

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 26th January 1963* EVERY FRIDAY 6d



# SIGNPOSTS *to the Sky*

## ***Our Sub-Editor writes about prospects for a career in the Royal Air Force***

Dick glanced out of the cockpit. Below him the snow-covered landscape stretched as though a massive white sheet had been spread over the whole countryside. As his hand reached out to unlock the automatic pilot, Dick couldn't help but compare the difference of the scene below with the glorious sunny weather they had left behind yesterday afternoon in Australia.

To Flight Lieutenant Dick Richards this mission had been one of much interest and not without its moments of humour amid the routine business of flying his V.C.10. A satisfied grin flickered across his face as he thought how this flight had been one up on the boys in the TSR.2 to whom they had delivered a necessary replacement part. A friendly rivalry existed between the members of the various Commands and Transport Command to which Dick was attached. Despite all ribbing, however, each knew and recognised how important they were to each other.

The controls of the V.C.10 responded smoothly to Dick's check that they were unlocked from the automatic pilot and his eyes ranged over the rows of dials and gauges mentally checking each in his accustomed gaze for the umpteenth time since take-off.

"Ready for landing the" "The voice of Taffy Williams, Dick's co-pilot, stopped sharply as a bell rang and the red fire warning light stabbed on above the dials for the port outer engine.

Dick also had noticed the light at the same time as Taffy.

"Cut port outer engine, start extinguisher," he ordered as Taffy's hands had instinctively stretched out to the fuel cock and throttle for the affected engine.

"Port outer engine throttle closed. Fuel off. Extinguisher on," Taffy confirmed as Dick adjusted the trim of the aircraft to compensate for the loss of one engine.

Dick acknowledged the remark with a reassuring grin and set about advising the control tower of their misfortune. They were given immediate clearance to land.

A check with other members of the crew able to see the affected engine brought the glad news that thanks to the prompt action, the fire appeared to be out and no other damage had been sustained.

"As it should be," Dick thought grimly. "We've been trained to deal with such emergencies.

In the remaining time the V.C.10 was airborne, and until such time as it rumbled to a standstill on the runway that had been swept clear of slush by the giant brushes of the runway sweeping vehicle, Dick and his crew received every possible assistance to bring the aircraft safely down.

Now with engines cut and able to relax, Dick thought of the controller and his staff who with their constant radar vigilance had speedily fixed the position of the V.C.10 and had monitored the aircraft swiftly and safely through the sky back to its base. Dick adjusted his microphone and once more spoke to the control tower to thank the controller for all that had been done...

Many of you will have considered yourself as a pilot of one of those shining sleek giants we have come to accept as part of the sky above us. What a great life it is and a career in such a sphere - and this includes everything associated with flying - not only provides wonderful opportunities for the right type of young man, but gives a great deal of satisfaction for doing a highly responsible and skilled job.

Some of you may well be thinking that recent comments tend toward limiting the prospects for a career in the Royal Air Force. While the R.A.F. of the present, as well as that of the future, must keep abreast of developments and from time to time - as in any other walks of life - be reshaped to meet modern demands, make no mistake, flying, flyers and all those responsible for keeping aircraft flying are here to stay. Because the R.A.F. is a modern, live and forward-looking concern the two types of aircraft mentioned in the introduction to this article may well be piloted by some of the - Boy Scouts and Senior Scouts now reading this. "How then can I become a pilot?" I can imagine you saying.

Interested in finding out the answer to this question, I recently spent a day at R.A.F. Biggin Hill; the famous Battle of Britain Fighter Station.



## **Gateway to the Sky?**



It is here, at the Officers and Aircrew Selection Centre, that those who wish to become aircrew spend three days as guests of the Royal Air Force. Most candidates coming to this center have the same ambition of wanting to be pilots.

Not all, however, make the grade for one reason or another; and with modern pilot training being a very expensive business, it is therefore prudent that only those who stand any chance at all are selected. Another factor to bear in mind is that service requirements also call for a supply of navigators and air electronics officers and while a candidate may not be possible pilot material, he may be eminently suitable in one or other of these flying roles. Hence the reason for the existence of the Selection Centre and it is not without interest that facts bear out the value of its methods.

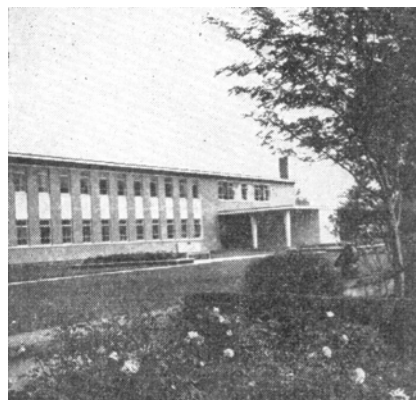
For the first part of his stay at R.A.F. Biggin Hill, a candidate goes through various aptitude tests, has a preliminary interview with two Squadron Leaders, followed by a medical examination. Those who get through successfully are then made up into groups of five to seven boys of about the same age. This group, called a syndicate, carries out a series of assessment exercises which are followed by a final interview. Each syndicate is supervised by a Wing Commander and Squadron Leader.

It will be readily realised that with most aircraft operating at a very high altitude these days, aircrew have to be completely medically fit and particular attention is paid to eyes and ears.

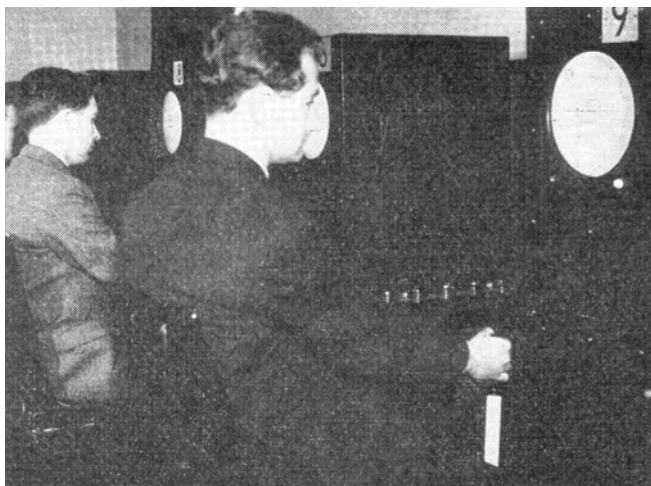
For the aptitude tests each candidate undergoes twelve tests which give a very accurate measurement as to ability for a particular flying duty. These twelve tests cover co-ordination between eyes and hands; ability to differentiate between pairs of morse-like sounds for which no knowledge of morse is required; co-ordination between eyes, hands and feet in the control of a moving light; intelligence tests based on patterns; educational attainment; a science group of subjects embodying physics, electricity and chemistry: maths involving algebra, trigonometry and approximations; ability to read tables quickly and accurately; ability to read dials accurately; instrument comprehension: mechanical reasoning from diagrams and a test of powers of observation. The first three tests are "performance" or practical tests and the remaining nine are written.

"Good Heavens," I can almost hear some of you breathing. "This looks frightful!" But is it really as bad as it looks? Not on your life! Facts never look inviting in cold print, but the young men I saw at the Selection Centre were thoroughly enjoying the opportunity of showing they were the kind of person the R.A.F. needed.

During the Assessment Exercises they were certainly a very agile lot and good humour reigned as they got themselves in and out of those sorts of situations a Senior Scout might expect to face on a Venturer Badge Course.



**In this  
modern  
airy  
building  
R.A.F.  
aircrew  
are  
selected**



**Controlling the moving light during an aptitude test**

I was also present when the syndicate officers were interviewing one candidate and particularly struck by the atmosphere in which the interview was conducted and the friendly way that the candidate was rapidly put at ease.

As a result of his stay, a candidate will be told if he can be accepted and whether his abilities are best suited for training as pilot, navigator, or air electronics officer. From personal experience of a certain Avro Vulcan air-crew - an aircraft that carries two pilots, two navigators and an air electronics officer - let me add that each member of the aircrew knew how vital was the job of his colleague. If you are given a chance to be trained in a different aircrew duty to that what you wanted, even though you may be disappointed should you be really keen on a life in the air, my advice would be to take the offer.

An article such as this cannot hope to cover the many aspects of the opportunities that exist for aircrew with the Royal Air Force, but if you are 17½ years old then turn to page 610 for further information.

Incidentally, if you are not yet 17½, but have reached the age of 16 and would like to know in advance whether you are suitable for flying duties before deciding on the R.A.F. as a career, a scheme exists whereby you can present yourself for pre-assessment without any cost or obligation. Full details about this scheme, as well as other methods of entry, will be gladly supplied by the R.A.F. Careers Information Centre.

Although I have devoted most of my space to aircrew duties, it would be very wrong if mention was overlooked of the many other openings that are available in the R.A.F. If you stop and think for a moment, it must be obvious that in an organisation of the size of the Royal Air Force the aircraft could not possibly fly without excellent backing from the ground. I don't know for sure, but I would think that there must be as many people, if not more working on the ground in support of the men and machines in the air. From what I've seen, the opportunities of being trained in a particular trade or profession must be endless. That almost goes for methods of entry also. A Senior Scout from my own Group went in to the RAF. under the Boy Entrant Scheme and now as a trained "Electrics" man is enjoying life as a Leading Aircraftman in Northern Ireland.

A career in this, the "younger" of our three Services, is well worth thinking about and in this air-age it provides a worthwhile future for the younger generation of today.

# SIGNPOST



## A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

### Other Organisations - 3

Some further organisations worth knowing about:-

(a) *The Field Studies Council*. This encourages Conservation, Nature Study and other field studies and maintains half a dozen Centres throughout the country. Membership costs 5/-; information from Balfour House, 119/125 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2.

(b) *The Ramblers' Association*. This protects the interests of hikers generally by pressing for effective National Parks legislation, new footpaths and rights of way. Mountaineering Courses are also arranged. Information leaflets and guides of interest to hikers (e.g. booklet describing the Pennine Way) are available; membership at 316 under 18, includes a magazine. Details from 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, N.W. 1.

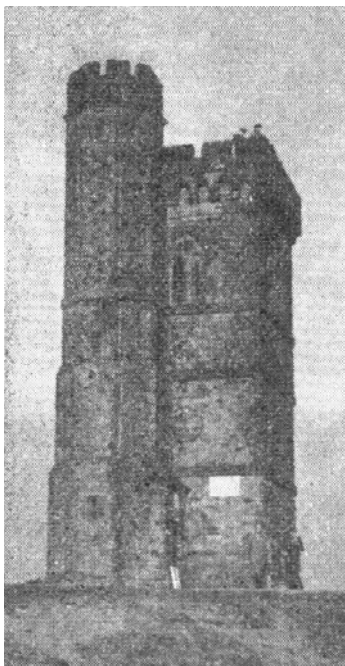
(c) *The Nature Conservancy*. This is the official body responsible for Nature Reserves in Britain and Conservation generally. Permits are sometimes issued to Scout parties for access to uninhabited islands off the coast, many of which are bird sanctuaries. Details from 19 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

### Off the Beaten Track - 3

Some more expedition projects:-

(a) **Follies**. Have you ever, when hiking, come across these towers or monuments in prominent positions but having no apparent use? Many were built by eccentric landowners and all have a story behind them. Some were built for quite ridiculous purposes. Find out what you can.

Among the mace famous are - Yorke's Folly, Pateley Bridge, Yorks; Copleston's Folly, Honiton, Devon; Petersen's Folly, Sway, Hants; Wainhouse's Folly, Halifax, Yorks; Sugar Loaf, Dallington, Sussex; Freston Tower, Suffolk; Leith Hill Tower, Surrey; Broadway Tower, Worcs; Triangular Lodge, Rushton, Northants; Mow Cop, Cheshire/Staffs; and others at Rendlesham, Suffolk; Hunmanby, Yorks; Finedon and Oundle, Northants; Dinton, Bucks; Faringdon, Berks; and Chesterton, Warwickshire.



**A Folly Tower - Scope for an Expedition project**

(b) **Crosses and Pillars**. Most village crosses have a history; some are memorials and others formed part of a covered market shelter.

There are some very fine examples in villages throughout the country, many dating from Saxon times.

### by Keith Pennyfuther

Others serve as Boundary Stones, Sanctuary Stones and Travellers' Pillars - see what you can find out.

(c) **Semaphores**. In the early days of communications, messages were often flashed from shore to shore by beacons lit on prominent hilltops, and later by devices for semaphore signalling. Some of these still remain, and the name "Telegraph Hill" on the map shows where many have since disappeared.

### Rescue and Public Service

To qualify for this Section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award (Gold) its necessary both to undertake some preliminary training and also to carry out some actual public service in practice.



**Woodland clearance for Duke of Edinburgh Award**

The various conditions are set out in the D. of E. Handbook which gives some suggested projects. Hikers and explorers, however, might well undertake certain other specific projects such as those below. It is advisable to check with the Training Dept. at H.Q. before you start on any form of service not listed in the Award Handbook.

(a) Taking part in the Civic Trust "Eyesores Campaign" whereby volunteer working parties clear disused airfields, Service establishments, shelters, old buildings, and other eyesores in the countryside (write to Civic Trust, 79 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1);

(b) Enrolling as a Voluntary Warden in one of the National Parks (e.g. the Peak District)

(c) Other service in National Parks such as Anti-Litter Drives and the erection of signposts (especially along routes such as the Pennine Way);

(d) Carrying out Footpath Surveys for local highway authorities under Part IV of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949;

(e) Enrolling as a Voluntary Warden of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (e.g. to safeguard rare species such as ospreys in Scotland).



We move on this month to another four wild moorland areas ideal for expeditions. The number in brackets after each heading refers to the map which appeared in last July's *Signpost Notebook*.

**Yorkshire Dales and Northern Pennines (10).** The entire Pennine "backbone of England" stretches northwards for some 150 miles from the Peak District to the Scottish Border, but much of the southern part is intersected by industrial valleys. Only north of Skipton do the fells become really wild and remote. Scenically the Yorkshire Dales form the best portion, especially Weardale, Wensleydale and Wharfedale, and the valleys of the Tees, Swale and Ribble. In the Yorkshire Dales National Park area alone there are 26 listed rock climbs (the chief being Kilnsey Crag, SD 9767), together with numerous caves and pot-holes for which the area is well known, including Gaping Gill and Alum Pot.

Much of the area is wild moorland, with stretches of bog cotton, but in the Dales area the bare limestone rock comes to the surface. The chief summits of this part include the "Three Peaks" of Ingleborough (2373 ft.), Whernside and Pen-yghent, with Cross Fell (2930 ft.), Mickle Fell and High Seat further north towards the Border.

One of the best ways of exploring this area is to hike along the Pennine Way.

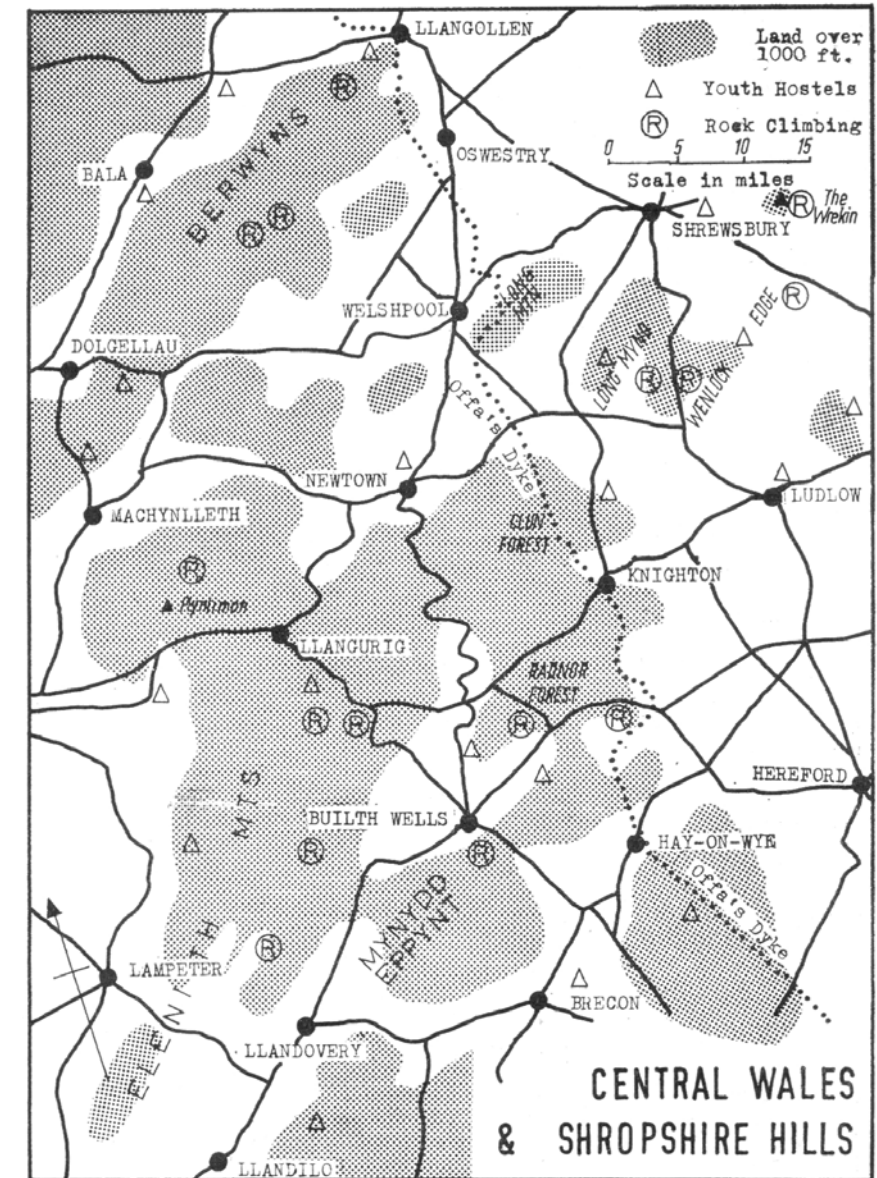
**Central Wales (14).** Apart from the coastline the central part of Wales is neglected and practically unknown.

Here are hundreds of square miles of wild and rugged moorland free from roads and paths.

From Llangurig (SN 9079) to Llandovery you can hike in a straight line for 35 miles without crossing a single road. To the west the mass of Plynlimon Fawr (2468 ft.) forms the source of both the Rivers Wye and Severn.

In the north the Berwyn range consists of a string of tops (highest point Moel Sych, 2713ft.) along the Merioneth/Denhigh County Boundary, offering good ridge-walking.

To the south, between Tregaron and Rhayader, stretches the "Great Desert of Wales" or the Elenith Mountains, and it is here, in the upper reaches of the Ystwyth and the Towy, that the wildest parts are found. South of Builth Wells the Mynydd Eppynt, rising to 1560 ft., is



another tract of barren moor, while south of Knighton and skirted by Offa's Dyke, Radnor Forest rises to 2166 ft.

All these areas are seldom explored and together include the most remote parts of Britain south of the Border.

**Exmoor (18).** An undulating plateau of heather-clad moorland, reaching 1705 ft. at Dunkery Beacon, with deep valleys or "combes" cutting into the open moor, wooded in their lower parts.

Stone circles, tumuli and other antiquities occur widely, and together with the characteristic pack-horse bridges could form suitable expedition projects. Extensive bogs occur on the open moor north of Simonshath, and the map symbols for marshy ground should be respected. To the south-east the Brendon Hills, with their wooded

northern slopes, form an extension to the ridges: east of Exford.

**The Shropshire Hills (15).** These include the long ridges of Wenlock Edge and the Long Mynd, the isolated summit of The Wrekin (1334 ft.), south of Wellington, the undulating moors of the Stiperstones and the hills of Clun Forest, crossed by Offa's Dyke.

Most of the lower slopes are cultivated but the higher parts, and especially the Long Mynd, are rough moorland with steep valleys. Hill forts are numerous and other ancient monuments occur widely.



# *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 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 FIVE**

### **This is about the old, old tree**

I knew enough about the Catskill Mountains to know that when the summer came, they were covered with people. Although Great-grandfather's farm was somewhat remote, still hikers and campers and hunters and fishermen were sure to wander across it.

Therefore I wanted a house that could not be seen. People would want to take me back where I belonged if they found me.

I looked at that tree. Somehow I knew it was home, but I was not quite sure how it was home. The limbs were high and not right for a tree house. I could build a back extension around it, but that would look silly. Slowly I circled the great trunk. Halfway around the whole plan become perfectly obvious. To the west, between two of the flanges of the tree that spread out to be roots, was a cavity. The heart of the tree was rotting away. I scraped at it with my hands: old, rotten insect-ridden dust came tumbling out. I dug on and on, using my axe from time to time as my excitement grew.

With much of the old rot out, I could crawl in the tree and sit cross-legged. Inside I felt as cosy as a turtle in its shell. I chopped and chopped until I was hungry and exhausted. I was now in the hard good wood, and chopping it out was work. I was afraid December would come before I got a hole big enough to lie in. So I sat clown to think.

You know, those first days, I just never planned right. I had the beginnings of a home, but not a bite to eat, and I had worked so hard that I could hardly move forward to find that bite.

Furthermore it was discouraging to feed the body of mine. It was never satisfied, and gathering food for it took time and got it hungrier.

Trying to get a place to rest it took time and got it more tired, and I really felt I was going in circles and wondered how primitive man ever had enough time and energy to stop hunting food and start thinking about fire and tools.

I left the tree and went across the meadow looking for food. I plunged into the woods beyond, and there I discovered the gorge and the white cascade splashing down the black rocks into the pool below.

I was hot and dirty. I scrambled down the rocks and slipped into the pool. It was so cold I yelled. But when I came out on the bank and put on my two pairs of trousers and three sweaters, which I thought was a better way to carry clothes than in a pack, I tingled and burned and felt coltish. I leapt up the bank, slipped and my face went down in a patch of dogtooth violets.

You would know them anywhere after a few looks at them at the Botanical Gardens and in coloured flower books. They are little yellow lilies on long slender stems with oval leaves dappled with grey. But that's not all. They have wonderfully tasty bulbs. I was filling my pockets before I got up from my fall.

"I'll have a salad type lunch," I said as I moved up the steep sides of the ravine. I discovered that as late as it was in the season the spring beauties were still blooming in the cool pockets of the woods. They are all right raw, that is if you are as hungry as I was. They taste a little like lima beans. I ate these as I went on bunting food, feeling better and better, until I worked my way back to the meadow where the dandelions were blooming. Funny I hadn't noticed them earlier. Their greens are good, and so are their roots - a little strong and milky, but you get used to that.

A crow flew into the aspen grove without saying a word. The little I knew of crows from following them in Central Park, they always have something to say. But this bird was sneaking, obviously trying to be quiet.

Birds are good food. Crow is certainly not the best, but I did not know that then, and I launched out to see where it was going. I had a vague plan to try to noose it. This is the kind of thing I wasted time on in those days when time was so important. However, this venture turned out all right, because I did not have to noose that bird.



I stepped into the woods, looked around, could not see the crow, but noticed a big stick nest in a scraggly pine. I started to climb the tree. Off flew the crow. What made me keep on climbing in face of such discouragement, I don't know, but I did, and that noon I had crow eggs and wild salad for lunch.

At lunch I also solved the problem of carving out my tree. After a struggle I made a fire. Then I sewed a big skunk cabbage leaf into a cup with grass strands. I had read that you can boil water in a leaf, and ever since then I had been very anxious to see if this were true. It seems impossible, but it works. I boiled the eggs - in a leaf. The water keeps the leaf wet, and although the top dries up and burns down to the water level, that's as far as the burning goes. I was pleased to see it work.

Then here's what happened. Naturally, all this took a lot of time, and I hadn't gotten very far on my tree, so I was fretting and stamping out the fire when I stopped with my foot in the air.

The fire Indians made dugout canoes with fire. They burned them out, an easier and much faster way of getting results. I would try fire in the tree. If I was very careful, perhaps it would work. I ran into the hemlock forest with a burning stick and got a fire going inside the tree.

Thinking that I ought to have a bucket of water in case things got out of hand, I looked desperately around me.

The water was far across the meadow and down the ravine. This would never do. I began to think the whole inspiration of a home in the tree was no good. I really did have to live near water for cooking and drinking and comfort. I looked sadly at the magnificent hemlock and was about to put the fire out and desert it when I said something to myself. It must have come out of some book: "Hemlocks usually grow around mountain streams and springs."

I swirled on my heel. Nothing but boulders around me. But the air was damp, somewhere - I said - and darted around the rocks, peering and looking and sniffing and going down into pockets and dales. No water. I was coming back, circling wide, when I almost fell in it. Two sentinel boulders, dripping wet, decorated with flowers, ferns, moss, weeds - everything that loved water - guarded a bathtub-sized spring.

"You pretty thing," I said, flopped on my stomach, and pushed my face into it to drink.

I opened my eyes. The water was like glass, and in it were little insects with oars. They rowed away from me. Beetles skittered like bullets on the surface, or carried a silver bubble of air with them to the bottom. Ha, then I saw a crayfish.

I jumped up, overturned rocks, and found many crayfish. At first I hesitated to grab them because they can pinch. I gritted my teeth, thought about how much more it hurts to be hungry, and came down upon them.

I did get pinched, but I had my dinner. And that was the first time I had planned ahead! Any planning that I did in those early days was such a surprise to me and so successful that I was delighted with even a small plan.

I wrapped the crayfish in leaves, stuffed them in my pockets, and went back to the burning tree.



Bucket of water, I thought. Bucket of water? Where was I going to get a bucket? How did I think, even if I found water, I could get it back to the tree? That's how cityfied I was in those days. I had never lived without a bucket before - or water running from a tap - and so when a water problem came up, I just thought I could run to the kitchen and get a bucket.

"Well, dirt is as good as water," I said as I ran back to my tree. "I can smother the fire with dirt."

Days passed working, burning, cutting, gathering food, and each day I cut another notch on an aspen pole that I had stuck in the ground for a calendar.

Next Week:

**I MEET ONE OF MY OWN KIND AND HAVE  
A TERRIBLE TIME GETTING AWAY**

**THIS WEEK'S COVER**

Snow fun is good fun and good fun is the  
secret of a successful Patrol Activity.

*Photo by John Annandale.*

# PATROL MEETING BLUEPRINT

NUMBER TEN

## NERVE TEST ....

AS THE FOUR-MAN CHARIOT THUNDERS DOWN THE TRACK, THE INTREPID RIDER -CHOOSING HIS MOMENT TO A NICETY (HE'D BETTER!) - TRANSFERS HIS GRIP FROM THE SHOULDERS OF HIS CHARGERS TO THE TRAPEZE, AND IS LEFT SWINGING WHILE THE CHARIOT BEARS ONWARD.

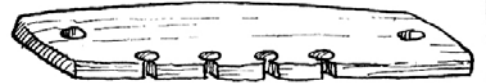


## INSTANT FIRE

ONE-MAN FIRE-BY-FRICTION IS "DOING IT THE HARD WAY". NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, BUT IT IS WORTH KNOWING THAT WITH BIGGER APPARATUS THREE MEN CAN OPERATE TOGETHER TO PRODUCE FIRE IN MUCH BETTER TIME. AT THE MOMENT TWELVE SECONDS IS THE RECORD. CAN YOU BEAT IT?



Octagonal Spindle (elm) about 12" long x 3/4" diam. round at one end, tapered at the other.



Baseboard 24" long x 6" x 1/2" thick with hole at each end to take ground pins. Gouge out hollow to take rounded end of spindle with V-notch to centre.



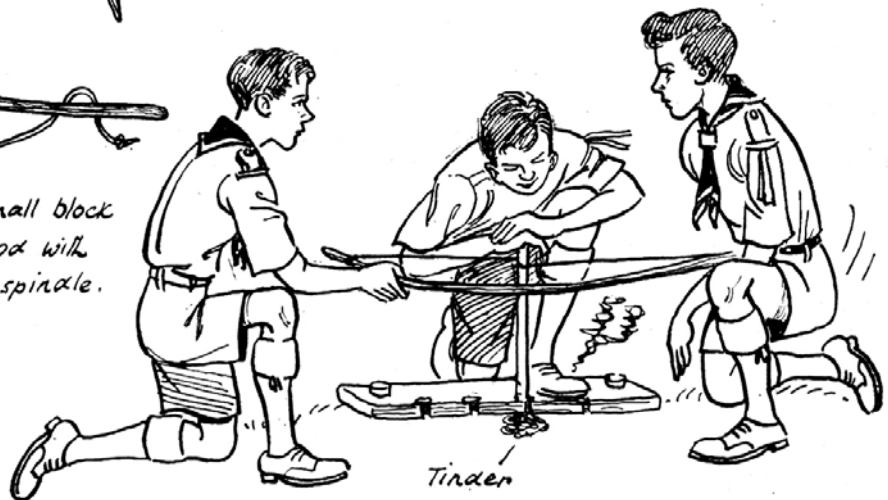
The Baseboard is pegged down with two Ground pins.



Bow - about 36" long with leather thong (adjustable).

Palm - small block of hardwood with hollow for spindle.

The middleman exerts maximum pressure while the bowmen spin the spindle with long strokes. Embers are transferred from the notch to the tinder and blown into flame.







A few weeks ago, I had the job of arranging a competition for the Senior Scouts of our District. This, as you can imagine, was no easy task. I had heard rumours that last year's competition was far too easy, and that the Seniors were asking for something really difficult, so I had to think up something that would provide them with a really busy weekend.

In due course I received the entries for the competition - most of them, incidentally, after the closing date (can anyone tell me why so few people in Scouting take any notice of closing dates?), and I sent off letters to the Scouters concerned, asking them to arrange for their teams to meet me at some central place in order to receive their instructions for the competition. The reason for this will be apparent later.

When the Seniors arrived, I gave them a sealed envelope containing their instructions, which were not to be opened until they arrived at the starting point, which was some miles away, and was to be reached by train. They were also given a general sheet of instructions about the equipment needed and also the procedure for notifying the Commissioner by telephone when they had completed the test and had arrived back at the local station.

The Seniors must have been somewhat surprised on opening their sealed instructions to discover they were all in code. The route they had to follow was set out in a very simple code, and they were given instructions on how to decode this. This ensured that every team, at any rate, was able to find out fairly easily the route they were to follow.

The rest of the competition consisted of finding out important historical information about the area in which the Seniors were travelling. Every question was set out in a different code (some of these were very easy to decode, but others were quite difficult). Having decoded the questions, the teams then had to find out the required information as they went along the route.

No log book of the journey was asked for, but there was a certain amount of mapping, sketching, estimation and so on included in the tests.

In addition, the teams had to carry a camera, and were required to obtain a set of photographs ranging from one of the remains of a town cross (now hidden away in a field on the moors) to a picture taken inside a cave where the available light was almost non-existent.

The competition took place over a weekend, and it was necessary to spend the night under canvas. Those Seniors who had asked for something difficult really got what they had asked for, because from the moment they left home to the moment they returned they had to cope with heavy rain, tent pegs that wouldn't stay put in the sodden ground, and a host of other difficulties. They managed to cope successfully, and a very good job they made of the many things they had to do over the weekend. The winners of the competition, who now hold the challenge flag for the next twelve months, can be very proud of themselves. If any team has ever earned that flag, it is this year's winners.

Why did the teams have to meet me before setting out? Well, I gave them their sealed instructions at an open space which was not too well illuminated, and when they opened their envelopes the next day, the last test was intended to find out just how observant they had been that evening. It consisted of questions about my car, what I was wearing at the time, etc.

I hope that while you have been reading the above you have been making a mental note of a number of points that you can make use of in training your Patrol. I do not expect you to take off young Johnny, aged eleven, to spend the weekend under canvas on the moors in the middle of winter. But you can at least then get your Patrol out for a Saturday afternoon's activities in similar territory. You can, as I did, set out a route of some seven or eight miles, using map references and so on, and when you have arranged the route write it out in some simple code, so that the members of your Patrol have to do a little work for themselves before they can start out.

The use of codes can be very interesting. Not many people can resist trying to decode a coded message. I have a friend whose correspondence with another chap consists entirely of code work. Their letters are never very long ones, but they certainly provide lots of amusement for the recipients.

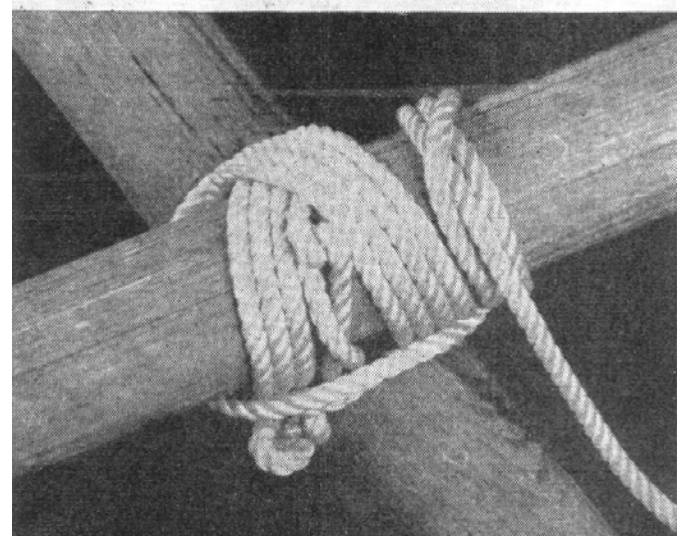
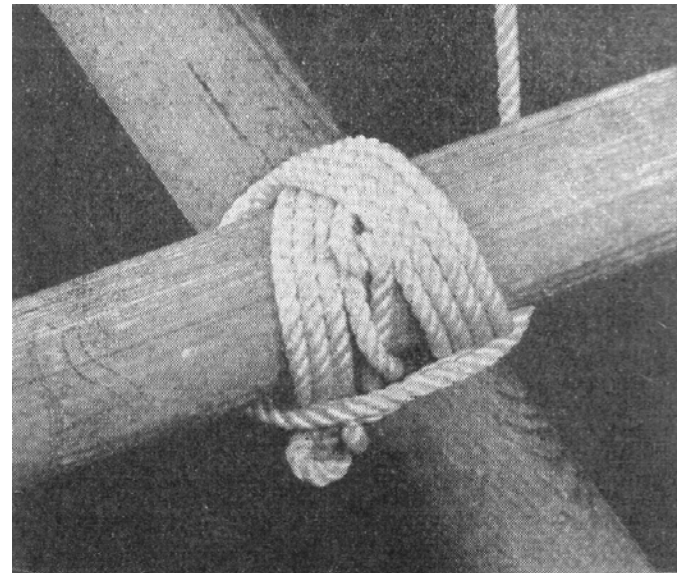
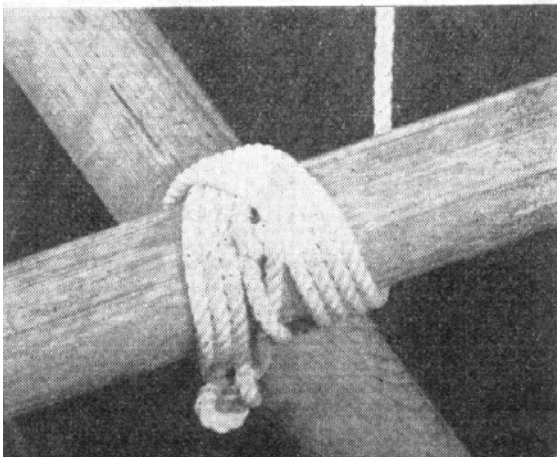
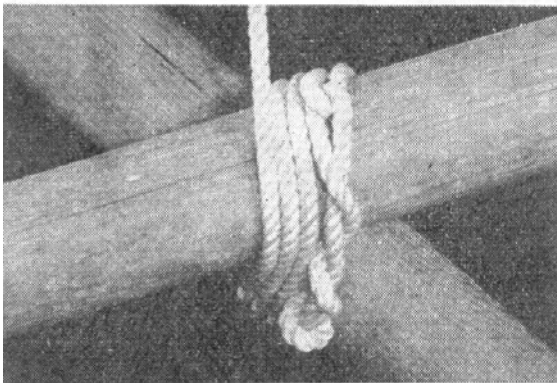
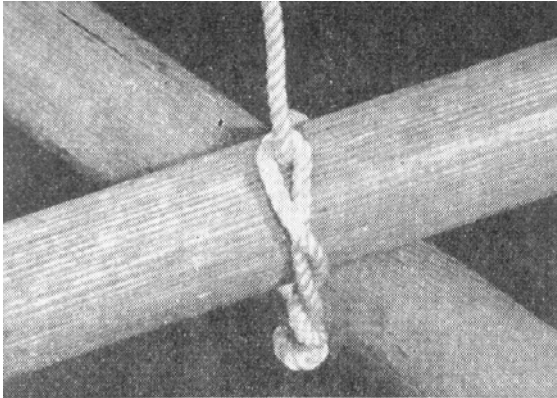
Try the other ideas, too. Find out about the area in which you intend your Patrol to travel. You can then make the journey more interesting by getting your Scouts to ask questions of the people who live in the area. If it serves no other purpose, it at least allows your Scouts an opportunity of exercising their conversational powers, helps them not to be shy with strangers, and it may give some of the local population the idea that Scouts are human beings after all.

But of course, the most important thing I am trying to tell you is that no matter what the weather may be, it is your duty as a Patrol Leader to get your Scouts out-of-doors as often as you possibly can. If you dress according to the weather, you will come to no harm. If it is raining, dress accordingly - if it is cold, wrap up well. But, please, keep out!

# YOUR SECOND CLASS TESTS IN PICTURES-

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

FOURTH WEEK



NEXT WEEK

Avoidance of Sunburn  
Constructing a Trestle  
Rules of Health

## THE DIAGONAL LASHING

This lashing is used to hold in position two spars which tend to spring apart, as in the centre of a trestle.

Begin with a Timber Hitch round both spars, drawing them together, then take three or four turns round each fork, do frapping turns and finish with a Clove Hitch. Remember once again that two Half-hitches make a Clove Hitch.



# BURNS and SCALDS



A Burn is caused by dry heat.

A Scald is caused by wet heat.



Treatment in both cases is the same and pictures below, from left to right, show the stages to follow (*Left*) Cover the area with a dry sterile dressing if possible, otherwise clean lint or freshly laundered linen. (*Centre*) Bandage firmly except where blisters prevent. (*Right*) Immobilise the affected area. Summon medical advice.

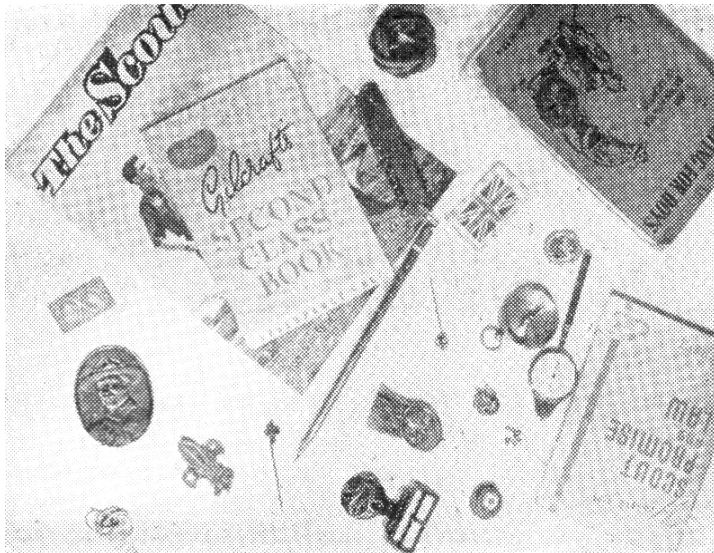
**DO NOT APPLY LOTIONS - DO NOT REMOVE BURNED CLOTHING - DO NOT BREAK BLISTERS.**



# OBSERVATION

This week you are due to pass this test. Here is a quick check over if you are taking Kim's Game. Compare the two pictures on the right and spot the two objects that have changed place.

When you do your test remember you have to describe the articles in writing. Take this pencil for example. Note the colour of its lead; its length. whether it has round or square sides, if it is sharpened, what is printed on the sides, the colour it is painted, and so on. Good Luck in your test.





**Patrick Moore tells you how to make**

# A Home-made Astronomical Telescope

A year or two ago I presented a programme on BBC Children's Television in which I described how to make a small astronomical telescope for a very low cost. With me on the programme was Paul Murdin, who is considerably more skilful with his hands than I am. The result was that both of us were snowed under with letters asking for more details, and also asking us where the lenses could be bought. Eventually we wrote a small book about it,\* but I still have a great many letters on the subject, particularly from Scouts (and Cubs, I may add). So perhaps some of you may find it worthwhile to go over some of the same ground again.

First, let us admit that a professionally-made astronomical telescope is not cheap. Unless you are lucky enough to find one second-hand, you may have to pay something in the region of £25 to £30, which is rather more than a week's pocket-money. And I would *not* recommend paying much for a very small telescope; you would be better off with good field-glasses. Usually, a refractor has to have an object-glass of at least three inches in diameter before it is of real use for serious observing, while for a reflector the smallest aperture is, probably, six inches, though a really good four inch reflector is well worth having.

In case anyone is not sure about the difference between the two types of telescopes a refractor uses a lens to collect its light (Fig. 1).

The light passes through the object-glass, or O.G., and an image of the distant object is formed; this image is then magnified by the eyepiece, which is really nothing more than a magnifying glass of rather special type. The distance between the O.G. and the focus (F) is termed the focal length.

Reflectors have no object-glasses, but collect their light by means of a curved mirror. It is possible to grind such a mirror, but it is a tricky business, and in this article I am going to deal with small refractors only.

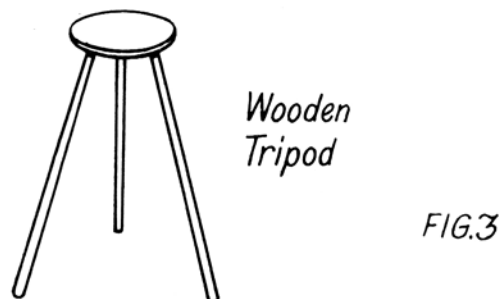
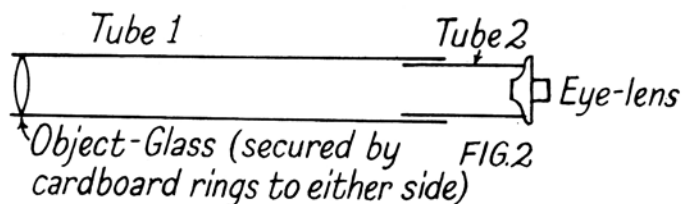
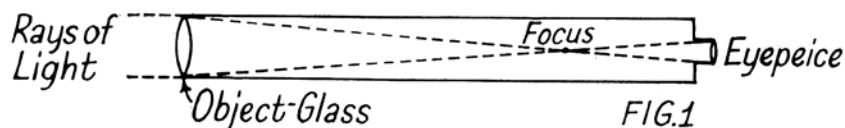
The only things you need to buy are the lenses. Some years ago, nothing was easier. You simply went into the nearest optician's shop, and said: "Good afternoon. Can I please buy an old spectacle-lens, 1½ to 2 inches in diameter, with a focal length of from 1½ to 2 feet, together with a much smaller lens, less than 1 inch across, and with a short focal length of around 1½ to 2 inches?"

The optician would smile kindly, produce the lenses, and charge you possibly half a crown for the two.

The situation today is less happy, and suitable lenses are not too easy to buy at low cost; fashions in spectacles have changed. Everything depends on luck. Some time ago (in 1962: it must have been September) I put this question to a local optician, and bought all the lenses for the grand total of 1/6d. On the other hand, you may have to hunt around for a long time. The trouble is that I cannot help you in the search - so I'm sorry, but I'm afraid there is no point in writing to me about it, much though I would like to be of assistance! My only reply can be: "Go on looking, and you'll strike lucky in the end."

Actually there is no real trouble about the small lens for the eye-piece. A jeweller's eye-piece of the type available in most big general chain-stores will do. The difficulty lies with the 1½ or 2 inch lens to serve as the O.G.

Assume that you have both lenses, and that the O.G. is of 2 inches diameter and 1½ feet focal length. The procedure is to make or obtain a cardboard tube, and fit the lens into one end; make very sure that it is square on, and that it is firm. (A system of cardboard rings is one way; fit one ring inside the tube, push the lens against it, and secure it with a second ring nearer the end of the tube.) The whole tube should be around 1¼ feet long.



\* "The Astronomer's Telescope," Patrick Moore and P. G. Murdin. Brockhampton Press, 1962.



Next, make a second tube which will slide in and out of the first (Fig. 2). It should be a good fit, so that it can be moved easily and yet will not slip. Fix the eyepiece - simple lens, or mounted jeweller's eyepiece - in the end, slip the tube into the O.G. tube - and your essential telescope is complete. Sliding the eyepiece tube to and fro will mean that you can adjust until the focus is correct.

Naturally, there are refinements, It is a good idea to blacken the insides of the tubes, for instance, and it is easy to make the telescope look ornamental as well as being useful, but I have no doubt that when it comes to handicraft" most of you are a great deal better than I can ever be. Meanwhile, it is essential to give your telescope a mounting. It will have a small field of view, and you will be unable to hold it steady enough to keep an object such as the Moon in sight.

Here we come to sheer woodwork. A tripod mount is satisfactory it can be made out of pieces of wood and broom handles, for instance (Fig. 3). Remember, the telescope must be capable of being turned in any direction, so you must have an up-and-down movement as well as a sideways one. The main point is to make it all perfectly firm. It is hopeless to try to use an astronomical telescope upon a stand which resembles a jelly. In a short article I cannot go into more details about ways of mounting, but I think they more or less speak for themselves.

Don't expect your telescope to show you as much as can be seen upon the photographs in many books. It will not be powerful, and will not be as useful as good binoculars; for instance it will probably not show you the rings of Saturn, at least in recognisable form. But it will be enough to let you see the mountains and craters of the Moon, the four satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, and any number of glorious star-fields in the Milky Way and elsewhere. Incidentally, never look at the Sun, even for a second and even when the Sun is low down.

If you do, you will focus all the heat on to your eye, and you may blind yourself permanently. This is a serious warning, so please don't forget it; accidents have, unfortunately, happened in the past.

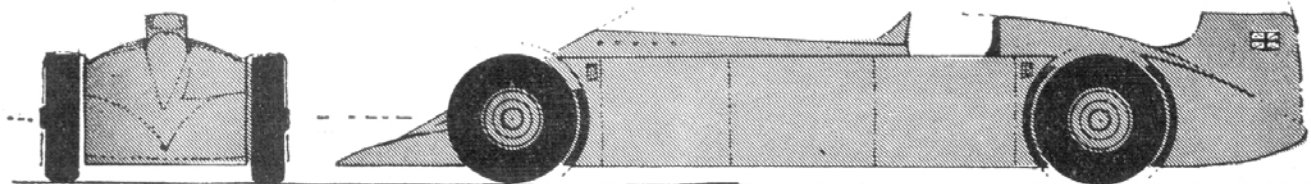
If you decide to make yourself a small telescope along these lines, I am quite sure you will not regret it. If you can obtain the lenses, the whole construction will not take you more than an afternoon. Not so very long ago I made myself a telescope of this kind - mounting and all - at a cost of 2/3d. in the space of an evening; and I am probably the clumsiest person in England - so that if I can manage it, anybody can. I wish you the best of success.

## Great Britain U.S.A. Scout Exchange, 1963

Following the success of Operation U.S.A. (recently reported in "The Scout") the opportunity is being given for Counties, Districts or Groups to participate in a further exchange visit for the month of August, 1963. The cost for British Scouts, who should be over 15 and under 18 years of age, visiting the United States is £80. Applications, together with offers of hospitality to an American Scout Patrol, should be addressed to County International Representatives where appointed or to County Secretaries, to whom full details have been sent. Leaflets giving further information are available from the International Department at Headquarters

## Yesterday's Cars (26)

By Ray Evans



**Golden Arrow 1929**

**Gt. Britain**

**This 930 h.p. car is a former holder of the World's land speed record. It raised the record to 231 m.p.h. in 1929 driven by Sir Henry Segrave. Powered by a 12 cylinder Napier Lion aero-engine.**

# Make the most of your future...

## CHOOSE A CAREER IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

In the air or on the ground, as a member of the Royal Air Force you enjoy many advantages: foreign travel—there are R.A.F. bases all over the world from Gibraltar to Hong Kong; good pay—even at 17 you can earn up to £6. 18. 3. a week *all found* as an R.A.F. apprentice, and as an aircrew officer of 21 you could earn nearly £1000 a year; a variety of interesting duties—in whichever Branch or trade you serve you will hold many different appointments during your service.

### YOU'D LIKE TO FLY?

There are two ways of becoming an aircrew officer. To apply for a *permanent career commission* you should be 17½—19½ and have G.C.E. in mathematics, English language, science or a language and two other subjects (two subjects must be at 'A' level). This qualification can take you to Cranwell: the College where the R.A.F. trains you for a career that can lead you to the most senior appointments and Air Marshal rank.

If you have G.C.E. at 'O' level in five acceptable subjects, including English language and mathematics, you can apply for a direct entry commission which gives you a pensionable career to the age of 38 with a good chance of continuing your service to 55.

### TECHNICALLY MINDED?

If you are 17½—19½ with G.C.E. in mathematics, English language, physics, chemistry and two other subjects (pure and applied mathematics and physics must be at 'A' level), and wish to study engineering, you may be eligible for cadetship at Henlow, the R.A.F. Technical College where you read for the Dip. Tech. (Engineering) which is equivalent to an honours degree. The four year course at Henlow also prepares you for a permanent commission in the Technical Branch of

the R.A.F.—a career with prospects of promotion up to Air Marshal rank.

### R.A.F. APPRENTICESHIPS

Boys 15—17 may be eligible to join the R.A.F. as apprentices to be trained in electrical or mechanical engineering. An R.A.F. apprenticeship gives you qualifications which are accepted for O.N.C. and recognised by many Trade Unions. Your course lasts only three years compared with the five years usual in industry. When you finish your training you are a fully qualified tradesman with good chances of senior N.C.O. rank and even of being commissioned. Many officers started their careers as apprentices: some of them have reached Air Commodore rank or even higher.

Post the coupon today for full details of life and conditions of service in the R.A.F. Place a tick against the subject which interests you most.

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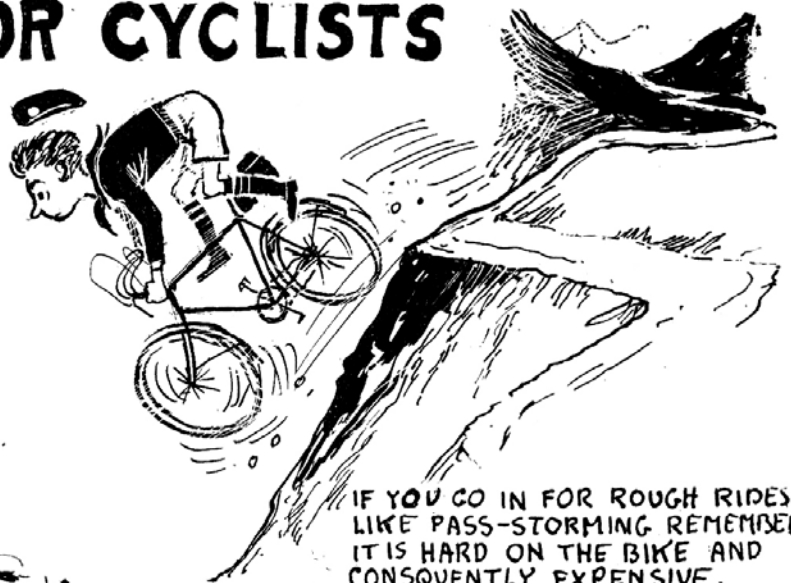
  
The Royal Air Force



# SUGGESTIONS FOR CYCLISTS

M. PEYTON

THERE IS SO MUCH TRAFFIC ON THE ROADS THESE DAYS THAT IS WORTH SOME PLANNING TO AVOID IT. KEEPING TO SECONDARY ROADS IS ONE WAY AND YOU CAN USE SUCH THINGS AS FOOT BRIDLE AND FOOTPATHS, ROMAN ROADS, MOUNTAIN PASSES, TOWPATHS ect. YOU MAY NOT TRAVEL SO FAR BUT YOU WILL SEE MORE OF THE COUNTRY SIDE.

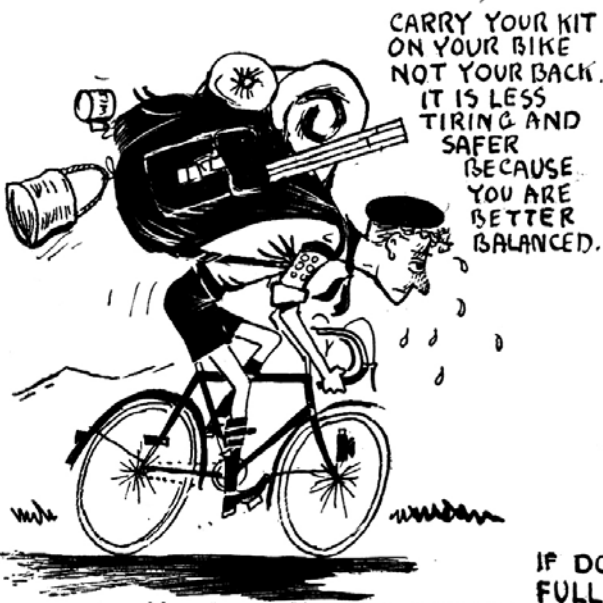
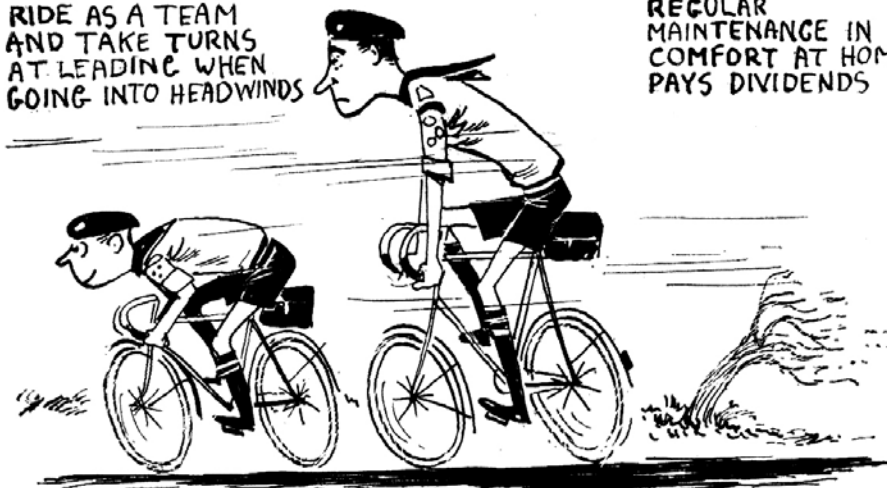


IF YOU GO IN FOR ROUGH RIDES LIKE PASS-STORMING REMEMBER IT IS HARD ON THE BIKE AND CONSEQUENTLY EXPENSIVE. YOU ALSO NEED STRONG SHOES AND VERY GOOD BRAKES.



RIDE AS A TEAM AND TAKE TURNS AT LEADING WHEN GOING INTO HEADWINDS

REGULAR MAINTENANCE IN COMFORT AT HOME PAYS DIVIDENDS

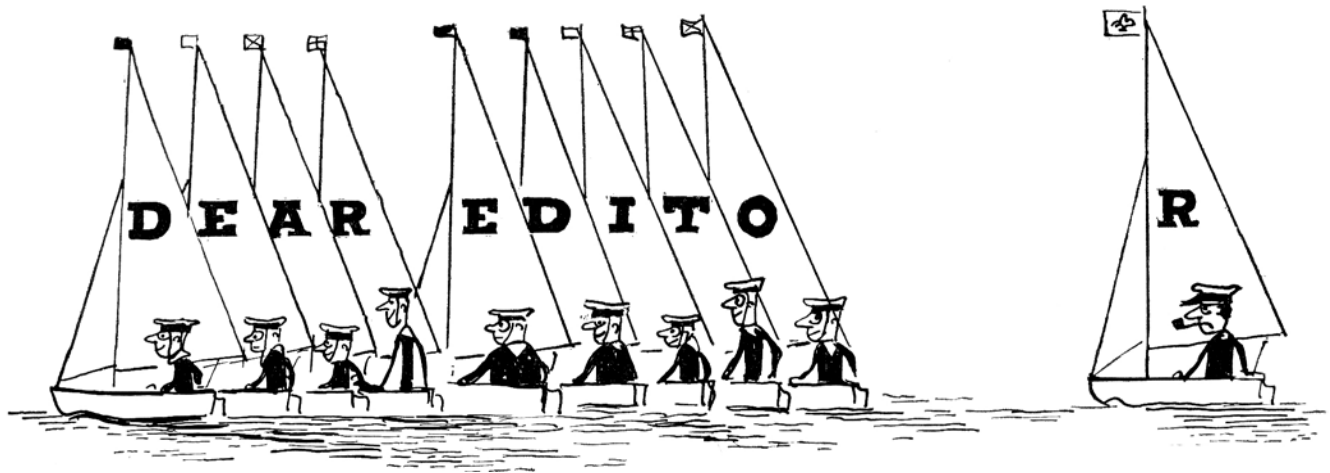


CARRY YOUR KIT ON YOUR BIKE NOT YOUR BACK. IT IS LESS TIRING AND SAFER BECAUSE YOU ARE BETTER BALANCED.

TO AVOID TRAFFIC YOU CAN RIDE THROUGH THE NIGHT.



IF DOING A NIGHT RIDE PLAN IT SO THAT YOU HAVE A FULL MOON




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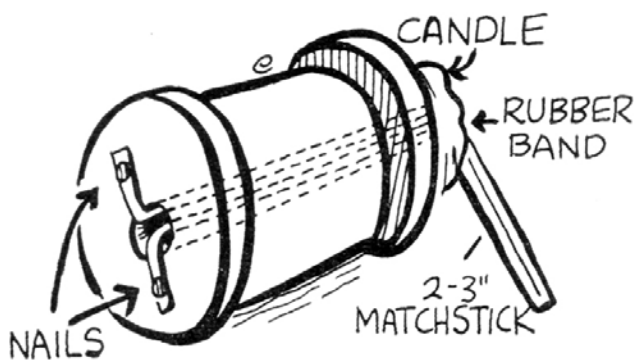
## A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

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### A Cotton Reel Derby

Dear Editor,

I would like to tell you about an event that we have at Scouts, each year. This is called a cotton reel derby. There are three classes, the cotton reel tanks, the cheats, and the mechanised cheats.



To operate a cotton reel tank, one winds round, the matchstick and places it on the ground. The rubber band unwinds and the tank rolls along.

The cheats use cocoa tins, and nails for example, instead of cotton reels and matchsticks.

The mechanised cheats are really clockwork motors on wheels. Two Scouts this year, even made a tank that was electrically controlled, that could move to the right, left or reverse, as well as forwards.

Another made one in the form of a bulldozer, and called it Gertrude.

Each class has a different course, which usually consists of a slope and magazines to go over.

At the end there is a shield and small prizes for the fastest and most ingenious "tanks".

I would be interested to hear if any other Troops have similar contests.

**Scout Robert Brown,**  
*26th Bristol.*

### N.E. Cheshire Incident Journey

Dear Editor,

The journey was held on Saturday and Sunday the 8th and 9th December.

There were about 208 Scouts split into Patrols which were sent off blindfolded, without matches, knives, compasses or

maps, by car the operation was to find and recognise a murderer by his voice. We were assisted by marshals and taken into a cellar, through a tunnel, with a river under it, into an old mill and through swamps. The whole operation was carried out in French. It started at the 1st Dukinfield H.Q. and ended at the 1st Dintling and Glossop H.Q. where a joyful night was spent. A film show was shown of the English Scouts in America on an exchange trip. The operation finished with a Scouts' Own on Sunday morning.

**Scout D. Halpern,**  
*6th Hyde A.B.C.*

### Don't Get Your Chocolate Sticky

Dear Editor,

When you are going on a hike, chocolate is sustaining, but often apt to be messy and sickly. To overcome this the French have a good idea. All you need is:-

A bread roll (preferably long)

A bar of plain chocolate.

Then cut the bread roll at one end only, and push the chocolate inside. Put this into the oven for a few minutes to make the chocolate melt inside the bread. Let it cool and then pack it in foil.

**A. Featherstone,**  
*16th Reigate.*

### A D-I-Y Brand

Dear Editor,

Many Troops have their own brands, but I wonder how many have their own Patrol brands.

Recently our Troop finished a S.T.A. in which each Patrol had to design their own brand, and make it. The maximum of 20 points were awarded for the "Patrol Competition".

The result was amazing and many magnificent brands were made.

These can be made with bits of thick wire bent in such a way that they resemble the Patrol's animal name.

You can also cut the outline of your name and attach it to a rod so you can brand with it.

If you attempt the real method with brass, etc. remember your name must be back to front.

**Andrew Mitchell,**  
*26th North Cote.*



## Uniform Matters

Dear Editor,

I must protest strongly against P/2nd R. M. Nicholl's criticisms against the Scout uniform in "The Scout" 29th December, 1962.

He suggests that it is only used at Troop Meetings, Parades and "other occasions". Whether "other occasions" refers to hiking, camping, etc., I would not know, but I would emphasise the usefulness of the uniform when camping and hiking.

The Scout shirt is excellent value. I personally have had one for two years and is only now beginning to wear with slight discolouration. The cost of the shirt was 22s. from the Scout Shop and I defy anyone to produce another shirt of equal quality for the same price. The buttons on the shirt are the same size if not bigger than the normal buttons on a white shirt. The Scout lanyard if preferred need not be ivory as long as the whole Troop dresses alike (Rule 247 in P.O.R.) long trousers look fine on parades as long as everyone has the correct style and colour, but would this condition prevail. After two days of tough hiking the trousers would look like rags.

I enjoy "The Scout" very much especially "Signpost". I am also glad that articles on photography will be published regularly.

**Q.S. David Rainford,**  
*37th Crosby, Liverpool.*

Dear Editor,

My shirt has worn extremely well and the dye has not come out of it. Nylon socks last a long time and they do not shrink. The lanyard looks neat and can be useful at times. The neckerchief is very useful as a bandage and looks tidy if it is worn properly. Also Scouts are often recognised by their neckerchiefs.

If R. M. Nicholls' uniform was used, Scouts would resemble "Teddy Boys", in looks. Also the shirts would get ripped more easily because of the open neck, and the badges would not be seen because of the pullover.

There is however, one thing which I would like to complain about, that is the Scout Cord. It does not stay in the same position all the time and it can look untidy if it is not worn properly. I think that the Scout Cord should be replaced by a badge which should go where the Leaping Wolf goes. Also I think that the Service Stars should be replaced by something similar to a Patrol Flash, because they break hen they are removed from the shirt when the shirt is being washed.

**P.L. P. B. Osborn.**  
*2nd St. Helens (Eccleston Park).*

Dear Editor,

The uniform suggested by P/2nd R. M. Nicholls in "The Scout" 29th December is utterly ridiculous and degrading to the Movement. He says that the whole use and meaning of the uniform is slowly dying, but it's Scouts like R. M. Nicholls who kill its meaning.

He condemns the shirt because it costs too much, (a shirt with long sleeves would cost much more) it does not wear well (with a short sleeved shirt there are no elbows to wear out funny as it may seem) and is of poor design (if he can design one better he will make a fortune).

All our Troop agree that shorts are best (surely R. M. Nicholls is not afraid of showing his hairy? legs).

The uniform suggested by Nicholls of an open necked shirt (in winter?) with badges, which the Scout has proudly gained, sewn onto the sleeves and covered with a good thick jumper (checks or loudly coloured stripes).

Are we to lose our individuality or to succumb to the sheep-like tendencies of the modern day and age? We will not be recognised as Scouts but a group of young boys with not specific aim in life? Not me.

Thanks for such a good magazine especially "Signpost" please keep it to the same high standard.

**T.L. J. Tyson,**  
*5th Pudsey.*



## A Stitch in Time

Dear Editor,

Our Skip (a tailor by the way) uses "The Scout" to help in training our Troop. But the sewing on of a button and badges pictures made his hair surrounding his head stand out. The knot always goes between the material and the button and lost in the frappings. You finish off at the butt of the frappings and call it "stand" not neck. Height equals thickness of material of button-hole side. A needle is threaded by putting the needle on the thread with the needle held at chest level (needle in hand you sew with, please). Your badge sewing is the way an expert sews a sleeve hand and looks all left-handed. Start at right-hand corner, knot between badge and material. Sew from right to left (8 to 10 stitches to the inch) catch shirt just under badge and come up as near to edge of badge as possible.

Skip mounts your Jobman pictures and brings along the necessary articles each week. A Jobman relay: A block of wood for each Patrol 6in. x 4in. x 4in', a 2~in. or 3m. nail for each Scout, a hammer per Patrol, number of strokes to send each nail home scores against each Patrol. I trust you will print these remarks and Skip will learn how keen we are.

**P.L. P. Davis,**  
*8th Potters Bar.*

# A Pack in Danger

by JOHN MEEHAN

**FOR NEW READERS:** *Wheatford is a small village in the fen 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. The Cubs 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. Just when the Cubs need support, they make themselves another enemy by annoying Moses Sherwood, the biggest busybody and trouble-maker in Wheatford. The Cubs hold a special meeting and it is agreed to send a deputation asking Miss Hearne to give up more time to the Pack. The deputation fails but Douilile Barrel says that he will not give up the fight. Two days after the meeting, ~Graham receives an anonymous letter that warns him to keep away from the village.*

## CHAPTER FOUR A Culprit is Found

Paulina Hearne read the letter in astonishment. It was so vicious and unfair that she could not concentrate and her eyes flickered up and down so that the lines blurred and only odd phrases impressed their meaning on her mind. She kept thinking "Who could have written this? Why should Christopher be attacked like this? Why? Why?" And as she thought and read at the same time, she did neither well and the result was a hazy confusion. She took hold of herself 'with a conscious effort, switched down the volume of her thoughts until they became a nagging background music and slowly and carefully began to read again, from the beginning.

"Dear Menace," she saw. "Keep your filthy self out of Wheatford and give us peace. Our life was good and happy till you came and ruined it. If you no whats good for you you'll clear out otherwise things will get unplesant."

Automatically the teacher part of Paulina's mind noted - the spelling mistakes 'no' instead of 'know', 'unplesant' without the 'a', and the failure to put apostrophes in 'whats' and 'you'll'. She noted later mistakes in the same calm way and it seemed that this letter was some school composition she was correcting and that its content did not affect her own life.

Either you get out of Wheatford immediately and stay out and don't pester us or your going to get it in the neck. Three weeks notice to quit is hereby given, if - your around Wheatford after that time life will get prety unhappy for you. You see too much of Miss Hearne for her good and your blasted car ort to be banned. Get out you interfering devil. This is your last warning."

Paulina put the paper on the table. It was dark blue and the faint grey lines that marked it had failed to keep the jumpy handwriting straight: the top left-hand corner was missing, presumably because it had been torn hastily from sonic pad.

The letters were childish, the spelling poor, the style uncouth - much too many gets' the teacher part of Paulina had said - and punctuation not very good. She still felt removed from the letter and not directly involved. She wanted to produce a red pencil and start underlining and making comments and correcting and...

"Well, what do you think? Nasty, isn't it?"

Christopher Graham's voice drove through the haze of imaginings to sound clear and real and jolt her back to face the situation. She glanced at her watch. She had been reading the letter for two or three minutes but it had seemed much longer, almost as if she had travelled for years along a different time-scale remote from the world.

Graham's long, slim fingers slid spider-like across the cloth and reached for the scruffy paper. He held it and smacked it once against his left hand and then crumpled it savagely before he stuffed it into his pocket.

"Poison pen. That's what you call this sort of thing," he said angrily. "Great heavens I Poison pen. At their age when they're supposed to be young and innocent."

"What do you mean by 'they?'" said Paulina. "And why young 7" She leant forward eagerly. "Do you know who wrote this dreadful letter? It's so beastly. We must go to the police at once. But how do you know who wrote it?"

"It's obvious. They've been gunning me for a long time. Ever since I've known you Paulina, they've been hating me."

Miss Hearne wondered what monstrous people could have produced this poison pen letter.

"All your training of them has been useless," Christopher continued. "You've taught them to do good turns and this is how they react. The vipers!"

"What are you talking about?" "What do you mean?"

I mean, Paulina, that your precious little Cubs wrote this letter. That's what I mean. Now are you convinced that you're wasting your time with them?"

That night it was a long time before Paulina could sleep. She thought about the whole situation about the letter, what Christopher had said. about the Cubs at last she had to admit that he had been right. Everything added up to a neat sum that proved that one, or some, or all of the Cubs were behind the writing of that letter. For a start there was the Cubs' dislike of Christopher and their knowledge that he was taking their Akela away from Scouting. This was what the police would have called a motive. She remembered too how the Cubs had formed a committee headed by Sixer Mark Holman and had come to plead with her to spare them more time and give more attention to the Pack.

Probably it had been the final blow when she had turned them away and said it would be impossible for her to continue as Akela after her marriage. It all added up. There was the spelling too poor, childish, full of mistakes, just like the compositions she marked at school. And the handwriting was undeniably childish as well. It was all conclusive proof that the Cubs were guilty.

She stretched out to the bedside table and read through the letter again. Christopher had given it to her and had left matters in her hands. "I'm not dragging in the police against a bunch of kids," he had told her. "You deal with them."





### Double Barrel felt a fist sink into his stomach

She laid the letter next to the lamp. She pressed the switch and the room vanished into darkness. But it was still difficult to sleep, for she was rehearsing the speech that the Pack would hear at the next meeting. She felt fairly confident that when she had talked to them, no Cub would ever try this ghastly trick again.

"Why isn't Akela here?" said Double Barrel. "I suppose this week she's not going to turn up at all."

It was the night of the Pack meeting and the Cubs were waiting in Farmer McTurk's barn for Miss Hearne.

"It's not like her," said Mark Holman. "Whatever you say about her spending less time on us, she's never been late before."

"She is now," said Double Barrel. "If you ask me she's giving us up for good."

That's right Double Barrel. That's exactly what I am doing."

There was a shocked silence and the Cubs swivelled round to see Miss Hearne standing in the doorway.

They noticed that she wore a neat, grey two-piece suit instead of uniform. It was an odd reaction to their committee's request for more Scouting. She strode forward and her shoes tapped briskly to make a strange, persistent echo in the still Den. The Cubs watched her in amazement, wondering why she was so angry and wore no uniform.

Akela reached the front and stopped. She moved a few paces to one side and the renewed click of her shoes was magnified by the heavy, silent atmosphere.

"The reason I'm not wearing a uniform is that for the first time in my life I'm ashamed of it. I'm ashamed of having any dealings with Scouting.

At least, ashamed that is, of being associated with this Pack."

There were gasps of surprise. Mark Holman seemed about to speak but Miss Hearne held up her hand.

Mr. Graham received a threatening letter last week. It told him to keep away from me and Wheatford. We are both quite certain that it was written by somebody in this room."

Miss Hearne took the filthy, crumpled sheet of dark blue notepaper from her bag and went across to the notice board. She pinned the letter to the board and turned once more to face the Pack.

"I am disgusted that one of my Cubs should do such a thing. That's why I'm resigning. As from this moment I am no longer your Akela." She paused so that her words could drive home their meaning and have full effect. Then she continued: "This time Mr. Graham and I have not told the police. If it happens again, we shall act and the matter will be very grave. So I warn you not to let this go on."

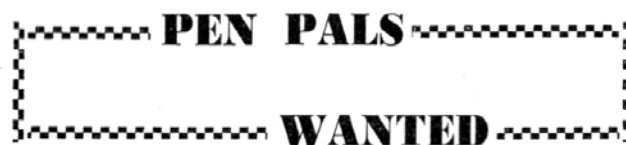
Without another word she left the Den and her shoes clicked out a final message of farewell. There was silence; the Cubs were so shocked they remained motionless. And then somebody said very quietly, "Don't you remember? Double Barrel was going to write letters."

Double Barrel jerked into movement and as he did so the whole room came alive. A voice shouted "Let's get him!" The spell was broken and Double Barrel felt a fist sink into his stomach. But before the Cubs could fall upon their victim in an angry mass. Mark Holman blew a whistle. The blast sobered the Cubs and they stood back while the Sixer said, "We want no rough house here. This is Farmer McTurk's barn remember. We've just lost our Akela and we don't want to lose our Den as well."

Gerry Woods went to the notice board, ripped down the letter and walked up to Double Barrel. "You'd better take this and get out of here fast," he said. "Otherwise we might forget what Mark told us!"

Next Week

**MOSES IS FRIENDLY**



**A Fee of 6d. per insertion must accompany all notices for this column.**

**The Otter Patrol** 2nd Glasgow (Pollokshields) Troop, c/o Q.S. Ronald Turner, 6.Netherby Dr., Glasgow. S.1., Scotland. - Would like to correspond with Otter Patrol in Wates. Hobbies: camping, hiking, cooking, various sports.

**Chris Richardson** (14), 13, Henfield Rd.. Hampden Park, Eastbourne. Sussex. - Pen-pal in Canda. U.S.A., Swit zerland. Hobbies : football, cricket, athletics, tennis, fishing and aquarium keeping.

**P.L.(S)' David Kawthern** (16), 16, Wallis Rd., Kettering, Northants. - Pen-pal in U.S.A. going to World Jamboree in Greece, 1963, with a view to meeting there. Hobbies: swopping books, pamphlets. etc., athletics.

**P/2nd David Evans**, 23, Santon Ave.. Fallowfield. Manchester, 14. - Pen-pals in Australia. America, Germany. Hobbies: swopping radio magazines, and "Trad" jazz tapes.

**P.L. Edward Everitt** (14). 72, Hearn's Rise Orpington. Kent. - Scout or Guide pen-pals anywhere (knghsh or Wrench speaking). Hobbies: sports, Scouting, cycling, camping.

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