cannot be considered.

YOUNG HELMSMAN'S COURSE

The Royal Navy is organising a Young Helmsman's Course at H.M.S. "Excellent", Whale Island, Portsmouth, from Sunday, 1st September to Saturday, 7th September 1963 for 60 boys from the Voluntary Youth Organisations. There will be 20 vacancies for Scouts between the ages of 14 and 17 inclusive. Each participant will be responsible for his fare to and from Portsmouth and will pay 30s. for meals.

The object of the course is to attract boys with a leaning towards the Sea, but who have neither the good fortune to own a sailing boat or the opportunity to learn sail.

In fairness to the Royal Navy, and to enable the maximum time to be given to instruction in the handling boats under sail, applicants should be reasonably competent in the handling of small boats under oars, including a basic knowledge of seamanship, such as required by the under 15 Oarsman Badge conditions.

Full details and application forms are obtainable from the Training Department, Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Closing date for completed application forms, 31st March, 1963, but earlier application is recommended.

ROYAL MARINES YOUTH EXPEDITION, 1963

The Royal Marines are organising a Youth Expedition in the Western Highlands in Scotland, during August, 1963, for boys between the ages of 16 and under 18 years. The expedition will be run from a suitable base camp (yet to be decided) and will carry out the following:-

- (a) Elementary climbing and cross country movement.
- (b) Advanced climbing.
- (c) Canoeing and Watermanship.

The provisional dates of assembly and dispersal are Monday, 12th August and Saturday, 24th August 1963 respectively.

The opportunity is open to Youth Organisations and although places will be limited, a proportion of these places will be available to the Boy Scouts Association.

Full details can be obtained from the: **General Staff Officer (3), Portsmouth Group, Royal Marines, Eastney, Southsea, Hants.**

Subsequent applications should give

- (i) Full name in block letters.
- (ii) Home address, Scout Group, date of birth.
- (iii) A brief note of experience in any of the above activities.
- (iv) and should be accompanied by a recommendation from your Group Scoutmaster (or Scouter in charge), which must also bear the consent of the District Commissioner.

THIS WEEK'S COVERY

You certainly didn't have to go abroad for winter sports this year. Amid all the snow did your Patrol take advantage of a Snow Hike?

Photo by John Annandale.

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated Instructions, 2/-

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD. (Dept H)

206 Amarynd Park Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middx.



message to all Scouts

YOU'LL BE THE SMARTEST TROOP ON PARADE - WHEN YOU ALL



turn out in . . .

scoutwear, it passes all tests

If in difficulty write for name of nearest stockist and illustrated catalogue :-
Humphreys Bros. Ltd., The Sportswear People, P.O. Box 5, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

1962 GANG SHOW SONG ALBUM

Opening; Lovely Stars Tonight;
It's gonna be Warm; Sail your
Dreamboat; You'll be a Santa
Claus; Three Cheers; Top of the
Morning Feeling; Sarah; A Long
Time Ago; All We Want To Do.

PRICE 5/- Post 6d.

GANG SHOW RECORD

1962

THE GANG SHOW 30th YEAR

DECCA DFE 8508

Six Hit Songs

We'll go on and on; Sail Your Dreamboat;
It's Gonna Be Warm; Three Cheers; You'll be a
Santa Claus; Top of the Morning Feeling

PRICE 11/3 Post 7½d.

BINDER

A Binder for your whole year's
copies of "THE SCOUT"

There are so many tips and articles worth keeping
and this binder is just the thing to keep them per-
manently for reference at home, in the Patrol Den,
or in the Troop Room. Gold blocked letters on a
dark red cover.

PRICE 11/3d. Post 1/3d.

LOG BOOK LEGENDS

A delightful book telling a few of
the legends of the flowers and
birds, a wonderful book to read
and an aid to yarn telling.

PRICE 5/- Post 7½d.

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.

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.