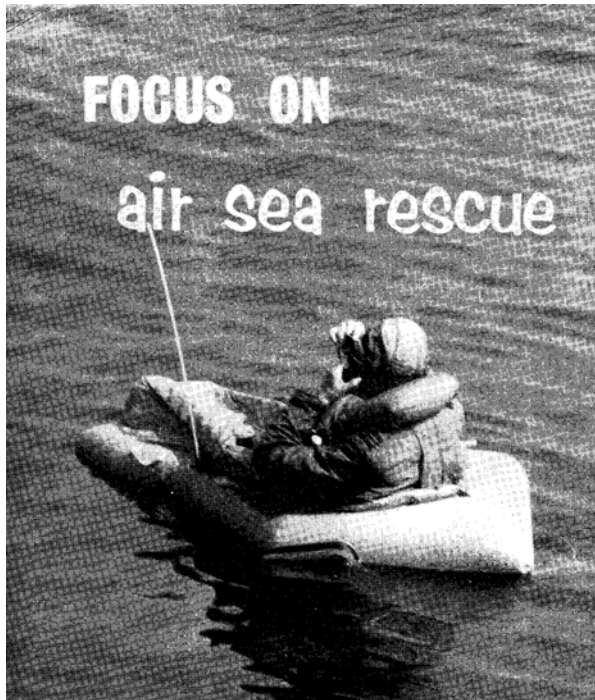


The Scout



Week ending 15th April 1961 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d



by **JIM LAURENCE**

As part of a service to bring help for a crew of a crashed aircraft, the Short Range Search and Rescue Organisation also gives assistance to all sorts of civilians whose lives are in danger.

IN THE United Kingdom, two R.A.F. helicopter Squadrons fulfil a vital role in the aerial search and rescue organisation provided to aid the crew of crashed aircraft, and to serve the need of all those whose lives are endangered in areas inaccessible to surface emergency services.

For these Squadrons the majority of calls are to help civilians - casualty evacuation to distant hospitals, the transfer of the sick and injured from ships at sea to shore, the rescue of over-venturesome cliff-climbers or, most common of all, amateur yachtsmen, swimmers- and dinghy-paddlers whose carefree caperings have been suddenly transformed by weather, tide or inexperience into a losing battle for life itself.

Many have ample cause to bless the timely arrival of a slab-sided angel of mercy in the shape of a bright yellow RAE. Westland Whirlwind to hoist them bodily from the hungry waves.

No. 228 Squadron cover the northern half of Great Britain for this short range search and rescue work and in the southern half, No. 22 Squadron operates four flights located around the coast in Suffolk, Hampshire, North Devon and Anglesey. The Squadron Headquarters Unit is at St. Mawgan in Cornwall, which is also a responsible for the training of crew and the servicing of aircraft, but may also be called out if a local emergency arises.

Each flight is at standby from dawn to dusk every day throughout the year, the state of readiness being officially fifteen minutes although four-and-a-half minutes are usually sufficient for a scramble.

During 1960, helicopters of these two squadrons flew a total of 7,120 hours mostly on life-saving missions, including 410 rescue incidents. Casualty evacuation flights numbered 62 and there were 1 S 1 false alarms each of which had to be investigated.

Normally the Southern Rescue Coordination Centre alerts the Squadron and passes details of the job to be done, but a local emergency call is often received directly by a Flight, whereupon the helicopter pilot informs the R.C.C. as soon as he is airborne.

Such an operation might, for example, begin with a telephone call that a yacht is thought to be sinking off a local beach. Immediately the pilot of the standby aircraft warms up the engine while his navigator takes down all the details and checks that the appropriate rescue equipment is aboard.

Meanwhile the winchman dons his immersion suit and, when all is ready, the navigator and winchman scramble into the "chopper's" cabin through the wide hatch and fasten their safety belts, connected by long straps to a rail in the cabin roof. The navigator plugs in his intercomm. and he and the pilot complete the pre-flight checks with speed and precision born of long experience. Finally the all-important hydraulic winch, mounted just above the hatch, is checked, the pilot obtains take-off clearance and in less than five minutes from receipt of the emergency call the "chopper" is airborne, hovering for a moment for a final check, then sweeping forward and upward at rapidly increasing speed. The pilot reports his operation to the LC.C. by radio and back on the ground the second helicopter and crew come to standby.

As soon as the wreck is sighted the pilot informs the navigator and judges wind speed and direction in preparation for an approach and subsequent hovering close to the surface: tricky work at the best of times and decidedly so in the conditions of strong winds and heavy seas which may well be expected on a call of this nature. If necessary a smoke float is dropped and a dummy run made to check conditions.



Securely fixed in the rescue strop a survivor is winched up to the cabin of the helicopter

winchman prepares to descend and help survivors don the rescue strop which supports them while being hoisted aboard the helicopter.

The navigator checks that the winchman's strop is securely clipped to the winch cable, then helps him launch himself out of the hatch until he dangles sickeningly at the cable's end, twirling mid-way between Whirlwind and water like a toy monkey on a string. The navigator controls the winch motor, lowering the winchman towards the surface and watching the wreck as the pilot begins a slow approach slightly to port so that the navigator can keep it in view.

This part of the operation calls for teamwork of the highest standard. The navigator begins a "talk down" that reminds you of a ground controlled approach. The pilot juggles the controls with a skill that can only be appreciated by those who have flown helicopters, and the winchman, by now approaching the wreck and swinging just clear of the green-and-white fury of the sea, prepares to play the vital part in bringing the fight for life to a successful conclusion.

He may find, as one young winchman did, a man and a woman aboard a yacht, sinking in gale force winds and heavy seas off Hayling Island. The man was unconscious and the winch-

man assisted in his transfer to the helicopter, then remained on board the yacht, clinging to the rigging to prevent the woman and himself being washed overboard, while the man was flown back to land. When the helicopter returned the winchman helped the woman to put on the strop and was finally hoisted aboard with her. Even as the navigator was helping them into the cabin the pilot headed the "chopper" towards home.

During the return flight first aid may be administered by the crew, all of whom are qualified for this purpose, and within minutes the helicopter touches down close to the Station Sick Quarters to which the survivors are quickly transferred for further treatment by the Medical Officer.

All operations have their own parti-

cular problems. Sometimes, if the victim is drowning, the winchman must enter the sea, cope with the struggles of his "patient" and help him pass head and shoulders through one loop of a double strop so that they can be hoisted together. Sometimes it may be a case of rescuing an unconscious pilot, entangled in the shroud lines of his parachute. Then the winchman may use a canvas form of "bo'sun's chair", secure the floating body by a clip fastened to the clothing, then release the parachute harness and fit the rescue strop. The body must, of course, be released from the waterlogged parachute before hoisting; if the harness cannot be unfastened the winchman may have to signal for the body to be hoisted clear of the water while he cuts through the shroud lines beneath it.

Such is the work of No. 22 Search and Rescue Squadron, a lifesaving service which has extended far beyond the limits of its original purpose of aiding crashed air-crew. In the rescue outlined above the winchman was awarded the George Medal; it serves as a fitting example of the spirit which inspires crew members so that they undertake with astonishing enthusiasm a task guaranteed quite literally to damp anyone's ardour.

(With acknowledgments to the Air Ministry and "Esso Air World").



Another method of rescue where a victim is scooped out of the sea in a net

SKIPPER

SYMPSON'S DIARY

The Lone Ranger



Thursday Evening:

We have just got the tents pitched for our Easter P.L.s and Seconds camp. I always think that if the weather is not too foul this is one of the best camps of the year, but it started off badly, because when we arrived at the field which Farmer Gedge had told us we could use, we found it already occupied. A tiny tent was already pitched, and a boy in jeans and a Teddy-boy sort of jacket was making tea over a fire.

"I'm sorry," I said politely, "but we definitely booked this field. If you want to camp, you'll have to ask the farmer for another spot."

He seemed a surly sort of lad, because he did not answer a word. He hesitated, and then took down his tent and packed up. He was going to stamp out the fire, but as he had cut a very neat fireplace I stopped him.

"We'll be grateful," I said, "if you'll leave the fire. Save us making another scar....." We use the field a good deal during the summer, and however careful you are, it's as well to cut as few fireplaces as possible on a regular camping site.

He shrugged his shoulders and mooched off, still not saying a word. I felt rather rotten at not asking him to join us, as he was evidently on his own, but it doesn't do to ask non-Scouts to camp with Scouts, particularly at Easter camp, which is more or less a training camp.

Friday Evening:

Mike the Menace, who despite his faults, I must admit, is one of the friendliest boys alive, came to me this morning and said he felt we weren't

being very Scouty about the Lone Ranger, as he called the boy we had turned off our field.

"He's camping a quarter of a mile away," he said, "all by himself, and it must be pretty dull for him. Queer bloke, though. I shouted 'good-morning' over the hedge, and he didn't answer. Maybe he's deaf and dumb. Or maybe he's just shy. Do you mind if I ask him over to the camp-fire tonight? We might have him to supper with us first, too...."

I gave my permission, and this afternoon Mike visited the Lone Ranger, only to come back looking very crest-fallen.

"He just sort of glowered at me," he said, "and didn't answer a word. I think in the morning I'll ask Farmer Gedge if he knows anything about him...."

Saturday Evening:

We had one of the best campfires tonight that we've ever had, thanks to the Lone Ranger and his guitar.

It isn't an instrument that I'm particularly fond of myself, but the Lone Ranger, whose name is Ted Armstrong, certainly knows how to use it.

It was thanks to Mike, of course, that we got him along, and he is going to join the Troop. Mike had a chat with Farmer Gedge about the boy, and then came to me with a broad grin on his face.

"Do you mind if I ask Bill Bernet to cycle over for the camp-fire tonight?" he said. "Although he's a Second he couldn't come to the camp as he's needed at home, but I expect his family could spare him for a couple of hours. And I think he's the only

fellow who can get on good terms with the Lone Ranger."

Mike phoned to Bill from the farm, and Bill turned up about five, and Mike took him along to see the Lone Ranger, who was sitting in his little tent, reading a book.

"We'd l-l-like you to c-c-come to our c-c-camp-fire t-t-tonight," said Bill. "If you imitate m-my s-s-stutter," said the Lone Ranger, going very red. "I'll k-k-knock your bi-block off!"

Mike left them to it, and when the Lone Ranger discovered that Second Bill Bernet had an even **worse** stutter than he had himself, and wasn't just trying to be funny, they got along like a house on fire. The Lone Ranger told Bill that at school a gang of louts made his life a misery, imitating his stutter or stammer, and that this had made him want to get away from other boys as much as he could, and he started going camping on his own. His mother was dead, and his father did not take much interest in him, so nobody minded him going off for week-ends by himself, but he admitted that it was not much fun.

Bill told him that in our Troop any so-called Scout who made fun of any sort of physical disability of another Scout would soon be out on his neck, and Bill went on to explain that far from his stammer being counted against him, he had been made a Second, and would probably get the next vacancy as PL.

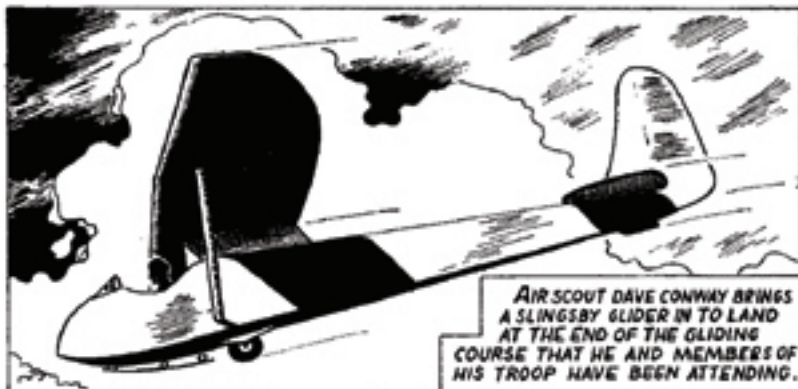
"I brought them together," Mike said cockily when he told me all about it, "because I thought, as they speak the same language they'd get along all right. These situations can always be managed with a little tact." He dodged the kick I aimed at him, and passed into the night, chuckling.

DAVE CONWAY



AIR SCOUT

by CHARLES SUMMERFIELD



AIR SCOUT DAVE CONWAY BRINGS A SLINGSBY GLIDER IN TO LAND AT THE END OF THE GLIDING COURSE THAT HE AND MEMBERS OF HIS TROOP HAVE BEEN ATTENDING.

HIS SCOUTMASTER, EX-FIGHTER PILOT BOB WALKER, AND THE CHIEF INSTRUCTOR CONGRATULATE HIM ON A FINE FLIGHT...

THAT COMPLETES THE SOLO FLYING FOR YOUR GLIDER PILOT'S WINGS!

VERY NICE LANDING, DAVE!

THAT'S GREAT! I ONLY WISH WE HAD FACILITIES FOR MORE FLYING!

DAVE'S WISH IS NOT IN VAIN, FOR A FEW DAYS LATER THE SCOUTMASTER IS SUMMONED TO R.F. BANMERE, A FIGHTER STATION A FEW MILES FROM THEIR HOME TOWN... HE IS INTERVIEWED BY GROUP CAPTAIN CONNELLY...

WE HAVE TO CLEAR A HANGAR FOR OTHER EQUIPMENT AND IT MEANS DISPOSING OF AN UNUSED SLINGSBY GLIDER.

WE COULD USE IT, SIR!

I WAS SURE YOU COULD. I'LL FIX UP FOR ITS DELIVERY AS SOON AS YOU HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO ACCEPT IT.

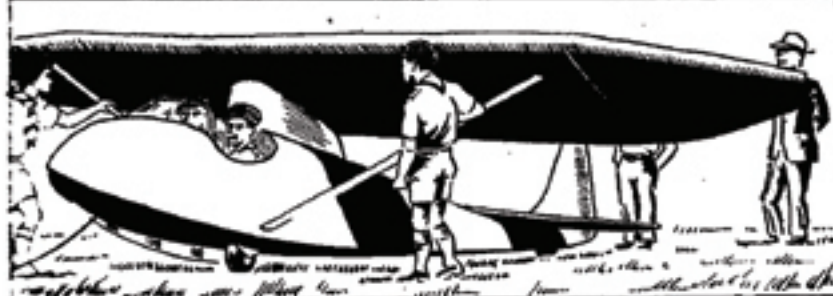


THE NEWS IS RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM BY THE PARENTS AND THE GROUP COMMITTEES...

YOU ARE WELCOME TO USE ONE OF MY FIELDS AT DOWNS FARM.

AND I THINK I CAN ORGANISE A WINCH!

EVENTUALLY ALL IS READY, THE GLIDER IS DELIVERED AND SKIPPER WALKER PREPARES TO TAKE OFF WITH DAVE ON THE FIRST FLIGHT.



IT IS A FINE DAY WITH PLENTY OF THERMALS AND THEY GAIN HEIGHT RAPIDLY.



MEANWHILE, OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...



NAVIGATOR TO CAPTAIN... FIVE MINUTES TO THE COAST!

THE NAVIGATOR COMES FORWARD WITH A CUP OF COFFEE FOR THE CO-PILOT...

WON'T BE SORRY WHEN WE'VE DELIVERED THIS PRECIOUS CARGO OF OURS - HAD ME ON EDGE EVER SINCE WE LEFT WOOMERA!



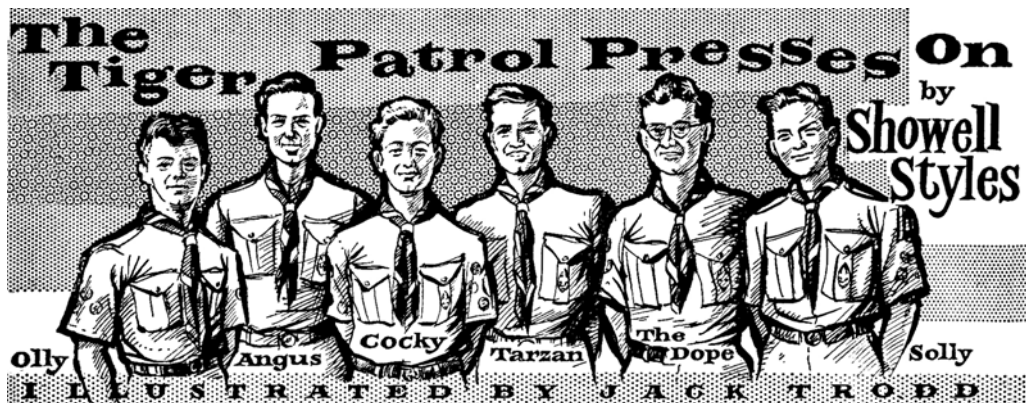
THANKS, ROBERTS.

MINUTES LATER...



GOOD GRIEF, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HE'LL BE ALRIGHT, AND SO WILL YOU SO LONG AS YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD!



FOR NEW READERS: *The Tiger Patrol is hiking to Harbottle Hall near Knocking Head. Angus warns Cocky, the P.L., that he thinks a pothole called Knocking Pot might be nearby. Sighting a torch the Patrol hail the owner. The owner disappears and the boys find themselves on the edge of Knocking Pot. Calling on lake urchin he warns them to keep away from Knocking Pot and gives them directions for reaching Harbottle Hall. After some distance, the boys realise they have been deliberately misled. Reaching Harbottle Hall they discover that it is derelict. Deciding to sleep at Harbottle Hall overnight, they pair off and search the building. The Dope is pushed into a well by a mystery assailant. After breakfast the Dope tells the others he saw the "mystery man leave the Hall earlier in the morning. The Tigers report the facts to Sergeant Grigson of the Helby Police who produces a photograph which the Dope identifies as the man he saw. The Sergeant announces that the man is Edward Ryder who escaped from Black gate Prison five days ago. The Tigers meet two covers named Honeyman and Orme. Solly discloses Edward Ryder is at large. The boys set off with the Sergeant to interview lake urchin who denies any knowledge of Ryder. The Sergeant and the Scouts meet Honeyman who calls out that he and Orme are chasing Ryder. The' Tigers join the pursuit and Cocky sees the twisted body of the convict at the bottom of the entrance to Knocking Pot. Sent to obtain lake Birchins help, Cocky finds him burning paper and later rescues a sample. Convinced that lake Birchins is connected with a gang of forgers Ryder was trying to locate, Cocky explains his theories to his Patrol. Hone yman and Orme appear on the scene an4 Cocky repeats his story and suggests the forgers are using a cavern in Knocking Pot. Honey-man and Orme agree to take' the Tigers down the pothole. Penetrating the depths of Knocking Pot, the party reach a part known as Pool Chamber. Honeyman leads the Patrol in pursuit of voices he claimed hearing and then leaves the boys to reconnoitre ahead. The Tigers discover Orme has disappeared. Water begins rising in the tunnel. Cocky leads his Patrol back to the Pool Chamber only to discover that the rope ladder they left in position for the return journey had gone. Tarzan throws a rope over a projecting spike of rock and the Tigers ascend to safety. Cocky and Angus explore. On reaching the end of a tunnel they see a very strange sight.*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN The Underground Press

"LOSH!" muttered Angus. "Just look at that!" Cocky nudged him to enjoin silence, but there was little fear of their being heard. The continuous *thud-thud-thud* of machinery raised many echoes in the rock chamber beneath them and drowned a 1, other noises. With their chins on the rock floor at the mouth of the passage, the two Scouts continued to stare at the scene below. From their position high up in the wall they had a very good view.

The passage mouth was close under the flat roof of a large chamber hewn in the rock. Part of this chamber was of natural formation, but one end of it, and the three square-cut openings that appeared in the wall, were evidently the work of man. Cocky remembered Sergeant Grigson's story of the old Squire who had been mad on mining. This must be part of his work. The chamber was lit by two rather dim electric lights, and a brighter paraffin-vapour lamp hung from a corner by one of the square-cut tunnels.

In the mouth of this tunnel was the machine that made the thudding noise, a small but solid framework of gleaming metal whose mechanical arms rose and fell regularly as they whirled sheets of paper back and forth. It needed no great powers of deduction to realise that the paper was being printed, though from that distance - the Scouts' eyrie was more than twenty feet above the floor of the chamber - it was - not possible to see what was being printed on it. "Where do they get the power?" Angus whispered with his mouth close to Cocky's ear. "Might be a dynamo driven by that waterfall we heard," Cocky whispered back. "Look out I Keep down!"

The Tigers lowered their heads until they could only just see over the verge of their ledge. Shadows had moved in one of the other two openings, and now Honeyman emerged carrying a small package of paper. He was followed by Orme similarly laden. From overhead the two men looked strangely dwarfed. as their carried their packages to th, printingpress and set about feeding a fresh supply to the machine. Honeyman said something to Orme, who went back into the tunnel while the younger man busied himself with some adjustment - of the press.

Cocky, shifting his position, found a rope beneath his hand on the side nearest the passage wall. It was, he found, secured to a piton driven into the rock.

Risking a quick craning of his neck over the drop, he glimpsed a wire-rope ladder hanging down side of the chamber - the same one, probably, by which the Tigers and their treacherous guides had descended into the Pool Chamber realised now what a snug hide-out this underground factory was.

If this was one of Squire Harbottle's forgotten mines, one of the passage leading out of the chamber below must surely run into the tunnel they had found in the Harbottle Hall cellars. That would be the gang's chief entrance, well concealed as it was. But if by any unlucky chance the Hall tunnel was discovered and penetrated, the criminals had an excellent way of retreat. They could climb to the passage where the Scouts lay, pull up the tell-tale ladder after them, traverse the passage and use the ladder to descend into the Pool Chamber of Knocking Pot. Then they could ascend the pothole and emerge from its mouth as innocent cavers who had no connection whatever with any illegal goings-on in Squire Harbottle's mine-workings. Since the slit in the Pool Chamber wall was quite inaccessible by that side (except by the rope-throwing methods of the Tigers) and not easily spotted unless you knew it was there, it was unlikely that the connection between the mine and the pothole would ever be discovered.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Cocky was watching the men below. Orme had returned from his tunnel pushing a kind of wooden truck with two small rubber tyred wheels. Against the wall near the press two large cardboard boxes were standing. Orme lifted one - it looked heavy - and placed it on the truck. Even from his distance above it Cocky could see that the packing case was marked with the triangular sign of a firm of sugar importers. Then Orme trundled the truck and its burden across the floor and into the mouth of the third tunnel, which opened in the left-hand wall of the chamber. He disappeared without so much as a look at Honey-man, who now finished tinkering with the machinery and placed a fresh supply of paper in position ready for printing.

Cocky squirmed back from the passage-mouth and got out his compass. Setting it on a level bit of rock, he placed his hand over the glass lens of his torch and switched it on. By this dim glow he was able to see that the passage-mouth faced west. The tunnel down which Orme had gone, therefore, ran - or at least started - in a southerly direction, and that confirmed his guess that it connected with the Harbottle Hall tunnel running north. Orme was evidently taking the printed forgeries, whatever they were, into the cellars of Harbottle Hall.

At this moment a faint clatter sounded in the passage behind him, loud enough to reach his ears above the ceaseless thudding of the press. With a word to Angus, Cocky turned and went along the passage.

In the excitement of watching the two men who had done their best to get them drowned, he had forgotten that he had told the Tigers to follow if he didn't return in five minutes. After a few paces he saw the glimmer of torches in the narrow cavern, and a moment later he was greeting the Dove, who headed the file of four.

"Torches out, and no noise!" warned the Patrol Leader. "We've found the gang's hide-out!"

The four followed him as he led the way silently towards the lit mouth of the passage. There was just room for all six Scouts to lie abreast of each other with their eyes raised above the rim. Cocky allowed them only a short look into the chamber, where Honeyman was still alone watching the press, for the forger had only to glance upward at that part of the roof to see the tops of half-a-dozen heads regarding him.

Obedient to sundry tugs and whispers from their leader, the Tigers writhed back from the edge and gathered in the darkness of the passage several yards from the mouth.



"Patrol - Council," announced Cocky, as calmly as if they were in Troop Headquarters instead of far underground with two desperate criminals at hand. "We can talk safely while that machine's going."

"It is, I presume, a print-hg-press," said the Dope. "Comrades Orme and Honey-man seem to have adopted our motto - Press On Regardless."

This mild jest revived the spirits of the Scouts and the two Witts - who were still shivering with cold - produced a joint chuckle.

"Aye," said Angus. "Regardless of leaving us to drown in yon Pool Chamber, I'd like fine to get the two of them, jailed!"

"So would I," agreed Cocky, "and so would all of us. But I don't see how. One thing's certain, though - we'll get out of here safely, even if we have to wait a bit."

"How?" queried the Witts together.

There's a ladder hanging down the wall from the mouth of the passage. Once dawn that, we can get into our old stamping-ground - the cellar of Harbottle Hall."

Cocky told them of Orme's departure with the loaded truck, and his own deductions.

"The snag is," he finished, "that we'll have to wait until Orme and Honeyman clear out."

"If they ever do," Angus put in.

"They're bound to. They'll want food supplies."

"Yes," said the Dope. "but one of them might go and leave the other here. Then we're stuck."

"I reckon they'll both go sometime," retorted Cocky stubbornly.



The forgers were coming back

"They're shifting the forgeries in those sugar-boxes down to Harbottle Hall. They'll be sure to - get them away from there as soon as they can, because they'll be scared that Sergeant Grigson will come and search the place after what we told him."

"They cart them away by car or lorry, I suppose," the Dope said. "We saw some tyre-marks on the drive - remember?"

"Yes. And the two of them will go down to load up. We'll have to wait for that."

But though he spoke confidently Cocky realised that this was very much like wishful thinking. If Honeyman and Orme had decided to lie low in their underground retreat for a while, and if they had food stores down there, it might be days before the chance of escaping through the chamber presented itself.

"What have we got in the way of rations?" he demanded.

The Scouts searched their pockets. The total result was two-and-a-half bars of milk chocolate, seven mints, and a small packet of glucose tablets. They couldn't hope to hold out for very long on that, reflected Cocky. He looked at the luminous dial on his watch. Just five o'clock - teatime.

They had been underground for nearly four hours, and his stomach was already crying out for something more substantial than a nibble of chocolate and a glucose tablet. Also he was cold.

"Here, young Angus," he said, "go and keep a lookout at the passage-mouth. Don't let yourself be seen. You others come a bit further down the passage."

If the busy criminal in the chamber below could have seen what was happening in the passage, he would probably have doubted the evidence of his eyes. In the faint glow of light from the passage-mouth five Scouts, standing in line, were performing strenuous exercises under Cocky's command. Knees bend, on the hands down, press-ups, shadow boxing - until everyone was warmed up and the Witt twins had stopped shivering. Cocky was just beginning on toe touching when, with startling suddenness, the thudding of the printing-press stopped.

Telling the four Scouts to stay where they were, Cocky crept silently back to the passage-mouth. Angus put his lips close to the Patrol Leader's ear.

"Orme went down with another load," he whispered. "He's just back - they're talking."

Now that the noise of machinery had ceased, the rumble of the invisible waterfall that powered the press could be heard, and although the voices of the two men came to their ears they couldn't make the words. Edging cautiously forward, Cocky and Angus peered over into the chamber.

Orme and Honeyman were on the opposite side of the chamber by the printing-press, which they were covering with a waterproof sheet. Cocky noticed now that a thick cable ran into the tunnel behind the press, confirming his guess that the waterfall (whose sound appeared to come from from the mouth of the tunnel)

provided electric power and light for this underground printing-works. The next tunnel, or opening, from which Orme had fetched the truck and the packages of paper, was probably merely a storeroom, while the remaining opening was the beginning of the tunnel running down to Harbottle Hall.

The two self-styled pot holers were taking a lot of care over the covering of the press. Cocky's spirit rose suddenly as he realized that very likely this meant that they were soon going to abandon their hideout for some time.

Once they had gone, the way for the Scouts' escape would be open. Would there be any chance, he wondered, of catching them on the run? Juke Birchin could probably be captured by the police, but Orme and Honeyman were hardly likely to hang about the district when the disappearance of the Scouts was making a disturbance, as it certainly would do. If only there was some way of dodging them – getting information quickly to the police!

Suppose he got down the ladder and made a dash for it. He might elude the two men and beat them to the other end of the passage, but his escape would be the signal for them so clear out at once.

What was more, they might suspect the presence of the other Tigers, and that would endanger the Patrol. He was wondering whether the forgers were armed when this question was answered for him.

They had finished waterproofing the press, and Orme had gone to a deep niche in the rock-wall. From this he took an oilskin packet, unwrapped it, and produced a small revolver.

Honeyman made some remark, which the listeners could not catch. Orme shrugged, and spun the cylinders of the weapon before dropping it into his pocket.

That wiped out a somewhat desperate idea that was half-formed in the Patrol Leader's mind – a plan to get five Tigers down the ladder at some favourable opportunity, if one offered, and rush the forgers. There might have been some faint hope of their making a capture, but none at all if the other side had a gun.

As he reached this conclusion, Orme took a couple of sacks from the niche, which made a handy cupboard, and walked across to the wall almost beneath where Angus and Cocky were lying. There was a projecting rib of the wall here, which made a natural seat. Orme threw the jacks on it, sat down, and lit a cigarette. Honeyman, who had been stowing some large bottles (printer's ink, possibly) on another rock ledge, came over and sat beside him. To Cocky's joy, he could hear their voices quite clearly now.

"Give me a light, Orme."

A short pause followed. The smoke of two cigarettes, drifting up the rock into the nostrils of the eavesdroppers, made them want to sneeze. Luckily they both knew how to prevent a sneeze – by squeezing the upper lip very tightly between finger and thumb – otherwise an explosion would have given them away.

"Five-twenty," said Orme's voice. Collins comes up with the lorry at seven-thirty," Honeyman said. "We've got more than two hours to wait. It's better up here than down in the Hall cellars, so we'll stay until it's time."

"Why'd you have to make it so damn late?"

"I told you – Collins thinks we're pinching specimens of ore from the old mine and don't want anyone to know in case it turns out to be rich ore. It'll be dark at eight. Jake's meeting us there."

Orme grunted, and there was another pause. Then Honeyman spoke again.

"We ought to clear four thousand on this do – nice little sum. It'll keep us sitting pretty for a while anyway. And there's no Ned Ryder to take a share, thanks to you."

"He had to be killed," growled Orme. "It was him or us."

"I know that. But Ned's turning up here was a nuisance all the same. We'll have to close down for three months at least."

"Three months I"

"At least, I said, Orme. It won't be safe to start printing again until the fuss has died down round here, and that won't be for some time, with six boys vanishing."

"I don't like that game – drowning kids like rats in a trap," Orme said.

"It was them or us, same as it was with Ryder. Don't go soft at this stage, Orme. It was you cracked Ryder's skull for him. I flatter myself," added Honeyman, in a tone which made Cocky long to kick him, "that I dealt with that little matter rather subtly. More finesse, you know, than just bashing people's heads in."

(continues on page 14)



“EXERCISE-SUREFOOT” DARTMOOR

by
A.S.M.(S.) R. J. WARD

4th Exeter Group

ACTIVITIES for Senior Scouts combined shows are usually some sort of a problem. But when the Scouters in our district received a circular telling us of a proposed idea to hold a day's training in Rock Climbing, I need hardly say it was welcomed with open arms by Scouts and Scouters.

The Instructors for the day were to be the Royal Marine Commando V.R. Expert Rock Climbers from St. Ives were also coming to instruct.

On Sunday, 22nd January, there was quite a gathering of Scouts and Scouters under the leadership of Mr. Pete Davis, A.D.C., outside St. David's Station waiting to catch the 10.53 a.m. train to Okehampton. The type of clothing being worn certainly told the general public what they were going to get up to that day.

On arriving at Okehampton Station we were met by officers and men of the Royal Marines. Greetings exchanged, a bus was quickly filled plus some private cars and the journey up the hill to the moors was under way. Once on the moors proper, the bus and cars were left alone in the mists and the walk across the moor to the training area was started. We were now under the guidance of the R.M.'s. All around us, the mist and silence. After a while we started climbing. First, gradually, then steeper. Now and again moorland sheep and cattle would appear out of the swirling mist,

looking at us as though to say “who dares to disturb our solitary confinement.” We press on upwards. Soon the ground gets more rocky. We know we must be nearing the top. Then, out of the mist, ghostly at first, “The Rock”; a few gasps of relief can be heard. But no one admits that they said it.

The men from Cornwall are already up here exploring the rock. The rock we are told is Belstone Rock (OS. SHT 175, M.R. 614921) 1,568 ft. above sea level.

We then have a half hour to get our breath back and have our dinner.

Dinner over, we gather around our Royal Marine friends, who give us a talk with demonstrations on Rock Climbing, followed by the usual “Any Questions”.

Following this some of us are given a chance to climb the rock, by holding a rope and walking up the face.

Then the great moment. We are divided into groups of three or four. Under an instructor, we then proceed to different parts of the rock. First we go through some more theory and demonstrations in such things as knots, holds and safety rules, which must be carried out at all times.

At last we were roping up for our first real climb.

It is quite surprising how all the notches and holds that you can see from the bottom, disappear as you actually start climbing. If we slip, we do not have to worry. Our instructors are taking care of us. Keep your heels down, we are told, keep your body away from the rock face, don't use your knees, always keep three points of the body on the rock, we are reminded. Our instructors are encouraging all the time.

We are shown how to abseil down the rock face, warm to the hands, and seat if you are not careful.

Exercises in climbing pieces of awkward shaped rocks, testing strength and skill are also carried out. Whilst this is going on some of the boys who were not dressed for climbing or just didn't fancy it, were given instruction on army radio by a Royal Marine Sergeant.

Soon, all too soon, the order is given to start packing up. Before leaving the training area, we are given an invitation to visit the Marine Camp, Lypstone, for an “At Home” evening in a few weeks' time. We gratefully accept.

Before we go back across the moors to catch our train for home the still air is broken by a sincere Scout “thank you” B.R.A.V.O. Bravo to the men of the R.M.V. Reserve for some real Senior Scout training.

AHOY THERE!

By BOSUN

SCOUT BOAT SAILS

NEARLY ALL the small and larger sailing craft one sees nowadays - and there certainly are many - are what is known as "Bermudian rigged". Both standing and running rigging is made as simple as possible, doing away with blocks and tackles, lanyards, bottle screws, etc., in fact a modern sailing dinghy has quite a number of metal gadgets to save time, improve performance and, most important of all - making the task of maintenance so much easier. Nevertheless, although it is true many more people can afford to take up sailing these days, Sea Scout Troops are not normally so well off for funds that they can afford these boats with modern sailing gear.

This is why I think you should know something about the different types of sails that one finds in the majority of Sea Scout boats. Space will not allow me to go into much detail, but at least I can help you to identify the various sails.

First of all we will take the **Dipping Lugsail** (Fig. 1) which has quite a large area of sail forward of the mast and is "loose-footed" i.e. has no boom. It is said by many that this is not a suitable rig for Sea Scouts because it involves letting go the tack, lowering the yard and "dipping" it round the mast, every time the boat "goes about" or "wears" round. If the boat is longer than about 14-15ft. in fact, it is often necessary to put an oar out and pull round, unless, of course, the boat has a mizzen sail. It is certainly a sail that requires skill, but nevertheless it is very efficient when "full and bye" and extremely fast off the wind.

I am very fond of a dipping lug myself, for the simple reason that it requires so little gear just one halyard which also acts as a shroud - and the mast, sail and everything can be got down and stowed away in very little time. The Dipping Lug was a great favourite with fishermen before the advent of power-driven fishing vessels.

It is termed a "lifting sail", meaning that it is vital to check the sheet a little whenever a squall strikes the sail. I would say Sea Scouts could have great fun with a Dipping Lug - but there must be at least two of you in the boat.

In Fig. 1 you will notice I have also drawn a Mizzen - this is a **Standing Lugsail** - the difference being that the tack is hooked to the mast and it is therefore not necessary to change the sail round when turning the boat. A Whaler (Fig. 2) has a mainsail which is a well-topped up version of the Standing Lug. The Whaler's mizzen is commonly known as a "Leg-O'-Mutton" Sail!

The **Balance Lug** (Fig. 3) is another four-sided sail with a higher peak, and has a kind of "balanced" - portion forward of the mast, which in effect acts as a headsail. Once again very little running rigging is necessary, but you will usually find a Tack tackle is used to "bouse" down the sail, which helps to peak it up better and so maintain a good set.

This is a very popular single-sail rig for small dinghies and is reasonably efficient.

Fig. 4 shows a Sliding Gunter Sail, which is an almost triangular form of

sail, yet basically four-sided, with a yard peaked up to such an acute angle that it virtually becomes a Bermudian sail without the necessity of a high mast. The throat of the sail is usually held to the mast by jaws, sometimes referred to as a gooseneck.

An efficient sail for most sailing boats, it is normally provided with a headsail in the form of a jib or a staysail and is then called a gunter-rigged sloop.

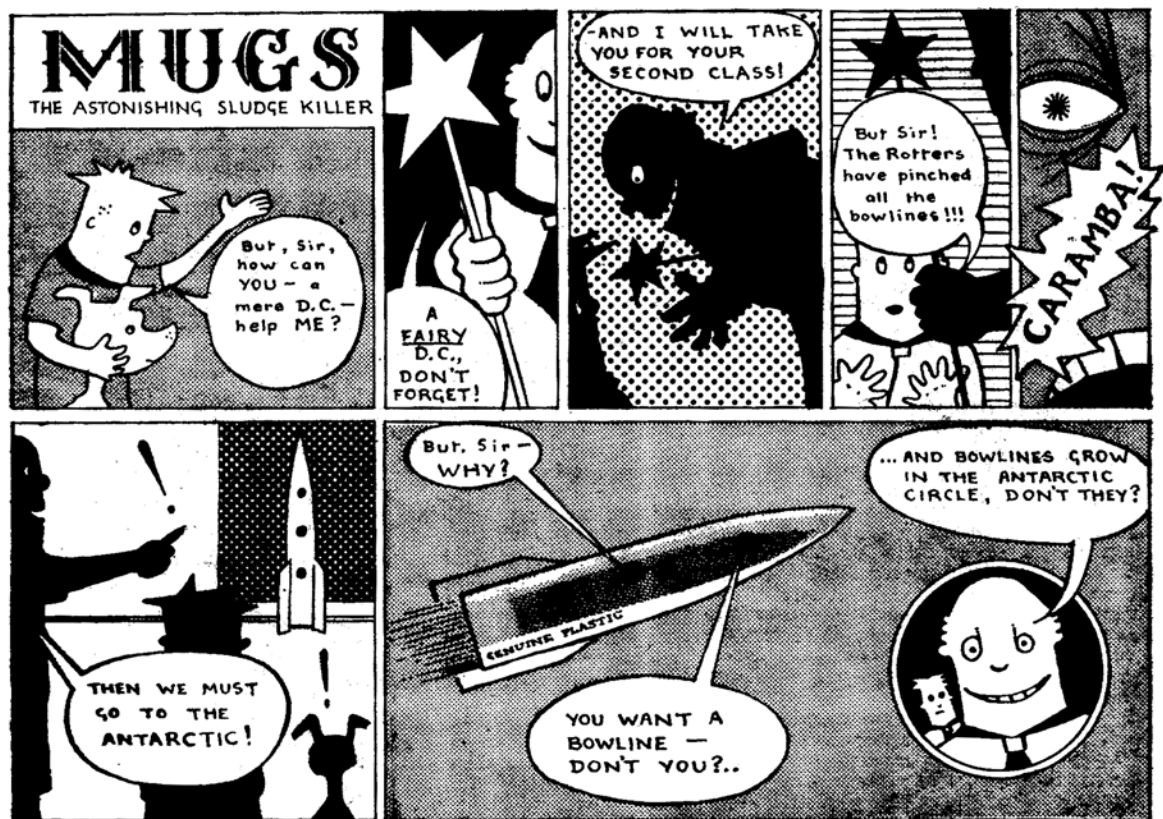
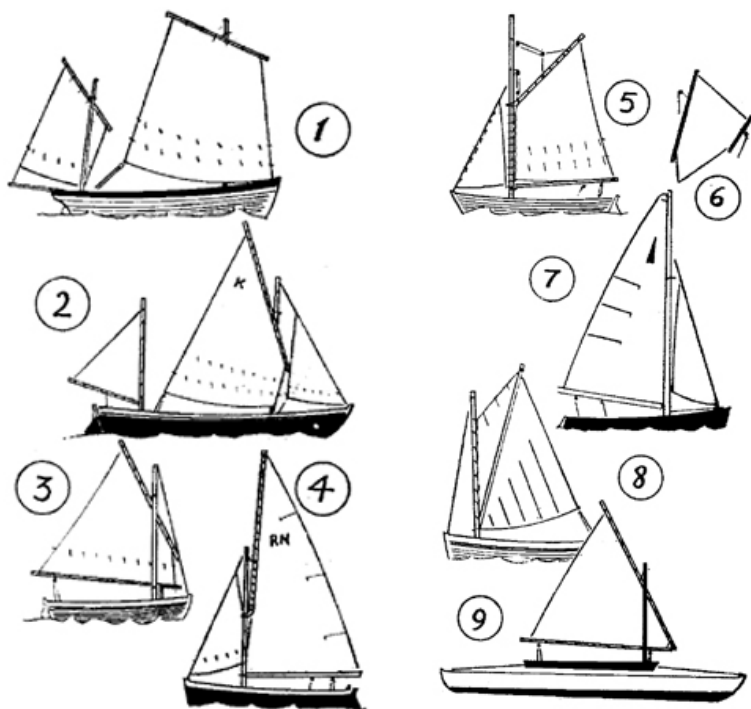
A **Gaff Mainsail** (Fig. 5) is not very often found nowadays in small craft, and has been superseded in the majority of larger craft by the Bermudian Mainsail (Fig. 7) which is more easily handled, is faster for the same sail area and has no heavy gear high up to add top-weight.

The only disadvantage of the Bermudian sail is the need for a tall mast and complicated standing rigging to hold it in position. You will notice in Fig. 6 I have indicated a **Topsail**, which can be fitted above a Gaff-mainsail.

Fig. 8 shows a **Sprit-sail** - very uncommon nowadays in boats but nevertheless a powerful sail as any old Thames Barge skipper will testify! I have no doubt there are a few Sea Scout Troops that can still boast an ex-Naval Skiff-dinghy that has - or used to have(!) - a Spritsail.

Finally - what sail would you choose for your canoe?

I would choose a sail as indicated in Fig. 9 - but even I cannot tell you the official name for it! By hinging the two spars together at the throat (or should it be called the tack?) you will find it easy to furl and handle generally.



YOU ARE NOW - I hope - planning the first Patrol Camp of the season. You may not be holding it until after Whitweek, but now is the time to start planning - choosing a site, fixing a date, meeting parents. Leave nothing to chance.

As far as the camping aspect is concerned, you should be in no need of advice. You should be able to camp like a veteran. But perhaps a few ideas for activities in camp would help. I know that most of the time will be spent in the actual job of camping - pitching camp, making gadgets, cooking - and, of course, eating and sleeping. But there is always an odd hour to fill, even during a weekend camp.

Plan something to fill this hour. This is the opportunity to practise Second and First Class Tests. If you plan to do this, an A.S.M. could visit you on the last afternoon of the camp and carry out one or two Tests.

On the other hand, you might like to tackle something different. Here are ten ideas. We have tried all of them, except the last, over the last twelve months. I am not going into details. If I did that, I would use up all of this edition of "The Scout" and leave no room for "Mugs" and that would not be popular!

Choose a couple of items from this **list** and then look them up in one or other of the Scout textbooks. Or ask your S.M. how to set about them. Or, as a last resort, write to me for details.

1. Weave a mattress (and sleep on it!).
2. Dig (and use) a haybox.
3. Construct (and, if there is any use!) a sundial.
4. Cook a meal without utensils. Make lunch and have a good break fast before you start!
5. Build a shower bath (or ducking stool).
6. Use an altar fire.
7. Invent a rope ladder (or rope stretcher).
8. Practise throwing a lifeline (much



the Council of thirteen.

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

NO LACK OF IDEAS

more difficult than it sounds).

9. Make plaster casts of animal and/or bird tracks.

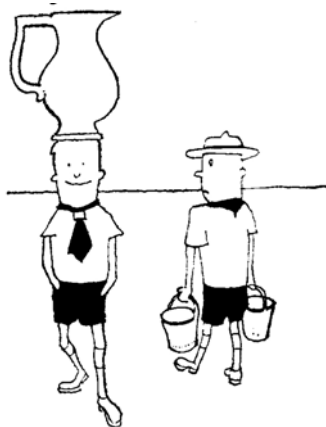
10. Experiment with smoke signal (this is the one we have not ourselves!).

* * *

As well as doing these things in camp, they could provide the theme for a Patrol Meeting or Expedition.

Talking of Patrol Meetings... does your S.M. give you time, say 30 minutes during the weekly Troop Meeting, for you and your Patrol to what you like? How do you use this time? I hope you do not sit and 'talk. Some Patrols do you know!

This is an opportunity to do something original something special, something that is fun. If you choose a good activity, you can carry it on later in a real Patrol Meeting or on a Patrol Expedition run entirely by yourselves.



There is no lack of ideas. There are plenty available. I would like to draw your attention to the recently published set of "Patrol Meeting Blueprints". The set costs 1/6d. and contains six working drawings for the use of P.L.s. They are not (as I originally thought) reprints from the Patrol Book of the same name. Our Patrols have used them - they are excellent (I am referring to the charts, not the Patrols!).

This is, as you see, a plain, straight forward advertisement - a commercial! And why not?

Good things are meant to be shared. I suppose, having said that, I should point out that I did not devise the Blueprints!

I shall ring the Scout Shop next week and hope to hear that they have sold out as a result of this commercial!

* * *

Do you find that Scouting clashes with your other interests and responsibilities? You wouldn't be normal if you didn't. Such clashes are difficult to deal with. For example, you have arranged to run a Patrol Camp and then you are chosen to play for the 2nd XI on the Saturday afternoon. Or the Church concert, in which you play a small part, is arranged for the same night as Troop Night. Or you have agreed to attend a C.O.H. meeting and then you find that you are expected to go with your family to visit a relative. What to do? It is a difficult problem.

First, you must bear in mind that a good Scout is *by definition* a loyal schoolboy (or apprentice), a loyal member of his Church, and a loyal member of his family. If you put your Scouting loyalties above all your other loyalties, you are not a good Scout.

When two loyalties clash, it is very easy to choose the more enjoyable one. For example, you might prefer playing handball for the Troop, to looking after your young sister whilst your parents go out for the evening (for the first time for a month or more).

But your conscience tells you that a good Scout stays at home and does his parents a good turn.

Second, be definite and businesslike about these things. Unless it is unavoidable, or outside your control, do not let events clash. Work Out a programme for yourself. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday nights are homework nights. Thursday is the night your parents go out (and you watch "Double your Money" or stick stamps in your album or make model aircraft). Friday night is Troop Night.

Saturday morning is for school matches and Saturday afternoon is for Patrol activities (and, if your team is playing at home in an important Cup match, take the Patrol - as an activity!).

Third, if things clash, make up your mind what you are going to do - and let everyone concerned know what you are going to do. That's sound sense - and sound manners.

THE TIGER PATROL PRESSES ON

(continued from page 9)

Orme growled something unintelligible and a longer silence followed while clouds of cigarette-smoke floated up to the mouth of the passage.

Cocky was cudgelling his brains for some way of ensuring that the pair of rogues didn't get away with their villainy. It was clear that they had persuaded some man named Collins, who owned a lorry, that they were secretly prospecting in Squire Harbottle's long-forgotten mine. He was to pick up the packages from the Hall at seven-thirty. What was in those packages? The perforations on the piece of paper he had found in Birch's garden looked like stamp perforations, but it would be worth nobody's while to establish this underground press in order to forge sheets of postage stamps. Apparently the forgers expected to clear four thousand pounds, and it would take a lot of postage stamps to make up that sum.

A mutter from Orme interrupted his meditations. Honeyman's voice came up to the listeners, "Cold, are you?"

Well, we'll sleep soft in a warm bed tonight - and fifty miles from here."

"A nip o' brandy would do me good," Orme said.

"There's some in the niche - but if you want to warm up, we'll go and get the covers on the dynamo and batteries first. It's got to be done before we leave."

There was the sound of the two men getting to their feet.

"Bring the paraffin lamp," Honeyman said. "We'll have to switch off the juice."

The two men went across towards the tunnel where the press stood. Orme took the paraffin-vapour lamp from its place and they disappeared together into the tunnel. A few moments later the two dim electric lights went out, leaving the cavern in complete darkness.

Cocky made the swiftest decision of his life.

"Listen!" he whispered, gripping Angus's arm. "The Dope's in command. Keep hidden here at all costs. I'm going to make a dash for it!"

"Losh, man! You can't hope to get down before -"

Angus's protest went unheeded. Cocky had scrambled to his feet and, groping in the pitch-blackness, had found the top of the ladder.

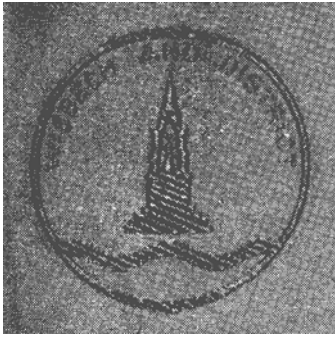
Next moment he had his boots on the rungs and was climbing down into the chamber.

He had got halfway to the floor when a greenish glow began to spread from the mouth of the tunnel opposite. The forgers, carrying the paraffin lamp, were coming back.

Next Week:
LONE TIGER

BOOKS TO HELP YOUR SCOUTING

- How to Get Your Second Class in Twenty Weeks (2/3 plus 4d. postage)
- The Patrol Goes to Camp (1/- plus 2d. postage)
- The Scout's Cook Book (1/- plus 2d. postage)
- Journeys - The Second and First Class Journeys (1/- plus 2d. postage)
- Training in Observation (1/- plus 2d. postage)
- Quiz on the Scout Sportsman Badge (1/- plus 2d. postage)



Badgers Corner

abolition of the Slave Trade.

He interested Wilberforce in the subject and looked after what we would now call the 'Public Relations' side of the Anti Slave Movement. The work reached its culmination in 1834 when the Emancipation Act was passed, freeing some 800,000 slaves in the British Empire.

In Wordsworth's words - "Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb: the palm.

Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn.

The blood stained writing is for ever torn".

In 1880, 34 years after Clarkson's death, the people of Wisbech subscribed to a memorial in his memory. The memorial, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott is about 70 feet high and consists of a statue with an arched canopy over it and surmounted by a spire.

IN 1960 the people of Wisbech brated the bicentenary of the birth of Thomas Clarkson. The local Scouts had remembered Wisbech's famous son three years earlier, when they adopted the Clarkson Memorial as the design for their badge.

Thomas Clarkson was born in 1760 and eventually went up to St. John's College at Cambridge. While there he entered for a Latin essay prize. The subject set was "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" The facts uncovered during his studies for the essay appalled Clarkson and set the aim for his subsequent life. In seeking a publisher for his essay - which won the prize - he met with the Quakers who were already campaigning against slavery, and helped them found the Society for the

Panels on the sides of the pedestal show Wilberforce, Grenville-Sharpe and a chained slave.

Proudly wearing the red and black badge, depicting the fight to end bloodshed and the 'black ivory' trade, the Scouts of Wisbech have Clarkson's life and aims constantly before them.

The wavy line inside the circle represents the River Nen, which flows through the District and the town.

The Mayflower District, Boy Scouts of America production of an American Indian Dance Pageant will be held on 5th/6th May at West Ruislip U.S.A.F. Base Football Field. The pageant, which consists of 26 different dances, will be performed at 8 p.m. each night by a group of Scouts who have been taught authentic American Indian Dances and made copies of authentic Indian costumes. The admission fees for the Pageant are 5/- or 3/6 for reserved seats, 2/6 for non-reserved and £2 or £1.10s. for a ten-person party rate in the reserved section. Applications for reservations are available from American Youth Programme Director, 3rd AF Hq., Special Services, South Ruislip U.S.A.F. Base, South Ruislip.

FULL SIZE WHITE BELL TENT



£14 10.0.
plus 10/-
carr.

Ex.-govt. type made from superior white rot-proof canvas material. 44ft. circum., 10ft. high, 2ft. walls. Fully reconditioned and ready for use. Supplied complete with two-piece sectional upright pole, pegs, mallet and hessian bag. Approximate weight 56lbs. Groundsheet for the Bell tent, shaped and made to exact size of tent (44ft. circum.). These groundsheets are ex.-govt. not new but in excellent condition and are made of a heavy weight waterproof material. Price 30/- plus carriage 5/-.

CARRI CAMP BED 42/6



Constructed with two sectional side rails, 4 rail legs and made from sprung rust-proof steel. The legs fit into alloy castings giving utmost rigidity and freedom from rock. Can be erected in one minute. Made in super quality stout brown coloured canvas. Bed collapses to tiny package. Can be carried on rucksac. Price 42/6 plus carr. 3/-.

Send for Free 20-page catalogue packed with Bargains.

6% Discount for Scout Troops and Club Members

SANDER & KAY (SC.10), 744 Harrow Road, London, N.W.10

THE '160 POUNDER'



£14.15 carr. 12. 6.

Ex.-govt. 14ft. Ridge Tent, size 14ft. long, 14ft. wide, 7ft. high, 2ft. 6in. walls. Made from 14oz. rot-proof canvas material. Thoroughly reconditioned and ready for use. Supplied with three sectional upright poles and two sectional ridge poles. Colour brown, ideal for Scout Troops, permanent sites, etc. Approx. weight of tent 160lbs. Supplied complete with poles, pegs and all accessories. A few only of above tents, all camouflaged. 10 gns. complete, carr. 12/6. Flysheets for above tents overall measurement 14ft. x 19ft. £7.5.0 carr. 7/6.

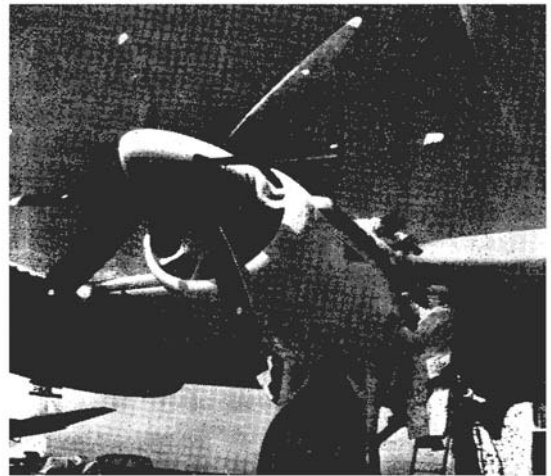
FULL SIZE DINGHY-AIRBED

16/11 P.P. 1/9



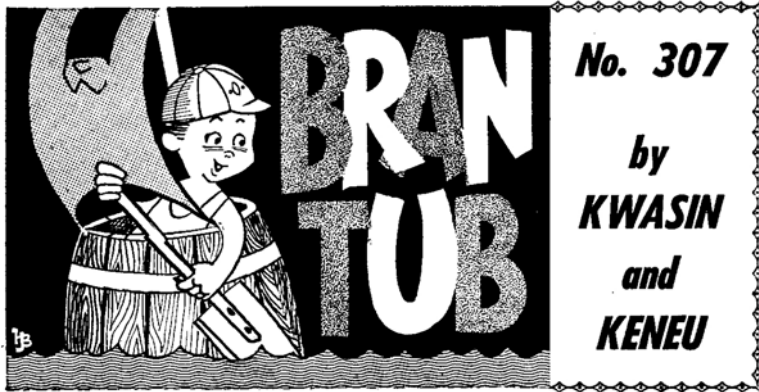
72in. x 26in. made from 10 Thou Laminated 2-tone P.V.C. Super comfort as airbed. By deflating 2 air pockets becomes floating Dinghy. Water, acid, leak and rot-proof. Inflators 3/11 each. Also in very attractive three-colour design 17/9 P.P. 1/9

WHAT IS IT?



Answer

One of the four Rolls-Royce Griffon engines of an Avro Shackleton G.R.I.



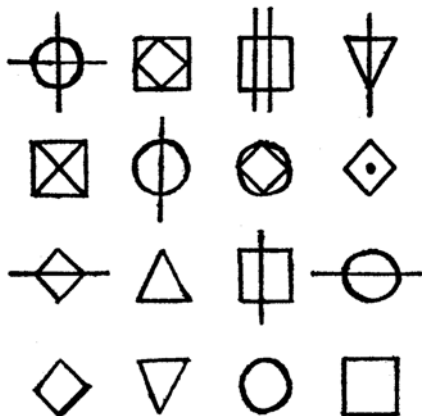
In the Desert Competition

Here is the right order of the picture:-

1. The scene is set in the desert.
6. A traveller walks in front of the palm tree.
3. He returns, retracing his steps and picks a coconut and departs towards the left.
8. A nut falls to the ground.
5. A car passes and the nut is crushed.
4. The last nut falls.
2. Another traveller comes to get it and goes out the way he came.
7. The wind blows away all trace of what has happened.

The following winners will receive prizes:-

Sixer **David Hartell**, 3rd Heath Town. **Bernard Hartley**, 285th Birmingham. **Malcolm Hughes**, 1st Cefn Coed. **Roger Knight**, 1st Great Sutton. **Andrew Parsons**, 29th Cardiff. **Ian Sage**, 23rd Newport.



Observer Badge (III)

Look at these shapes on the left for a minute or two: then try and draw them in the right places from memory.

Competition

Write on a postcard in not more than 20 words the most interesting, curious or funny thing you see in the next week. Cards should arrive at Bran Tub, c/o The Editor, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, before 24th April, 1961.

Code

Another simple code you can use is to make the second (or the third or the fourth or the fifth or any other number) letters the real message. Suppose we decide on the fourth letters.

Here's a message:

Balco will meet the Sixers at the clock tower at three o'clock on Wednesday.

Now you can put any letters (three at a time) between the letters of the message, like this:-

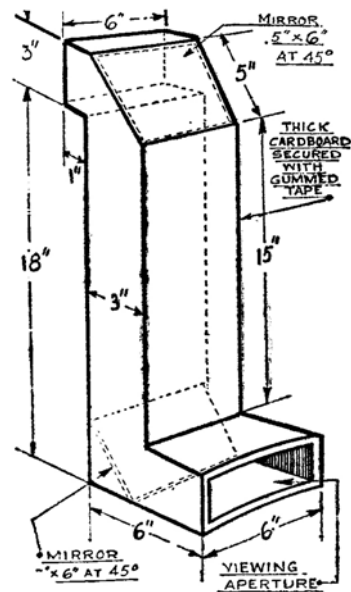
kcdboprascqldzktabo catwopxitylo
rol tadmobaerotequxt anstorehfgxe
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quatgrehatre nxockkrlaitomupcdeck
arstecfognwratseer dogacatt
rabtgomhheargatelate morocadoycllga
tosleepark petonoon
yizwtadeleadkeenlaterosslea dratapoly

See if you can now do one for yourself.

Make a Periscope

You will need thick cardboard, two mirrors 6in. x 5in, and a roll of 1in. gummed paper.

- (1.) Cut out pieces for the two sides, the front, the back and the bottom.
- (2.) Paint the inside of the pieces with black paint. Allow to dry.
- (3.) Using 1in. gummed paper, assemble the periscope as shown in the plan. Gum the joins on both sides to add strength and keep out the light. Leave the bottom section until last.
- (4.) Now insert your top and bottom mirrors and gum lightly. Place the bottom piece on the periscope and hold in position with the hand. Try it for vision. The mirror angles may need adjustment. They should be set at approximately 45 degrees. When you are satisfied, gum the mirrors and the bottom piece firmly in.
- (5.) Cut out the headrest, so that it will fit snugly against your eyes to keep out all light.
- (6.) Paint the outside of your periscope with gloss paint.





From the book published by Hutchinson of London (15s.) © Lola Hudson Bennett 1960.

ZULU BOY



by **LOLA BOWER**

NEW READERS: Pheki is given a magic cow. His stepmother finds out about this gift and jails ill. She states that she will only be cured by Pheki's cow being killed and sacrificed. That night, Pheki, overcome with grief, falls into a troubled sleep.

PART THIRTEEN

Taghati Tells the Story of
Mhlu-Pheki (continued)

He deamt that his own mother that she took his hand in hers and spoke to him.

"Pheki, my son! Do not grieve any more I Matters are not as bad as they seem. Tomorrow your cow will be killed; your stepmother will consider herself cured, and that will be good. You must ask for the horns of your cow and they will be given to you. Guard them well, for it is they that are magic. On. of your step-brothers betrayed you, so in future be more careful and all will be well."

Pheki woke up suddenly and he realised that he had been dreaming. But he took the advice given to him. He permitted his black cow to be killed but he saved the horns, which he hid in a safe place. And with their magic aid he soon had everything in the world that a Zulu man could wish

Jabulaan and the Cheetahs.

One morning, Jabulaan was up at dawn.

As he came out of his hut, in the quicksilver light of early morning, he looked up at the sky; the clouds were

edged with burnished gold. In the distance the hills were brought into deep relief by the navy-blue shadows of the deep gorges.

Jabulaan hastened with his chores on this particular sparkling day, for he had made a plan to meet some little friends on a nearby hill. His duties done he took his stick and away he went.

The little "umfaans" were there before him. Jabulaan could see their woolly heads above the tall golden grass as they sat waiting for him to arrive. They ducked down out of sight as he approached, and they sprang out with wild war cries to startle him. But Jabulaan only laughed; he had expected just such a welcome.

"Lot us play a game of hiding," said Jabulaan. The other children readily agreed, and a wonderful game was soon in progress.

Jabulaan stopped the game when he came upon a hoopoe's nest in an old deserted termites' mound. He called the other boys to come and see.

The bird was disturbed and flapped away, settling in a nearby thorn tree, calling *Hoop-hoop, Hoop-hoop* several times. Its beautiful crest was of light brown feathers, tipped with black; its wings, back and tail feathers were black and white stripes.

The children wanted to touch the eggs, but Jabulaan would not let them.

"If you touch the nest, the bird may not come back to sit on the eggs, for the hoopoe is a very shy bird.

But we can come back here again and see the baby birds when they are hatched out," he told them. Jabulaan then showed his little friends a lizard, which had been fastened to a thorn by a "Jackiehangman" (fiscal shrike).

These black and white birds can often be seen perched on the top of trees, where they watch out for their prey.

They live mainly on beetles, grasshoppers or locusts, and sometimes destroy frogs, small snakes and chameleons. They often mid the nests of defenseless little birds and devour them and their young. In fact they destroy anything that is too slow to keep out of their way. Their call is harsh and grating.

The children were returning home together, having had a happy day that was full of interest. They were chattering noisily as they walked over the hills. Then Jabulaan saw a movement ahead, in the flecks and shadows of a tree. He stood quite still: the other umfaans grouped behind him. An animal was lying down cleaning itself with its tongue.

"Is it a leopard?" asked one of the children in a loud whisper, for he could see the spotted markings on its body.

The animal heard his voice and raised its head in curiosity.

"No, that is a cheetah! See, it has such a small head," Jabulaan told him.

The beast uttered a deep growl and rose to its feet to slink away.

Its mate, resting in the cool shade, its spotted coat blending with the background, joined it. Jabulaan glanced around quickly, searching for a suitable tree to climb; knowing that cheetahs cannot climb trees.

There was none in sight but he need not have worried, for the cheetahs are secretive and shy by nature, except when hunting. Both animals slunk quietly away into a green glade. By their swollen stomachs it was obvious that they had had a good feed.

Jabulaan found the carcass of a reedbeek close to the tree. He saw that the neck, shoulder and hindquarter of the buck had been eaten on one side only, and all the children smiled broadly at their good fortune; how pleased their parents would be to have so much meat in the kraals.

They received a great welcome when they reached Jabulaan's home, and it was not long before a fine evening meal was sizzling on the hob in the great black cooking pot. The happy, expectant faces of Jabulaan and his friends made Taghati smile.

Kwezi had saved the heart of the buck, a great delicacy, to roast in the red embers of the fire.

Taghati watched her as she washed it. It reminded him of a story he had, heard in his youth.

"Would you like to hear a little story while the dinner cooks?" the old witch doctor asked.

"Oh yes, please, Taghati!" the children cried, crowding round him. "Very well I This is the tale of the Monkey and the Crocodile."

Taghati Tells the Story of The Monkey and the Crocodile.

Once upon a time there lived a Vervet Monkey, whose name was Inkawu. His home was in -a large Amahlali tree. This tree bore wonderful golden fruit, which were called monkey-apples because the tree belonged to the monkey.

Nearby was a deep. And wide river. Inkawu could 'not swim to save his life, and so he could never get across to the opposite bank.

He used to sit in the Amablali tree and look with longing at the beautiful Madumbi plants across the river, drooling at the mouth as he thought of the succulent, sticky roots on the other' side that he enjoyed so much.

One day a huge crocodile slithered out of the river and lay on the bank, sunning itself. It pretended to be asleep, but was really watching Inkawu through one half-closed eye. He could hear the monkey leaping about in the branches above. Presently Inkawu picked a delicious looking monkey-apple and, with careful aim, dropped the fruit and watched it roll down the slope. It stopped within two inches of the crocodile's nose.

"Is that for me, Inkawu?" asked the crocodile.

"Yes, a little present for you, with my love!" answered the monkey.

"Well, that is very neighbourly of you, my friend," said the crocodile, gobbling up the monkey-apple and smacking his lips in appreciation.

"Mmmmmmm! May I have another please, Inkawu?"

"Certainly," said the monkey, "but first I wish to ask a favour from you."

"What might that be, little friend?"

"I would like a ride on your back to the other side of the flyer, please.

I have some very important business

to do over there."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world. I am delighted to be able to assist you," the crocodile said politely, his eyes positively sparkling. The monkey climbed on to his back, and the crocodile slithered into the water. He swam out into midstream and said,

"Inkawu, I will take you down to my home first on the bed of the river. My wife will be so happy to meet you. Hold tight."

Before Inkawu could answer, the crocodile dived down, down, down to the very bottom of the river. Inkawu held on as tightly as he could. To his dismay he saw rows and rows of animals lying on the shelves of rock.

"Wh-what are th-these b-beasts doing there, Crocodile?" stammered Inkawu.

"Oh, those stupid animals drowned themselves; I will inspect them now to see if they are ripe and ready to eat," and the crocodile sniffed at each body in turn.

"No, they are not ready yet," he said. Inkawu quailed with terror, but managed to say, "Tell me. Mr. Crocodile, what did you really bring me down here for?"

"I brought you down here. Inkawu, because I need your heart I wish to make medicine with it to cure my terrible indigestion." The sly old crocodile chuckled at his own cleverness. Inkawu was speechless for a few minutes, while his brain worked overtime to find a solution to his frightening plight.

(To be continued)



His eyes positively sparkled with anticipation

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P.L. COLIN ANSTICE (15), 24. HILL View Rd., BEDMINSTER Down, BRISTOL. 3. - Guide Pen-pal (14-15) in Gt. Britain pref. England. Hobbies: Scouting, camping, cycling, weight-lifting. Like photo.

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P/2nd JOHN TURNER (13), 17 HAWTHORNE RD., WALTHAMSTOW, E.17. - English speaking pen-pal from Russia, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Australia. Hobbies: Scouting, camping, hiking. Like photo.

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