

The Scout



Week ending 1st July 1961 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

The EDJTOR writes

25, Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
July, 1961.

My Dear Brother Scouts,

I WILL TELL you two true stories which I have recently heard. The first was told by the Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa in America, and he said:

I got interested in Scouting because, when I got off the street car in Wilmette, Illinois, a boy came up to me and asked if I was going to the Catholic Rectory. I told him I was.

He said, "Do you know where it is?"

I didn't know.

He said, "'Will you let me take you there?'"

I told him I would be glad. He reached for my grip. He was a small boy and I didn't want him to carry it, but he insisted. He left me at the door of the Rectory and said, "Father Byrnes lives in there." I put my hand in My pocket to give him a tip, but he said he wouldn't take it.

When I met Father Byrnes, I said, "Well, you have a nice lot of boys in your parish."

He said, "How's that?"

I told him the story of the boy. He said, "I saw that boy. He isn't Catholic; he doesn't come to my school."

I said, "He called me 'Father' and referred to you as 'Father'. He was very kind and he wouldn't take a tip."

"Why," he said, "that is a Boy Scout. All the Boy Scouts are like that."

Then I got interested in Scouting.

* * *

Now from America to Libya for my second story, for Scouting is free-world-wide:

But for the lone efforts of a 14-year-old Scout from Derj, the desert would probably have claimed two more victims.

They would have been the two small sons of a nomad family that had wintered in the Derj area and decided with spring's arrival to move to other pastures south into the Ghadames mountains.

International Scout Game

Several readers have recently written to us for advice about letter, they have received in which they are promised Badges, etc., if they copy out the letter and forward the copy to another boy or girl.

Any member of the Movement receiving such a letter is advised to tear it up and have no part in this or any other form of chain letter.

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But their tiny children had started school, so the family arranged for them to stay with friends and continue attending classes in Derj, while they themselves, with their flocks and herds, moved off to where rain had fallen and the rock pools were full.

The two children, however, had other ideas, and they followed the route their family had taken. They had left school unbeknown to anyone, and were without food or water. Within hours their absence from Derj was noted and contact was made with the family in its new pastures, 30 kilometres distant.

When it was discovered that the children were not with their parents a full-scale search was mounted. For two days men on foot, with camels and in trucks searched the foothills and the mountain valleys. They found no trace of the children. Additional search parties went out from the family camp, back along the trail. These were equally unsuccessful.

Then a Boy Scout, Salama Rhahuma, of the Derj Troop, joined the hunt. He had his Scout's water bottle, he packed some rough food and started out without telling anyone. He had taken his Scout's Trackers' test and he also knew, from experience, of the hazards of desert travel.

Following little-known mountain tracks, he occasionally picked out signs of recent use of the paths. Sometimes he saw prints of small feet. He guessed he was on the right trail. On the second day Salama found the children.

They were hungry, thirsty, exhausted and frightened. Completely lost, they sat huddled under a rock shelf with little hope of anyone ever rescuing them. Salama had saved his food and his water and was able to get the kiddies fit enough to walk with him slowly back to Derj.

* * *

There you are: "A Scout is a friend to all". Are you putting that into practice? How about a special effort this coming month?

Your friend and Editor,

REX HAZLEWOOD.

INFORMATION CENTRE

JOBMAN BADGE REQUIREMENT

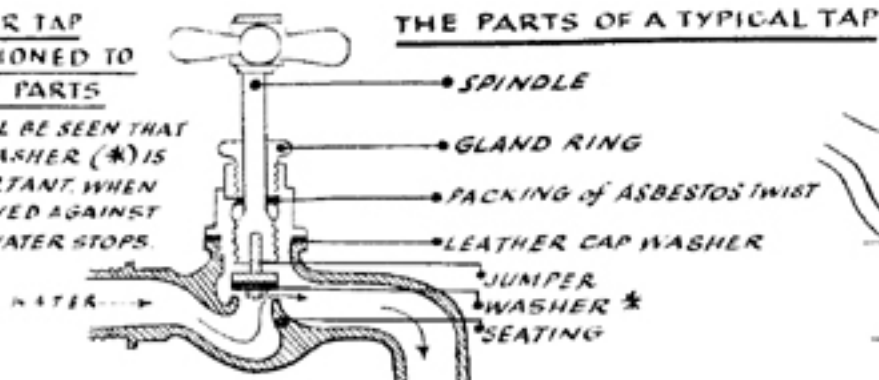


HOW TO CHANGE A TAP WASHER

CHANGING A WASHER IS FAIRLY SIMPLE - WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO DO! OF COURSE, YOU MUST FIRST OF ALL TURN OFF THE WATER! (See below)

WATER TAP SECTIONED TO SHOW PARTS

IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE WASHER (*) IS IMPORTANT. WHEN SCREWED AGAINST SEAT, WATER STOPS.

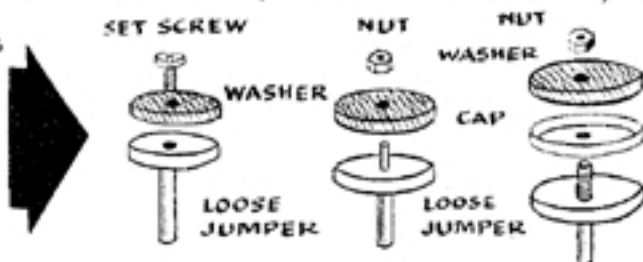


DISMANTLING WATER - TAP.

THE MAIN HOLD IS THE BIG CAP (SEE SKETCH) WHICH MUST BE UNSCREWED. NOTE: THIS THREAD IS OFTEN LEFT HAND

HAVING UNSCREWED NUT, REMOVE SPINDLE & JUMPER UNIT, NOW CHANGE WASHER, REASSEMBLE JUMPER, REPLACE & RETIGHTEN NUT.

WASHER ASSEMBLIES ARE THE SAME IN PRINCIPLE, BUT VARY IN DETAIL. SOME COMMON TYPES ARE ILLUSTRATED ON THE RIGHT



GRUB SCREW



SOME TAPS HAVE A 'CAP' WHICH USUALLY HAS A NUT AT THE BASE UNSCREW NOTE: THREAD OFTEN RIGHT HANDED

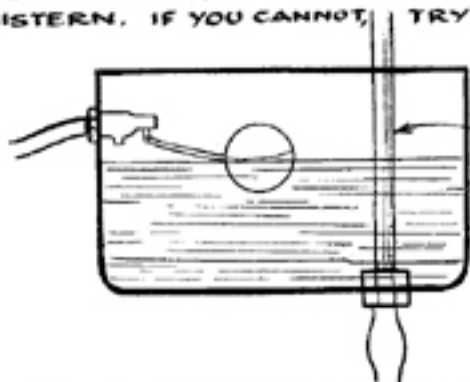
BEFORE DISMANTLING TAP, TURN OFF THE WATER. COLD WATER CAN BE CUT OFF AT THE MAIN - YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND THE STOP-TAP. IT MIGHT BE OUTSIDE. IF IT IS A HOT WATER, YOU CAN PROBABLY TURN OFF THE STOP-COCK, WHICH WILL BE ON THE PIPE LEADING FROM THE CISTERN. IF YOU CANNOT, TRY AND PLUG THE OUTLET.



CORRECT SIZE SET SPANNER BEST FOR LOOSENING NUT



IF NO SPANNER AVAILABLE, YOU CAN USE AN ADJUSTABLE SPANNER, OR A SET OF PLUMBERS 'FOOT-PRINT' GRIPS



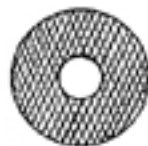
YOU CAN DO THIS WITH A BROOM HANDLE, POINTED, AND PUSHED IN TO THE OUTLET (above)



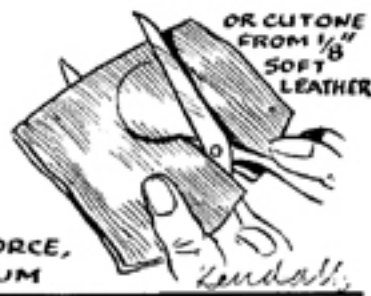
POINT A BROOM STICK LIKE THIS



WASHERS ARE ALL STANDARD SIZE



LEATHER OR RUBBER FOR COLD; COMPOS-ITION FOR HOT TAPS



OR CUT ONE FROM 1/8" SOFT LEATHER

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN WHEN USING SPANNERS NOT TO USE UNDUE FORCE, PULLING THE TAP AWAY FROM ITS HOUSING OR DAMAGING THE CHROMIUM

Kendall

"OPERATION SANDWICH"



"MRS. FERGUSON cornered me in London Road the other day," I announced to Dave as I entered the Athlete Badge on his record card.

"She was worried over your Patrol's plans for the summer holidays - said she did hope her Rodney would have time for the family holiday in Jersey!"

The P.L. of the Eagles chuckled. "Don't worry, Skip, Mrs. Ferguson knows we're not wrecking any family plans," he said. "I guess she was pulling your leg."

"From what I've heard of your ideas, I shouldn't wonder at any parent becoming confused."

"It's quite simple really, Skip," replied Dave. "The first thing we did was to get the dates of everyone's holidays; then we fitted all the activities into the time that was left to each of us."

I thought of all the activities I'd tried to arrange when I was a P.L. Most of them seemed to have flopped because not more than two or three of us had been free at any one time. Now here was Dave actually turning this handicap into an advantage.

"We made a list of all the things we wanted to do during the holidays. Everyone had his say. Then we found out who wanted to take part in each activity, and worked out a provisional time-table. Each Scout was responsible for arranging one or two activities, and as they completed their arrangements we built up the final programme . . .

He handed me a well-worn, much-altered document with the arresting headline "Operation Sandwich 1961", and as I looked down it I could appreciate the reason for the title. Most of the activities were to be carried out by only two or three or four Scouts.

1. There was a long list of aims for the Troop Summer Camp, including the passing of certain tests, and training for the projects to follow.
2. Sleep in a barn, and in return spend each morning as voluntary farm workers. Archery instruction by a local enthusiast in the afternoon. (Smallholder and Master-at-Arms Badges.)
3. Short cycle tour, using Youth Hostels.
4. Sailing, rowing and life-saving instruction for swimmers, accommodation in Houseboat-headquarters of a Sea Scout Troop at the nearest seaside town. (Boatswain's Mate, Oarsman and Life-saver Badges.)
5. Two-night Patrol Camp for the purpose of Cookin' and Fishin'. Also observation of birds by day and badgers by night. Sleep (if any!) in a shelter made from natural materials. (Angler, Backwoodsman, Cook, Stalker and Woodcraftsman Badges.)
6. Explorer Badge Expedition.
7. Explorer Badge Compass Journey.
8. Spare-time activities
 - (a) Explorer Badge Project - a relief map of the local common. (That will come in useful for planning wide games!)
 - (b) Pioneer Badge.
 - (c) Second and First Class work.

"You're doing - all this - on your own?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"It's all arranged by members of the Patrol, Skip,"

Dave assured me. "But other people come into it: the farmer, archery and life-saving instructors, Sea Scouts, badge examiners, and so on."

But how did you find these people?" I asked.

"Most of them are relations and friends. For things like archery and life-saving we just got in touch with the local clubs, who found us an instructor keen enough to devote a session or two to a small number: though actually the Sea Scouts are coming in with us on the lifesaving, to make up the numbers."

"And you expect every member of your Patrol to give up all his free holiday time to these activities? Isn't that rather hopeful? What if Roger wants to go butterfly-hunting with a school pal, or Andrew's family decide to take him to the seaside for the day?"

"Don't forget, Skip, that these activities are what the Patrol have chosen to do themselves; also, the parents have all been brought into the plan, and are quite prepared to go to the seaside without their sons. All the Scouts and Mums and Dads are dead keen on the idea."

I could see it was impossible to pick a hole in Dave's plan. In theory he had it all taped. Whether it would all work out in practice only time could tell. What I was afraid of was that either interest might flag and some of the enthusiastic helpers be sadly let down, or the Patrol spirit might suffer from the effects of working together at high pressure for so many weeks.

"Well, Skip, what do you think?"

"It's what I call a very bold venture," I pronounced. "I doubt if there's another Patrol in the country who'd attempt it. If it works, it will be a grand example of what can be done; if it doesn't it will be a valuable lesson, provided you don't take failure too much to heart. Just promise me that you won't hesitate to cancel anything that looks like having less than whole-hearted support - in good time for the sake of your helpers. Then if you only hold one event, you can call your Operation a success."

It sounded to me like the Chief Scout addressing a vast Rally, but Dave's reply took the wind right out of my sails.

"Do you know, Skip," he said with a grin, "that's exactly what I told the Patrol on Tuesday."

* * *

I'm not telling you whether or not this is a true story, but am I putting my foot in it when I claim that no other Patrol in the country would dare try and organise its members' free time like this? I know you'll tell me in no uncertain terms if I am, but if not I'd still like to have *your* views on whether it would be practicable. Are there any other snags besides those I've foreseen? I can't wait to hear from you!

STEVE

STEVE AND THE 10TH HEADFORD'S SENIOR SCOUT GIBSON PATROL ~ DAVID (HIS SECOND), BOB, JOHN AND TREVOR ~ ARE HIKING ON EXMOOR FOR THEIR SUMMER EXPEDITION. FOR THE FIRST TWO DAYS THEY HIKE ON THE PERIMETER OF THE MOOR, THEN ON THE THIRD DAY - HAVING STOCKED UP WITH PROVISIONS - THEY SET OFF TO EXPLORE THE HEART OF THE ROLLING MOORLAND.



THE GROTTO IN FISCIPUS

by Henry van Gilder

THE STORY SO FAR: One foggy evening in November, Tony Harrison is going to the cinema instead of the Troop Aleeting. He is stopped by a stranger in a dark back Street and arranges to meet him the next evening as he promises Tony adventure. Tony tells his parents he is going on a Wide Game, and puts his trousers and sweater over his uniform. The stranger tells Tony he must go to the Grotto in Fiscipus and he relates all the things Tony has done —lying, cruelty and unkindness in fact he breaks all the Scout laws every day. When he wakes up, he is alone. Tony goes to a town where he helps a blind man to his cottage. In return for his help Tony accepts the offer of a bed. During the night he yearns for his selfish life and runs away, but changes his mind almost immediately. The next morning the old man discovers his blue china savings jar has been stolen. Tony promises he will return for the old man when he finds the Grotto, and notes his instructions to follow the road to a hairpin bend. Whilst Tony eats his lunch a dog called Dink befriends him, but when a flashy lad, Sid Thesony, offers him a lift in his car and tells him to drown Dink, Tony ties it to a tree and drives off with Sid past the stile into Sid's town. When Tony discovers Sid is a thief and has stolen the jar, he tries to grab it, but is beaten up and left in the gutter. He is revived by a coloured boy, Bert Horly, who takes him to his shack. They plan to retrieve the jar the next morning, but when Tony wakes up Dink has returned and Bert has gone. They find Bert tied up in Sid's cellar. After the rescue, Bert gets the jar and wakes up Sid but they get away. Tony leaves Dink with Bert and climbs up the hill and over the stile. He meets an old lady who gives him a job on her farm to earn the money Sid has spent from the jar. He doesn't like the work but perseveres. On the last night, after he's been paid he starts to think how he can spend it and then Sid Thesony appears once more....

CHAPTER NINE

DESPAIR

SID levered himself into the loft and sat down on the pile of hay. Tony just stared at him, trying to work out why he had come and what he was going to say. But he wasn't at all frightened, he was just curious. He remembered what Bert had said that once Sid had been beaten, he lost all his power.

Say, Tony," Sid started cheerfully, "How's about you coming into partnership with me back at the town? I hear you've been working around this place for a week, and haven't even left the farm. Boy, I feel sorry for you. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, you know. We'll bury the hatchet over what happened last week. I'll not make a fuss about the old man's money. You can have it. I've got plenty more besides. The car's just down the road," he added.

Tony let Sid ramble on. At first he was swayed towards the temptation to go back to the easy superficial life which he knew existed in the town; but, with the mention of the blind man's savings, it dawned on him that Sid was battering at the very point where his defences were weakest, so he put the jar under his ruc-sac, just in case Sid had any ideas.

"Get out of here," Tony said quietly, but firmly. Sid drew back, bewildered by the order. "I've done with your rotten city, and you! You're rotten too, rotten to your very soul. As for the money, I got that back from you for the old man, and not for myself. What I've earned this week is to make up for what *you* spent. Take your smart talk somewhere else, but don't bother me. Now get out, before I throw you out."

"I was only asking," whimpered Sid as he made a hasty exit.

Tony leant over the opening and watched Sid running out of the barn like a scared rabbit.

"If he had a tail," mused Tony, "it'd be right between his legs."

He lay back feeling very tired now, but inwardly invigorated by his success. The sweet smell of hay drifted peacefully past his nostrils. 'Just fancy,' he thought, 'it needed someone like Sid to make up my mind.' He rolled over and fell asleep.

Tony was up at six the next morning. He went over to the farmhouse to get his breakfast, as he had every day for the past week. Now that it was all over, and he had had a good night's rest, he almost wished that he didn't have to leave. He even thought he'd miss cleaning out the cowsheds! The farmer's wife reminded him to make his

way to the river, and, when they had eaten, she took him outside and showed him the lane he should take. The farmer gave him some home-made bread, butter and other food.

"That should keep the wolf from the door for a little while," he said.

The farmer walked with him to the cows' field, where he said goodbye and turned back to go about his daily work. Tony thanked him and strode off down the lane.

The birds sang happily in the hedgerows on either side and the sun rose steadily in the sky behind him. Tony was excited, for he sensed that he had done the worst of the journey. He began to plan what he would do after he had reached the Grotto. He wondered what he would find, and how he would return to his home. He was filled with new resolutions. He'd learnt so much from the experiences of his travels. His thoughts kept him fully occupied, so that the miles seemed more like furlongs.

By mid-morning he arrived at the clump of three oak trees, where the lane turned sharply to the right. He recalled that the old lady had advised him to leave the lane there and cut across the fields. Tony stopped beneath the spreading branches of the oaks to have a bite to eat before he set off once again.

The sun was immediately overhead when he sat down on the green grassy banks of the river to have his lunch. The water was cool and clean and blue. A breeze blew over the river, bringing with it the tang of resin from the pine forest on the other side. He ate slowly and filled his lungs with the pure air. Above him, white puffs of cloud drifted on their way across the azure blue backcloth of the sky. Before him, the water ran forever down its course, merrily gurgling its way over the stones which lay still and smooth on the bottom. In midstream the younger fish played and jumped and swam; and in the calm below the bank, a large trout faced upstream lying almost motionless, its tail flicking occasionally to keep it steady.

Tony considered having a dip after

he had eaten all he wanted, but hadn't the heart to disturb the dozing trout. He ambled along the footpath watching carefully to try and find a way across. The river was too wide to swim with the weight of his pack, and the pine trees grew densely down to the water on the other bank.

During the afternoon the white clouds become tinged with grey, and the sun was hidden more and more often. A dark black mass appeared ominously over the horizon. The breeze became a wind, and Tony realised that before the day was over, there would probably be a storm. The tranquil serenity of his mind at noon was marred by a twinge or two of fear, but he became more confident when he saw a small house about half a mile away downstream.

The neatly painted yellow door had a highly polished brass knocker. Tony paused a second, plucking up the courage to use it. He tapped cautiously. A bearded man in a blue sweater, dungarees and rubber thigh boots answered the door.

"And what can I do for you, me lad?" he said.

"Do you know how I can cross the river, please?" Tony asked in a soft voice.

"Where d'you think you're going?"

"The Grotto in Fiscipus," Tony said.

"You couldn't have come to a better place!" smiled the man.

"I'm the ferryman.

The boat's on the other side of the house. So if you'd like to walk round I'll pick up my coat and meet you there."

It was a small wooden dinghy with a broad flat bottom. The ferryman jumped in first and steadied the boat for Tony. He asked Tony to sit aft, whilst he took the oars and started to row.

"A good thing you came to me," the ferryman said, pulling hard. "This river can be very tricky. People think they can swim it on a fine day - but they can't. The current's might strong under the other bank. Most deceptive."

The powerful arms plunged the oars regularly into the water. Tony noticed that the boatman had to use his right oar more than the left to keep the boat from drifting off course.

"Do you know the Grotto in Fiscipus?" Tony inquired when they were half way across. "And why is everyone so vague about it?"

"Because people go to the Grotto by different routes. Few get there right away, others find the journey long and hard." He hesitated. "And some never get there at all," he said with a sigh. "But if you remember to follow the setting sun, you should be all right."

Tony didn't ask any more questions. When Tony had put his feet on dry land again, he offered the ferryman a coin for his help. The ferryman refused it.

"This is a service," he explained.

The ferryman rowed back across the river and Tony was alone again.

He stood in a small clearing and saw a gap between the trees in front of him which he rightly assumed to be the path. The tall, slender pines rose upwards, their upper branches almost blotting out the light. Tony felt scared but the words of the farmer's wife still rang in his ears. "The man who runs away from things before he's met them face to face is doomed before he even starts." He squashed a notion to run back to the river and hail the ferryman.

The path divided several times and at each successive junction, Tony became less and less sure that he was going the right way, for the paths narrowed, and the trees grew more closely together. The patches of sky that he could see were now no longer blue but almost black.

"Follow the setting sun," he murmured. "How on earth can I when I can't see it?" A large drop of rain splashed on his face. He stamped the ground in anger. That drop was followed by another and another and another.

He trudged on, losing confidence with every step he took. The upper leaves no longer acted as an umbrella, and the rain poured down in sheets. A flash of lightning made him jump, and he waited for the thunder.



The rumble became a crash and a roar, like heavy cannon-fire. Before it died out another brighter fork seared the darkness. The rain ran through his hair and soaked his clothes. The pine needles which had cushioned his feet now became a soggy mass sticking to his shoes.

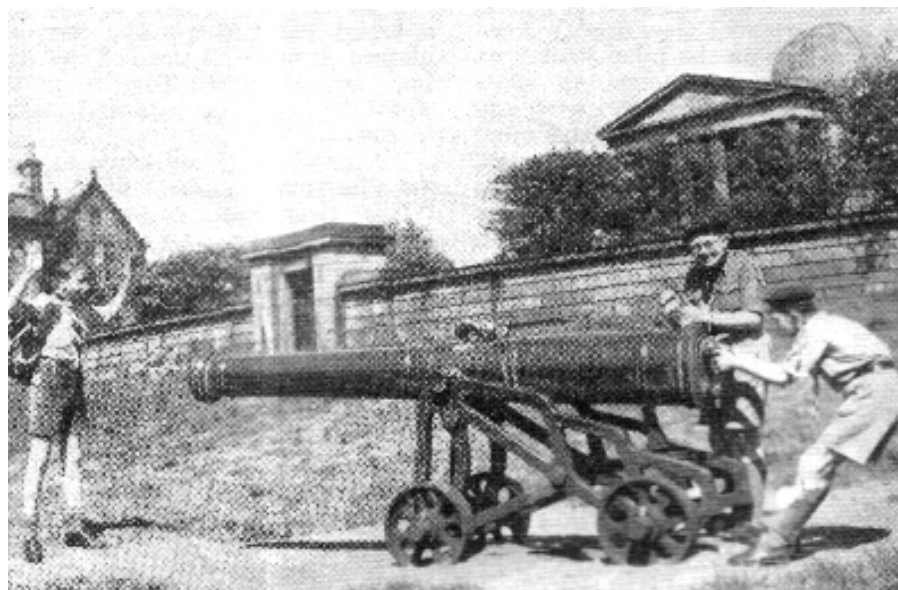
The thunder crashed overhead, and Tony started to run, but the mud beneath his feet slowed his pace. "Oh! why didn't I go with Sid?" he asked himself miserably. "Anything would be better than this - anything." He did not turn back, however, but wandered aimlessly on, depressed and dejected. There was no path to guide him, and the realisation that he was lost brought an empty feeling of loneliness to his stomach.

The ground rose steadily, and ahead he saw an outcrop of rocks. He gathered up all his strength to reach them. A cleft between two of the largest boulders opened out into a cave. He crawled on hands and knees, and lay just inside the entrance. He watched the water streaming down in torrents from the roof of his refuge. But all he could think about were the ferryman's words "Some never make it."

Next Week
THE LAST FENCE

Another 10/6d. Winner in our . . .

SCOUT SNAPS COMPETITION



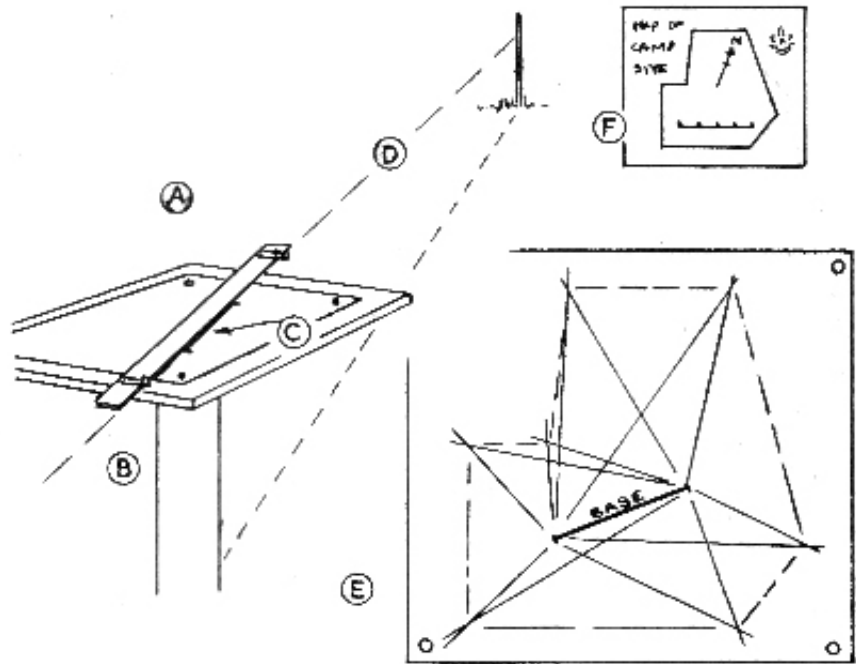
P.L. Peter W. Brown of the 3rd West Stanley (St. Andrew's) Group wins this week's 10/6d. Postal Order for the above photograph which he entitles "No garters - shot at dawn"



MAKE A PLANE TABLE

by

Percy W. Blandford



A TRIANGLE is a useful thing. You cannot push it out of shape. Other patterns can be distorted unless you know a lot of things about them, but a triangle has three sides and three angles, and if you know at least one side and two angles you can draw the triangle. This fact is used in surveying and navigation. Maps are made by using triangles, and the simplest way is by using what is called a plane table survey. All the equipment is easily made and any Scout could make it from scrap.

The plane table is a piece of wood big enough to take the paper on which you will make the map. This is a sort of drawing board, but a piece of plywood is quite satisfactory. It has to be supported at a convenient height for sighting across. Simplest is a post driven into the ground (A), but you may work on ground where you cannot drive into the ground and a tripod is better. A camera tripod is suitable. This will have a screw with a 1 in. Whitworth thread on it. This is the common type of thread and you may be able to find a nut or other thing to fit, which can be attached to the board.

It is not difficult to make a wooden tripod, and details are given on a drawing which can be obtained from the Editor.

You also need an alidade, which is something far simpler than its name. It is merely a straight edge, fitted with sights (B). This can be a flat piece of wood, with one straight edge and preferably at least as long as the diagonal of the plane table. The two sights can be cut with old scissors from a cocoa tin and tacked to the wood, so that the point and V are over the edge. Full-size drawings are included with the drawing of the tripod. Have a soft sharp pencil and a rubber for working on the map. You also need an ordinary ruler.

You need some means of measuring a base line on the ground. The accuracy of the map depends on the accuracy of this line. Merely pacing will produce a map of reasonable accuracy. You can get more accurate by using the markings on a Scout staff. Better still is a steel tape measure.

Suppose you want to make a map of the field in which you are camping.

Decide on a base line somewhere in the field - usually near the centre, but make sure you can see all the landmarks and other things you want on your map from both ends of the line. Do not make the line too short - a quarter of the distance across the field is the sort of length which should be about right. There is no need to actually mark a line on the ground, but mark its end with poles or pegs. Make the length a round figure - we will assume it is 120 ft.

On your paper draw a line to scale to represent this (C). You will have to choose a scale which will allow you to get all the map on the paper. In our case, 1 in. to 10 ft. should do, giving a line 12 in. long. Put your plane table over one end of the line on the ground. Put the alidade over the line on the map, and move the whole thing around until you are sighting the other end of the line (D). Without moving the table use the alidade through the end of the map line which the table is over to sight landmarks around the field. Draw lines each time. When you have sighted everything from this point, move to the other end of the base line. Set the table by first sighting the first end of the line with the alidade along the map base line, then take sights of all the points originally sighted from the first end. Where your sight lines cross is the map position of the points you are plotting (E). Hedges and similar things can be drawn in between the points.

Your final map is best made by tracing the original, which will be rather crowded with construction lines. Then you can make a tidy job of it, with title, scale and compass direction (F).

If you would like a drawing showing the construction of the plane table, tripod and alidade ask the Editor, "The Scout", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, for the Plane Table Drawing.



Get Your Luna Tickets Here

says

JACK (Blast Off) BLUNT

I had an idea that there was something a little unusual about my friend, pal, chum and mate Fredrick F. Phanackerpan as soon as he asked me to walk home with him after the last Scouters' Council. Not that Fred asking me to walk home with him is unusual in itself. As he says, it's not that he's actually SCARED of walking home alone, but after the secret games of British Bulldogs and Chalk Rugger that we always play at Scouters' Councils he is so excited that he can imagine all sorts of dreadful things happening to him, like Tenderfoots jumping from behind hedges and out of ditches and asking him to test them on their knots, and other things like that which give all Scoutmasters the screaming heeby-jeebies.

My impression became a little stronger when, just about halfway home he started to tell me what an adventurous, daring, forward-looking, modern type Scoutmaster he had always said I was, and that, given half a chance, he was sure that between us, we could, if the opportunity ever arose, set a standard for Scouting that would make our names famous throughout the world.

By this time, as you can guess, I was thoroughly suspicious. Not only could I never remember him speaking of me in such

glowing terms but so far as I was concerned I am famous already thank you very much, and any mad schemes which he might be hatching could stay right where they were, in his own little old addled brain, and I said as much!!

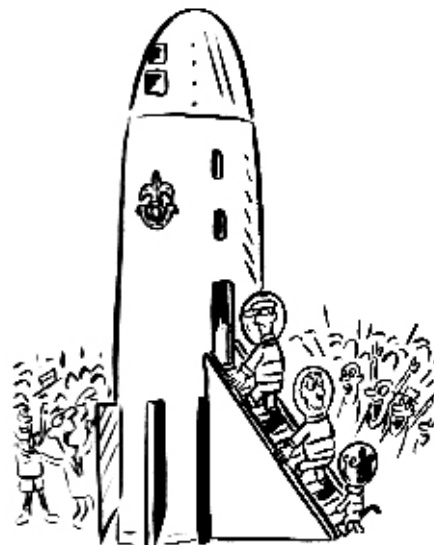
However, Fred is too forgiving a chap to be put off by any slightly pointed or rude remarks that I might care to make, and by now, nothing on earth would stop him from telling me just what he was going to tell me anyway.



A kind gentleman had
two tickets

As it turned out, nothing on earth did.....“Now, after all the nice things I have always said about you,” said Fred, “you will agree with me that the Earth in general is pretty well worn out as a Camp-site. After all, there are very few places left for camping that have not been camped on before. It was all right, I suppose before Hillary and Tensing came along and pitched on Everest and the North and South Poles have been over-camped for ages. What far-sighted people like us should do is to look for somewhere else.”

Fred in full spate is an awesome thing to behold.



A rousing
send-off

I knew, beyond any hope that whatever mad scheme his feeble mind had been blessed with I was committed to it up to my neck and beyond.

“It so happens that on my way home from the Wembley Cup Final the other week I met a very kind gentleman who, at a great loss to himself, let me have these.” He waved two tickets. “He said he would have made use of them himself but the fact that his team had lost rather upset him, and since I looked a rather gullible sort of fellow, he thought I could make use of them. By the way, just what *does* gullible mean?”

I didn't answer straight off because I wasn't too sure myself,



Horatius prepares for space

but a moment later I was past caring anyway, because there in my hand were TWO TICKETS FOR THE *VERY FIRST* TRIP TO THE MOON. No kidding, there it was in black and white!

SOUTH UIST TO MOON RETURN

Admit Bearer as Passenger on First British Rocket, South Uist to Moon and Ret.

Price £50 ea.

Blast Off - Friday, 23rd June
2 p.m. Sharp.

(Bring Your Own Sandwiches)

What a chance! What an opportunity!! We must start packing our gear at once! !! Plenty of warm pullovers, bound to be cold on the moon in the evenings. Extra pair of socks and a spare shirt or two. Tooth brush and paste. A few spare badges for swops, just in case. Oh, no doubt about it, we were going to make history. And at the bargain price of a mere £50, which is very little considering the fact that our American cousins are hoping to do exactly the same thing in a few years time for the tidy sum of £1,350,000,000, and *they* are only hoping to put ONE man up there.

Fred and me! Me and Fred! First men on the Moon. I can see the headlines in "The Scout" now.

"Fred P. and J. Blunt the very First Lunatics....."

"Well-known Scouters land on Moon....."



Adventure calls

"Experiments with Human Beings next..."

I can't quite understand what went wrong. We had the most marvellous send-off. Everybody who *was* anybody turned out to see us off on the first leg of our journey from Heckmondwike Central to South Uist. There was the Chairman of the Parents' Committee, all the P.L.s, some of the Seconds and all the rest of the Troop who didn't have paper-rounds and homework or other important things to do.

The local Girl Guides dragged out their Drum and Fife Band.

The Chairman said how pleased he and everyone else was to see us go, or words to that effect, and the Stationmaster told us to be sure to change at Crewe, especially after we had reached the second apogee on the left and surcharged us 5/6d. for standing in a First Class compartment and we were off!

If only all our journeyings had been as successful!

Sad to relate, when we arrived at South Uist no one seemed to know what we were after. We showed them our tickets and pointed out that we were forward-looking, alert, modern Scoutmasters, keen to break new ground and willing to be the very first to stake out a week-end camp-site for our respective Troops, but to no avail.

They simply said that they weren't ready yet, and we should call back in about ten years' time, and no, they couldn't let us have our money back as they had no idea who had issued the tickets because they hadn't started printing them yet anyway.



Try one Night Hike at least this Summer

As I said to Fred on the way home, and he agreed with me. It's a pity that some of these rocket people aren't as forward-looking as we are, and it seems a shame to have to go back to Saltville-on-Mud for our Summer Camp again this year, and if only I could find the chap who sold Fred those dud tickets, I'd give HIM a trip to the Moon - with or without a rocket.

You, of course, are forward-looking without doubt, so you can just try this for your trouble, and get the rest of your Patrol to do it as well.

Tie all the Tenderfoot knots behind your back. Do a square and a sheer lashing the same way.

Get someone to come and stand behind you, and just by feeling for thirty seconds, tell who it is.

Perhaps you too feel from time to time that all the Scouting in this world has been done (by you) though I don't see why you should.

Anyway, a change of scenery should soon put that right, and the best way to change the scenery that I can think of is to wait until after dark. It's amazing how different things seem when the light's gone, so be sure that you have at least one glorious Night Hike on your programme for this year's Summer Camp!

See you at Ma's!!

SCOUTS' OWN

He had not always been a crooked dwarf. Once he had been Prince Otto of Teck, and in those happy days his father had been King. Then, Otto had a face as clear as a running stream, a body as straight as a young birch tree, and he was as fleet of foot as a deer.

One day, the young Prince was bunting in the forest. He revelled in the clear morning air, the beauty of the forest and the excitement of the chase. He became so hot that he sought for a stream he knew, that he might quench his thirst. When he reached it he discovered, to his surprise, that instead of being happy and singing as it flowed over the pebbles, it was all muddy and polluted. As he knelt on its bank, he heard the stream softly crying: 'Oh, I am ruined, ruined utterly. I am soiled and unclean. No more will creatures come to me to drink or weary travellers to bathe. Oh, who will help me?'

'Poor little stream,' said the Prince, 'how sorry I am for you! Look, they say that I have a face as clear as a running stream. I will give it to you, that you may be happy again.' With that, the Prince knelt and bathed his face in the water. At once the stream was pure and went singing on its way, thanking the Prince for his kindness. 'Never will I forget; you have given me back my life,' sang the stream. The Prince rose from his knees, but he was now very ugly, although he gave it never a thought.

The sights and sounds of the forest delighted his eyes and filled his ears. Then there came to him the sound of a tree, in pain. It was a birch, its beautiful, straight trunk bending over and snapping. It was moaning in its agony. 'I am bent and broken; never again will the birds come from foreign lands and nest in my branches, or tell me stories of far-away places. Oh, I am so unhappy. The woodcutter will chop me down. My life is over so soon! Will no one help me?'

'I will help you', said the Prince, without a moment's hesitation. 'They say that I have a body as straight as a birch tree. I will give you my straightness of body and you can be happy once more.' He leaned hard against the tree and it became upright and stately again. 'Thank you! Thank you!' cried the tree. 'I can never repay your kindness, but I will ever remember it.' But the Prince could not stand upright.



and left for dead

THE CROOKED DWARF

by Rev. E. J. Webb

He was no longer straight and tall and a hump had formed on his back. Yet he was not dismayed, but went cheerily on, glad to have been of service. Never had the forest seemed so lovely. All was well, until he came to a bramble bush. There, a deer lay on its side, in great pain, its foot caught in a snare. 'I shall never run in the forest again, and what will become of my children?' it was crying. 'Nobody can help me, and soon the hounds will find me, and all will be over.' 'No, no,' said the Prince. 'They tell me that I am as fleet of foot as a deer. I will give you back your fleetness.' He touched the deer gently with his foot and, as he did so, it sprang free of the snare and leapt to its feet. As it ran home to its young ones it cried, 'How good you are! How I thank you! I will never forget what you have done for me!'

But the Prince was now not only ugly and deformed, but lame as well. He was a crooked dwarf!

Just then, the King and his courtiers arrived, calling for Prince Otto. 'Here I am, father,' shouted the dwarf. But the courtiers cried, 'Our Prince was beautiful of face like a running stream, straight and tall as a birch tree, and fleet of foot like a deer.' 'So was I, this morning, but I have given it all to help others. See, I am still wearing my princely clothes!' 'This enraged the King and his men. 'He has killed our Prince and dressed up in his clothes!' they said. So they seized the dwarf and beat him and left him for dead.

It was then that those he had befriended proved that they were not ungrateful and did not forget. The deer found him and carried him on its back to the brook, who bathed his wounds and revived him, whilst the tree lent its shade. All the creatures of the forest agreed to supply him with food and shelter and to care for him.

One day, some children found him asleep under a birch tree, and he was smiling as he slept.

Is that story too fanciful for you? Then what about reading the true story of a young Prince who left all His glory behind Him (no, not quite all) and gave away all He had to help others, even giving His life to save them. He suffered so much for them that His face was marred almost beyond recognition and His body was broken. His story does not end there, for His Father gave Him back His life and glory. He still lives to help. The Lord Jesus Christ is that young Prince of Glory. Are we going to see Him, and shall we prove grateful and serve Him? Read Acts, chapter 2, verses 22 to 28 and 37 to 41.

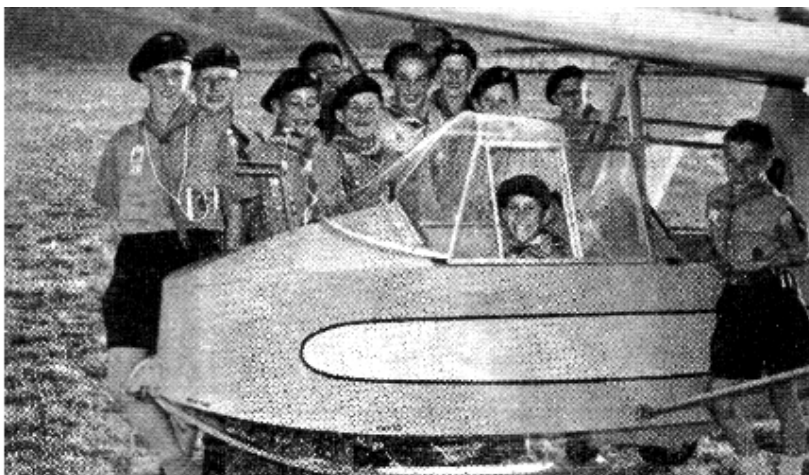
A PRAYER

O Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, friend of all men, who has called us to be thy friends: Grant us so to follow thy example that we may show kindness to all, and increase all the good within us and about us, by the power of thine own unselfish love, who livest and reignest for ever, to the glory of God and man.

IT'S IN THE AIR!

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING

by JIM LAURENCE



Some of the happy Air Scouts attending the Dominion Air Scout Camp in New Zealand.

I thought that this month we might have a look around to see what other Air Scouts are doing. Let's start just about as far away as one can get - in **NEW ZEALAND**.

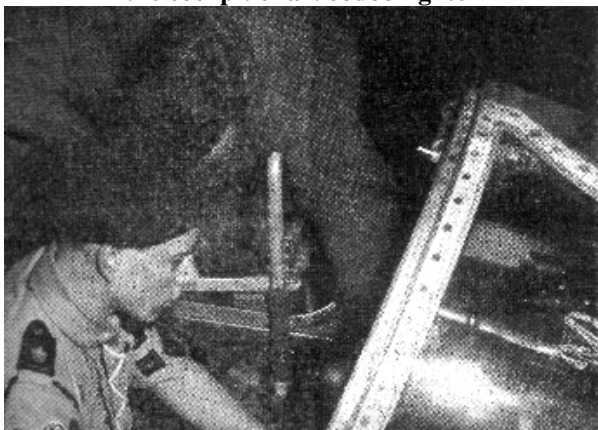
Their first Dominion Air Scout Camp was a five-day affair attended by 100 Air Scouts from all over New Zealand. All managed to get a flight in powered aircraft and in a glider. For many it was their first taste of flying.

The programme also included spotting, modelling, aircraft marshalling, glider handling, and flying displays. The highlight, apart from the flying seems to have been a search and rescue operation. This took a full day and involved the Air Scouts hiking five miles by compass and map to a point where they had their lunch dropped by parachute in an area prepared by the Scouts and marked by smoke canisters. Equipped with short wave radios the Scouts then searched the hills and found a "crashed" pilot with a broken leg. First aid was given and the victim carried out across a river to the road where an ambulance had been summoned by radio.

Eighty-two Air proficiency badges were gained during the camp, and work started on many more. Instruction on many subjects gave the Scouts the opportunity to become even more air minded. The camp was such a success that New Zealand have decided to hold Dominion Air Scout camps every two years.

NORFOLK held a very successful County Air Scout Rally over the Whitsun period. The guest of honour was Douglas Bader. The Coltishall Air Scouts acted as hosts by kind permission of the Commanding Officer of R.A.F. Coltishall. The Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club put on a very impressive flying display, which included an altitude guessing competition.

A Senior of the Canton Colville Air Scouts examines the cockpit of a Voodoo fighter



Other competitive events included, solid and flying models, spotting and navigation, a "crash" competition and one in fabric patching. First Class Scouts from recognised Troops were given flights in R.A.F. aircraft.

SUFFOLK. The Carlton Colville Air Scouts enjoy excellent co-operation from the U.S.A.F. Base at Bent-waters. Recently a party of 45 Air Scouts from this Troop were the guests of the 81st Tactical Fighter Wing Boy Scout Troop 277. This was a return visit to further the already excellent relations that exist between the American and British Troops. Instruction was received on air badge work, and most memorable in their six-hour stay was the chance to have a go at the £300,000 flight simulator and to be able to climb into the cockpit of an F-101 Voodoo fighter.

MIDDLESEX provided a party of seven Air Scouts for duties at the 1961 National Gliding Championships. They spent a wonderful week acting as official turning point observers, helping to man the Control centre, and keeping all the aerotow ropes in good repair. These Air Scouts also acted as a Guard of Honour to the Duke of Edinburgh, the Minister for Aviation, and The Headquarters Commissioner for Air Scouts when they visited the Championships. Whilst at Lasham they all qualified for the Air Glider badge, and had flights in gliders and some in the light aircraft used to tow the gliders into the air.

LONDON. The 11th Ilford North Air Scouts now have a Link Trainer that is providing their members with the next best thing to practical flying experience.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Friday, September 8th to Sunday, September 10th

These are the dates of the 1961 National Air Scout weekend. Most of you will realise that these are the dates of the public days at the Farnborough Air Display as well. For this reason the camp will, this year, be held at the Rushmore Arena, Farnborough and the programme will be arranged around attendance at the Display on the Saturday. Camping facilities "next door" to the airfield should enable many more Air Scouts to visit this world famous Air Show. Further details can be obtained by writing to the Training Department at I.H.Q., 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

WEST YORKSHIRE Air Scouts are holding a County Air Scout Week-end at Bradley Wood from **Friday, September 22nd, to Sunday, September 24th**. They are extending an invitation to all Air Scouts. Details of their camp can be obtained from Mr. G. Dunkerley, 13 The Crescent, Pudsey, Yorkshire.



A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

Badgers Corner

Dear Editor,

I read each time, with interest, your articles on Badges in the columns of "The Scout" and thought readers might be interested to learn, and see, something about the badge which is the privilege of the 1st Berkhamsted Group to wear on their royal blue scarves.

In 1927 Mr. Hubert B. Figg, who was in that year both Chairman of the West Herts. L.A. and of the Berkhamsted Urban District Council, received permission from the latter for the Group to wear a replica of the Town Crest as a tangible form of recognition that the Group had been running non-stop since 1909. The Group still has an active membership of over 100.

This present badge is the third to be adopted. The others being obsolete. The first had a very short life owing to the insistence that our artist had drawn the design incorrectly and produced a badge with the flags both flying the same way. It was not until we had provided definite proof that they gave in and a second one was produced in full colours. Stocks of these ran out just after the last war and gradually it was only the older members who were able to wear them.



In order to retain the honour and privilege the Group Committee decided to place an order for a new badge (as herewith) as the cost of one in full colours was prohibitive.

For those interested in detail the colours are: Castle-stone picked out with black, St. George's flags on towers, in a frame of royal blue and gold.

Space will not permit a full description of the Crest itself or its long history but it was once a royal residence, now only the ruins of it are left.

Nothing visible today can be attributed to a pre Norman stronghold at which William the Conqueror, having crossed the Thames at Wallingford and ridden through the Chiltern gap, received the offer of the English Crown.

The earthworks we see today were probably started in the latter part of the 11th Century, during the tenure of Robert, Count of Mortain, who was granted Berkhamsted, with many other estates, by William I, his half-brother.

Strategically the site had no great value, though the water defences, supplemented by the Bulbourne marsh, were effective.

The earth-walled, stockaded Castle was razed when Robert Mortain's son William rebelled against Henry I and lost his estates. The Castle was rebuilt in stone and the oldest masonry now surviving is thought to date from 1155-1165, when Thomas a Becket held the Castle as Chancellor.

The Black Prince and Edward IV's mother, Cecily, Duchess of York, were here long enough to be identified with the town. In 1361 the Castle was put in order for a very important prisoner-of-war, King John of France.

To come to more modern times the Castle Grounds, as the site is now more affectionately termed, has become the ideal spot for Historical Pageants, Fetes, etc., its ruined walls, trees and well-kept turf make a perfect background.

I would be pleased to supply copies of this badge to any interested Scout badge collector - 9d. each plus postage.

F. S. Blunt,
Badge Sec., West Herts. L.A.

News From "Down Under"

Dear Editor,

In January, 1962 a lot of the 1st Class Scouts in New Zealand will be attending the New Zealand 1st Class Jamboree at Waiora (7 miles from Dunedin).

The Jamboree at "Waiora" will be the first Jamboree to be staged on a permanent Camp Site owned by the Boy Scouts Association.

The official name for the 2,250 acre farm is "Waiora". The English translation being "a health giving stream". The correct name for the locality is silverstream.

"Waiora" was purchased in August, 1948, under the leadership of the late County Commissioner, Mr. W. P. Birchall, to whose foresight and inspiration we owe more than ever be repaid. Mr. Birchall was awarded the coveted Silver Wolf for his work in purchasing this Camp Site and Farm.

During his tour of New Zealand in 1949, the Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, Lord Rowallan officially opened the Camp Site.

The Boy Scouts Association are doing everything possible to make this Jamboree an outstanding success.

Badge Collectors note that a special badge is being issued.

Geoffrey Cole,
Takapuna Seniors.

Jeans at Camp?

Dear Editor,

I think the wearing of jeans should most certainly be allowed in Camp for all rough work, so that Scout Uniform will be kept clean and smart for Church, Visiting Day, and the Return Journey.

Wide Games also warrant the use of jeans because they afford more protection from thorns, nettles. etc.

P.L. Deryck L. Rhodes,
4th North Leeds.

...And Some Who Are Not In Favour

Dear Editor,

Although I am in favour of long trousers for Seniors and Rovers, I feel that jeans should not be worn, even for rough work, in camp. Jeans would soon become wet with dew from the grass, making the Scout concerned rather miserable if the weather is cold. In addition to this, legs, and shorts, are somewhat easier to wash than jeans. If the jeans were to be ripped, I am sure that P.L. Euinton's mum, or any other mum, would disapprove.

P.L. Ian Crossland,
2/69th Manchester (St. Aidan's).

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. A. Euintpn, 16th Luton, 103rd Beds. ("The Scout", week ending 27th May, 1961).

In my opinion Scouts should not be allowed to wear jeans in camp. In rough work, surely, jeans will get torn and what is a scratch on a knee? A Scout should be able to stand up to these small scratches or knocks. And what is a little cold wind around the little darling's knees. Also some older P.L.'s or Scouts may decide to turn up in white stitched super satin finished jeans or white slacks and after a week's camp these are torn and tattered to shreds, never to be worn again *and* an angry mother calling upon Skip again.

Well P.L. Euinton, that is my point of view.

P.L. M. J. Darby,
1st Towcester, Northants.

A Bob-a-job Record?

Dear Editor,

During Bob-a-Job week our Troop, the 34th Royal Tunbridge Wells earned £22 between 24 boys, with an average of just under a pound each. Did any other Troop beat it?

Skipper offered a sheath knife to anybody who got over £3. Two boys succeeded in getting it.

P/2nd Nazia Ahamed,
34th Royal Tunbridge Wells.

An Early Reader

Dear Editor,

A near neighbour of mine, Mr. E. A. Grigson, died recently, aged 86. He had been a printer, and at one time worked for Pearsons. There he set up the type for *Scouting for Boys*, when it was first published in fortnightly parts, and for the early numbers of "The Scout". In his youth he also worked as a printer in Hong Kong, Shanghai and in America.

He must therefore be numbered among your earliest readers!
P/2nd(S) Kieran O'Kelly,
17th Dorking (Westcott).

Competitions Are Not Enjoyable

Dear Editor,

With reference to Q.S. M. Hartley ("The Scout" 27th May) I agree with him almost positively, except why not have a general Navigators Badge with alternatives of Sea or Air.

Why must there be a Patrol Competition in camp? When one Patrol is likely to win, some Scouts take it badly and tempers become frayed. The Competition usually puts worry on the P.L.s and spoils their camp also. Although as a P.L. in camp on two occasions (my Patrol have won twice) I have not enjoyed it as much as being number 2 or below on other occasions. The prizes on the whole were not worth the strain I experienced.

P.L. Andrew Knipe,
1st Panteg (St. Mary's).

Lost In The Fog

Dear Editor,

I wish to draw to your attention the fact that the seriousness of Scouting is being "lost in the fog" shall we say. The Movement is being scoffed at in many ways. Radio and TV comedians think nothing of cracking a few jokes (some very hurting) about the Movement.

I think that in this way Scouts fall from serious Scouting to the "couldn't care less attitude simply because a weak up-and-coming Scout hearing numerous jokes of this kind will say "If Scouting is a thing to be laughed at it can't be up to much" and he drifts away.

This joke business applies also to other people as well as comedians (who think they're clever).

Therefore, I say, brother Scouts, let's have less jokes about Scouts and Scouting and more seriousness because although Scouting has its bright spots it is a serious Movement.

P.L. M. J. Ingham,
13th N.E. Leeds (St. James).

THE SCOUT TRAVELLER by Cecil



The Grey Six decide to found a Pack Museum, but little realized what lay ahead of them. Begin following their adventures today in this new serial....

SEARCH FOR EXHIBIT A

CHAPTER ONE

IN SEARCH OF QUARTERS

The idea really started with Ian's finding a paragraph in the local paper about the museum in their town. The Grey Six were on their way to the Den, but only five strong, for Jumbo Riggs was away on a holiday with his cousin.

"Tell us all over again," Dick, the Sixer said. "I didn't take all that lot in. What's wrong with the museum? I always thought it was okay. Bit dusty perhaps."

"They're going to do it up - civic pride - the paper says. They have invited someone down to advise. A John Broughton. He's a famous archae - archae -"

"Don't strain yourself," Dick grinned. "Archaeologist. I expect you mean. It would be jolly to meet him but I don't suppose we shall."

"We shan't," Ian hooted. "He's the most famous one in England. it said."

"Anyway, it will be rather nice to have a slap-up museum," Frank Laws put in, but he added mournfully

"only it'll be years and years before they get at it. I've noticed that in other things. They vote, and have experts down, and then years - repeat, years later, they do something about it."

"You miserable old groaner!" Dick exclaimed. Just then they reached the Den and joined all the other Wolf Cubs, and the evening's Meeting started. It was while they were all sitting about cooling off after the Jungle Dance, that his great idea suddenly hit Dick. Akela was telling them a story, but for the first time in his life, Dick lost the thread of it for his mind was whirling with a grand scheme.

"What's biting you?" Ginger Smith whispered. "Your face is as red as my aunt's muffler, and your eyes are kind of snappy."

"Hush, I'll tell you later," Dick said out of the corner of his mouth.

As they came out into the lovely spring evening, he began "Gather round, boys. Why shouldn't we have a museum of our own? A Wolf Cub Museum! Put in

it all the jolly things we are always finding."

"Whoops!" Ginger yelled. "What an idea!"

"Oh, I say," Bob exulted, "that is absolutely great. Poor old Jumbo. He won't be in at the start. He'll be absolutely fed up to have missed that."

"Put him in as exhibit A," Frank grinned wickedly. "The fattest boy in town."

At their next Meeting, the Wolf Cubs of the Grey Six asked Akela's permission and advice. "I don't see why not," he answered, smiling at their eager faces. "But there is no room at the Den for it. What were you thinking of?"

"I thought if someone would lend us a room somewhere?" Dick suggested.

"Well, that's up to you boys," Akela replied briskly. "Sounds a good scheme. Are the others joining in on it?"

"Yes, please," Dick answered enthusiastically, and Johnny Wise of the Black Six told them how his cousin had started such a wonderful museum at his Cub Den that the exhibits were finally housed in a special show case in the town museum.

by Philip Briggs

"Maybe they had a bigger Meeting Den than we have," Akela said dryly.

The search for a suitable room began at once. Dick went to the Town Library, for he knew there was a small, unused room on the ground floor.

He was bursting with eagerness, already planning in his mind how the place should look. The Tawny Six were all clever at woodwork and could make the show cases. They would all join in to help and make it first-rate.

But the librarian was not nearly as helpful. "I'm sorry, my boy, but I can't move in this matter. It's a wonderful idea - I'll give you that - but that room is already being used for unpacking and overflow generally. So sorry really, I'd help if I could."

Dick withdrew crestfallen. He met his chums later at the pictures as it was Saturday and told them the doleful news.



"How will that do, boys?"

"Same here," Ginger agreed mournfully. "I asked Auntie if we could have the garret at her house but she was quite funny about it, and said what about her apples? She keeps them up there. Seemed to think we might tread on her mouldy old apples. Shall we advertise?"

"That will cost money, and the kitty is very rocky," Bob Trent warned them. "Did you have any luck, Ian?"

"No," said that individual shortly. "I went and looked at a cellar behind the garage in the High Street and I got awfully excited 'cause the man said we could rent it for a bob a week. But when I went inside it had no light, there wasn't a window, and five rats - not that I *mind* rats were scampering around. I reckon we'll have to give the idea up."

"Not us," Frank said quickly. "Did you ever hear of the Grey Six being stumped?"

"No, we'll just have to go on looking," Dick said, sticking out his chin. Opposition always made him more determined than before. His Six called it pig-headedness.

About a week later his Second, Bob Trent, rushed up to him. "I say, I think I'm on to something. I was talking to the boy behind the counter in the Pet Shop and his uncle had the very thing in his barn and he'd ask him to let us have it."

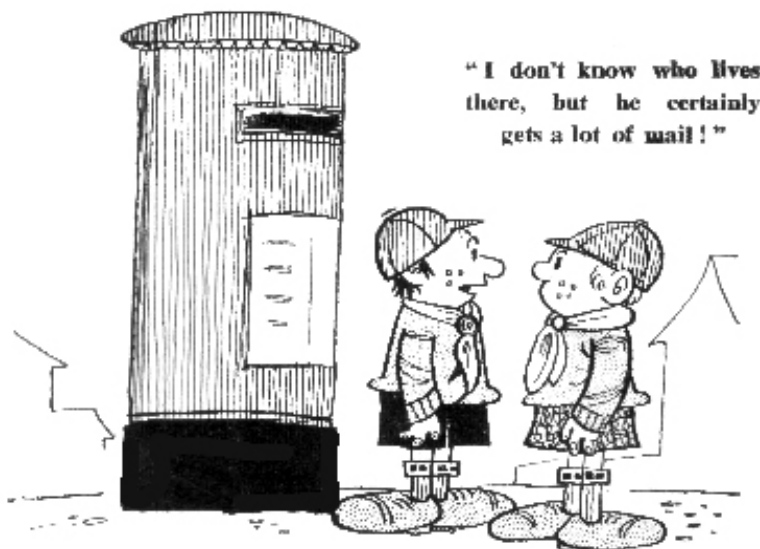
"Where does he live?" Dick asked suspiciously.

Well, that's the awkward bit. It's six miles over the moors to his uncle's farm. Do we want a museum six miles away?"

"We want some museum," Dick said firmly. "I expect his old barn will do very nicely. What's six miles anyway? We'll make a picnic of it. Let's meet tomorrow and go out there, shall we?"

It was a really heavenly day, quite warm and balmy when they set off. The larks were already tuning up like mad high up in the glittering blue.

The first buttercups were opening. The Grey Six had caught on to the picnic idea.



Dick had brought some bars of nut chocolate, Frank a dozen apples, Ian and Ginger had a bag of currant buns, while Bob weighed in with a bottle of lemonade.

Halfway to the farm, they sat down and had their picnic and Frank remarked that they ought to begin looking for exhibits for the museum, curious stones or natural history wonders. But Dick said dryly that they had nowhere to put them yet.

"Better find this farm and get a move on," he finished. The farm was a fine, prosperous-looking place, and Mr. Martin was a big, red-faced man with a booming voice, but kind twinkling eyes.

"Me nevvv said you was coming," he roared. "What you boys will think of next beats me. But eff you wants a museum, this is the place for it. This is very *old* land!"

"What d'you mean - old land?" Dick asked curiously.

"Why it's been fought over since the days of the Saxons," the man answered. "I reckon there's been people here clear back to the caveman days. Why, on Jones's farm they found a bone what a gentleman from London said was a mammoth leg bone and they took it away with them."

"That is interesting," Dick said, his eyes sparkling. "Go on, please, sir."

"Well, they tell me that ages gone the

Romans had their township near what is your market town but - they ain't never found the Roman baths that went with it."

"Perhaps there wasn't one," Ian grinned, for he always held that grown-ups overdid this washing business. "Maybe the Roman boys were thrilled there were no public baths."

But Farmer Martin shook his head wisely. "I were reading it in a book what said that they Romans *always* built baths, so *there must be some somewhere*. Now, I'll show you boys what I can let you have for yer museum."

"It's awfully nice of you, sir," Dick said as they all followed the man into a huge old barn which itself had stood there for five hundred years and was still as sound as a winter apple. The Sixer was just wondering how they were going to find enough things to fill it and make a good show as a museum, when Mr. Martin took them into a corner where he paused.

"How will that do, boys?" he asked genially. "I expect that you'll want to begin in a small way. You can't get a mammoth's leg in there, ha, ha, ha, but it will do for them stones and bits of lichen and odds and ends what I know you boys collect."

They stared in bewildered disappointment, not knowing what to say for they did not want to hurt this jolly old fellow's feelings. His suggestion was an old tea chest only two feet high and without a lid.

"You can have that and welcome, boys," he said happily.

Next Week:

FINDING IS DIFFICULT

Do you collect the Wolf Cu books?

All these are available at 1/- each plus 2d. postage

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| No. 1 The Bran Tub. | No. 8 Observer and Guide. |
| No. 2 Artist and Handicraft. | No. 9 Modelling for Cubs. |
| No. 3 Cubs beyond our Shores. | No. 10 The Cyclist Badge. |
| No. 4 First Aider Badge. | No. 11 The Way to the Stars. |
| No. 5 Collector and Signaller. | (1st Star) |
| No. 6 House Orderly and Gardener. | No. 12 The Way to the Stars. |
| No. 7 Outdoor Treasure Hunt. | (2nd Star) |
| | No. 13 Quiz on the Sportsman Badge. |

the **Rock**

Council

by MAO

MESSENGERS

I EXPECT you've heard of Mafeking? You probably think there was a battle there during the Boer War, which happened sixty years ago, so it's just another thing in a history book.

But it's very important to all Scouts.

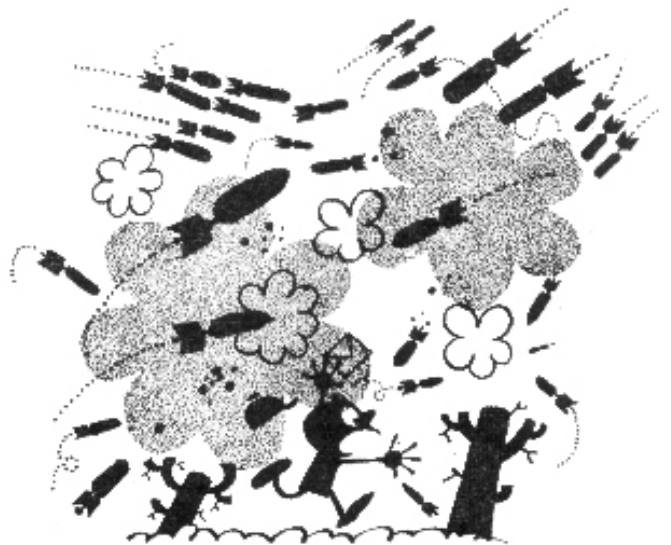
B.-P., the Founder of Scouting, was the soldier in charge of the British Troops who were cornered at Mafeking and besieged by the Boers. That means that they were surrounded by hordes of the enemy on all sides, and nobody could get in or out. It was only a tiny little town, with lots of women and children to be looked after, and only wooden houses and no proper defences. Every day the Boers shelled Mafeking - there were only funny old cannons in those days, but they could do quite a lot of damage. And every day the food got shorter and shorter, and the people got more and more tired and hungry and frightened, for they knew that help was a long way away, and if - or when - the Boers did get into the town, everybody would be taken prisoners, if they weren't killed first.

But B.-P. never seemed to be tired or frightened. He was up to all sorts of plans to encourage the people and to trick the enemy into thinking the place was much stronger than it was. There are very exciting books about it, which you should read some day.

If you had been a boy at Mafeking, you would have hated it: no fun, not enough to eat, and very strict rules.

But B.-P. called all the boys together and gave them a job to do. Everybody had to do something to help and the boys were made Messengers. Some had bicycles and most of them were given a uniform and felt that they really were soldiers, helping to fight for their country. They did their job so well, and were so brave and dependable, even when shells were exploding all round them, that B.-P. began to think a lot of his Mafeking Messenger boys.

At last Mafeking was relieved; British Troops arrived and the Boers ran away. At home, in England, people went wild with excitement and B.-P. was the hero of the day.



But he didn't forget his Mafeking Messengers, and he began to wonder how it would work if he got British boys together and gave them a uniform and a Law, and jobs to do, teaching them some of the same useful dodges which he had been teaching to his Army "Scouts", things like tracking and observation and camping. And, of course, carrying messages.

And so he tried it, and he found it did work, for that is how Scouting began. And that is why carrying messages is such an important part of your tests.


Next time you have a difficult message to remember, pretend you're a Mafeking boy, hungry and tired and with shells bursting about all over the place, but your Queen and country are very dependent on your getting it right!

Good Hunting!

MAO

Acting Headquarters Commissioner for Wolf Cubs

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

A Norwegian Patrol enjoys an outing by canoe
from their nearby camp site.

Photograph by Alan Marshall

PEN PALS

WANTED

P.L. Ray Cook 2 Beaufort Ct., Ham, Richmond, Surrey. - Guide pen-pal (15) in Gt. Britain, exc. Surrey. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps.

P.L. Grayham Tomlin (14), 15, Mead Rd., Ham, Richmond, Surrey. - Guide pen-pal in Kent or Middlesex. Hobbies: Camping, cooking, cycling.

Cub Alan Bond 12, Tempsford Ave., Boreham Wood, Herts. - Pen-pal in Australia, Canada, New Zealand.

William Hassebrock 9402 W. Pine, Brentwood, 17, Missouri, U.S.A. - Scout and Guide pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies: Stamps, Scouting.

P/2nd Roger Berwick Lune View, Whittington, via Carnforth, Lanes. - English speaking Guide pen-pal in Italy. Hobbies: Reading, walking, stamps, photography, Scouting. (Like photo).

C. Salter, B139, Parkstone Sea Training School, Poole, Dorset. - Scout pen-pal in U.S.A. (14-15). Hobbies: Modern music, cinema, stamps.

P.L. William N. Hodgkinson (14), 13, Oak Ave., Ilorwich, Nr. Bolton, Lancs. - Guide pen pal in America or Canada. (13-14). Hobbies: C.B.'s.

Scout James Reid (12), 19, Armour St., Blantyre, Lanarkshire. - Guide pen-pal (12-13) in Gt. Britain. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, sport, writing.

Scout Graham Eastlake 80 Etnam St., Leominster, Herefordshire. - Pen-pal in America or Canada. (11). Hobbies: Swimming, archaeology, Scouting.

Tony Smyth 7, Rays Road, Edmonton, N.18. - (13) Scout pen-pal (13-15) in America or Canada. Hobbies: Train spotting, stamps, football.

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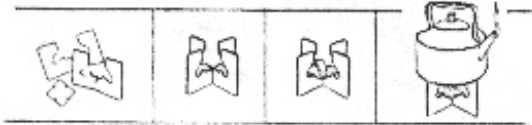


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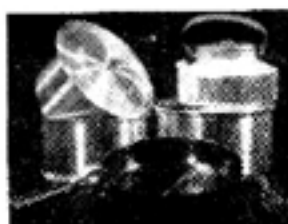
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