

The Scout



Week ending 16th September 1961 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER
TO THE EDITOR

Can't We Take a Joke?

Dear Editor,

With reference to P.L. Ingham "The Scout" 1st July, I must say that his letter astounded me. It appears, that he fails to realise that reference to Scouting on the radio and television, etc., whether serious or otherwise is free publicity, and that if he thinks some jokes are "very hurting" he must realise that they are made out of ignorance and should not be taken seriously. But most of all I think that the ability to laugh at oneself and jokes about the Movement is a virtue that every Scout should possess and which P.L. Ingham does not.

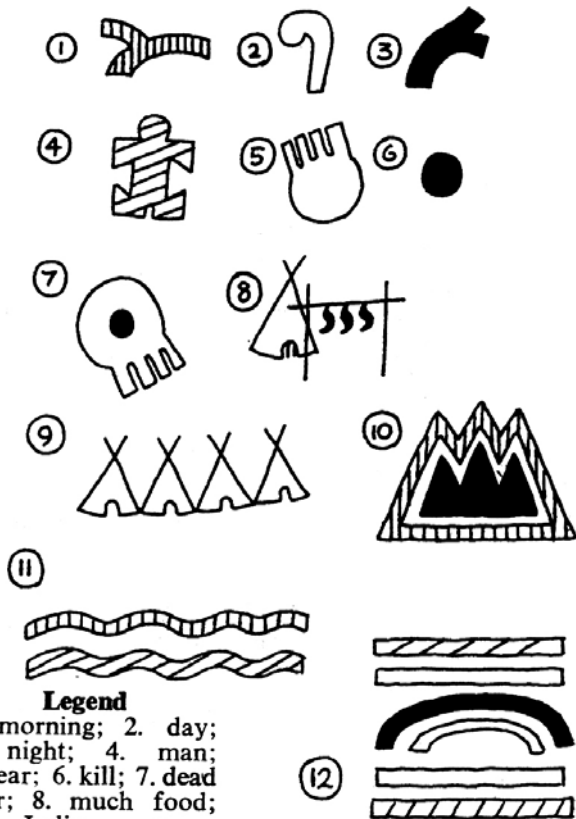
P.L. (5) P. Bucke,
40th Blackpool.

Indian Sign Language

Dear Editor,

Coming across these signs used by the Red Indians in an old notebook of mine, this question occurred to me. "How many Scouts know these signs?"

They could be used as a puzzle.



Legend

- 1. morning; 2. day;
- 3. night; 4. man;
- 5. bear; 6. kill; 7. dead bear;
- 8. much food;
- 9. Indian camp;
- 10. mountain;
- 11. water; 12. clear weather.

Rolland Munro,
42nd (Candlish) Craiglochart.

Several Matters

Dear Editor,

As a casual reader of your magazine, I was interested in the correspondence page in the 10th June number, and would like, if I may, to express my views on a few points.

I am in complete agreement with G. Turner on the subject of Proficiency Badges. As a Guide, I gained only three badges, but I was not ashamed of my "empty arms when I saw the rows of badges which others had. I had worked hard for each of those badges and I was, justly, proud of them. In both Guide and Scout POR., however, I find Proficiency Badges which are merely an agglomeration of odd parts of other badges and are valueless. However, in defence of my own association, I would bring to G. Turner's notice the enormous number of Proficiency Badges which American Scouts can gain, most of which, in comparison with our own badges (both Guide and Scout) seem to me to be worthless.

In reply to David Cook, I think that handbills advertising Bob-a-Job Week would, in theory, be a wonderful idea, but has he thought of the cost of publication? I think he has too harsh a view of "job-snatching". Is a boy who travels to another town for his weekly Troop Meeting expected to spend Bob-a-Job Week there also, so that he does not "snatch" jobs from local Scouts? Surely, this is going to make this "voluntary aid" week less voluntary and more of a bug-bear.

P.L. Geoff Rowlands has saved many Scouts a great deal of discomfort by his experiments with polythene bags. But may I point out that as a hike groundsheet a polythene bag is excellent, and it can be used for keeping food away from spare clothing inside one's haversack when one is actually on the move.

Finally, thank you. Paul Cochrane. for your hint on keeping matches dry and useable.

Thank you, too, to everyone *who* makes "The Scout" such interesting reading - there really is something for everyone including the Ranger!

Jane Paddeld.

S.R.S. San Demertrio, Chiswick,

(More letters from readers appear on page 241)

CONTENTS

Vol. LVII

No. 12

- Dear Editor
- Night under the Stars
- News
- Skipper Sympton's Diary
- The Hard Way Home
- Dave Conway
- Canoe Paddle Making
- Ahoy There!
- Mafekine
- Badgers Corner
- Heroes All
- Holiday by Accident
- Swops
- Bran Tub

NIGHT UNDER THE STARS

Nights under the stars effect different people in different ways. Usually the preserve of dramatists and poets, the romantic depths of the countryside when the moon is high and the trees silhouette on a deep blanket of blue, may be viewed by an average provincial boy scout in an entirely different light.

Before the beauty of the night can be fully enjoyed there are certain practical considerations to be taken into account...



But these are quickly settled and soon, from a comfortable sleeping bag you can listen to the sounds of the night: provided you are in bed before lights-out.



Peace at last, this is really it. How did Shakespeare put it--? I don't remember, but it fitted this mood perfectly...



You are not alone for the night breathes, it is mysterious and throbbing with life.



Back to earth again; another practical consideration.



So the darkness passes and you greet the day refreshed, knowing that you had not been alone.

ANTHONY BIRCH



... from here and there

"JOHN of the Youth Club. set up a new record in an initiative test lass week by hitchhiking a distance of 800 miles in two days."

I read this in my local newspaper recently and muttered So what I" Any lazy clot can thumb his way twice that distance with little or no trouble except for perhaps having to wait a while until some kind, but misguided, motorist stops to pick him up.

There's far more initiative demanded by walking only a tenth of the distance with full pack, even if it takes four times as long. Hitch-hiking should be regarded for what it is

just downright scrounging, which at one *time* was practised only by tramps and layabouts. Scouts should never hitch-hike. In fact, we have a rule against it . . . except in cases of emergency. Show your initiative by being independent!

ROYAL LOAN

During her tour of India, The Queen received from the Scouts and Guides of Delhi a beautifully carved model bridge in ivory, a gift for Prince Charles. Her Majesty has graciously loaned it to us for exhibition at Baden-Powell House so that all of you may see it when you visit the hostel.

TEACHING DAD

Scouts of Lowestoft District recently held a camp for fathers. Twenty-four Dads stuck their necks out for the experiment and worked like tenderfoot beavers learning to do all the usual camp chores. But they must have enjoyed it. They've asked for another camp before the season is over.

A SCOUT AT HEART

Twelve-year-old Stuart Earl of Lewisham was reported to the police as missing a few weeks ago and a search was started. Later he turned up quite unconcerned and explained that he saw an old man struggling with a heavy suitcase so he undertook to carry the burden to Lee Green for him.

No. Stuart wasn't a Scout, but he had the right idea. By the way, have you done YOUR good turn today? If not, go and look for one NOW! Remember your Promise!

SURPRISE FOR TEDS.

A gang of Teddy Boys thought they were on an easy thing when they decided to raid the Burnley Scouts' Centenary Camp in the middle of the night. But they didn't reckon to be confronted by hefty Senior Scouts, and after a few words of advice from a Scouter they hitched their drain-pipes and melted quietly away.

ANCIENT FIND

Two o years ago, Wolf Cub Alan Carlick of Chepstow picked up a pebble on his way to a Pack Meeting. It's as well he kept it for it has now been discovered as a small flint implement of the Lower Palaeolithic period, well over 1000,000 years B.C., and the oldest man-made object ever found in Monmouthshire.

The flint is now on permanent exhibition at the Welsh National Museum in Cardiff.

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR FORCE

Scouts and Guides from many British and foreign Universities held a camp at Gilwell last month. Their programme included sightseeing, theatre visits, hikes, dances, discussions . . . and WORK.



Three days were devoted to the voluntary task of clearing five of London's slummy bomb-sites, getting rid of rubble and junk, levelling the ground and making the places fit and safe for children to play in.

Seeing the Scout and Guide students hard at work on one of the - sites in Camberwell, a crowd of local kids called out "Hey, you're mucking up our cowboy and Indian camp!"

NEWS FROM GHANA

The American landing ship dock "H.M.S. Hennitage" paid a visit last month to Ghana whilst on an amity (friendship) cruise. There to greet the ship were Chanian Scouts, two of whom

are here seen making friends with Corporal McLendon, a coloured member of the crew, after viewing the ship's 'copter.

Take notice of how smartly the lads are turned out - a credit to their uniform, don't you think?



KANGAROO HELPER!

A novel way of raising funds to help to send Rovers to the World Rover Moot in Australia has been devised by an Enfield Crew. They have made a 2ft. 6in. model of a Kangaroo with a collecting pouch. The Kangaroo is taken to Rover gatherings and dances; to date nearly £50 has been collected in the Kangaroos pouch. The three Rovers, who have yet to be chosen to represent Enfield in Australia. will be taking the Kangaroo with them to show to the Aussies.

BROAD-ARROW SCOUTS

Scouting goes on ' many strange places, as you will learn from this feature from time to time. And how's this for a start!

There has now been a flourishing Rover Crew in Welikade Prison, Ceylon, for close on 40 years. All long-termers, these Rovers must have played the game according to the rules for this novel experiment has now spread to four other jails in the beautiful country and it may soon be tried out in Pakistan. Many chances are open for the Welikade Rover prisoners to escape but so far no attempt to do so has been reported. It's quite clear they know the meaning of the first Scout Law.

PAPER CLOTHES

This is the latest idea to come from U.S.A. A firm has introduced paper underwear for American Scouts to wear in camp, and samples have arrived in this country. Could this lead to paper uniforms for British Scouts? All you'll need to repair torn shorts in future may be a paper patch and a pot of paste. What do you know!

'Bye now.

TED WOOD

BIG MOUTH

Friday Evening:

Tonight was our first meeting since Summer Camp, and we had a new recruit, a boy transferred from a Troop in another town. His old Scoutmaster had written a letter, which the newcomer handed to me. "I enclose a transfer form," he said, "and I wish you luck."

Odd sort of message, I thought, but by the end of the evening I began to get an idea what he meant. Roderick was a stoutish pasty-faced fellow of fourteen, with a supercilious expression. He had his Second Class Badge, but had made no progress towards First Class, and when I said I hoped he would make an effort in that direction he yawned.

"I don't suppose I'll have much difficulty in getting it pretty soon," he said, "if you're really keen on that sort of old-fashioned stuff, but in my old Troop we went in more for real Scouting. Get the 'out' in Scouting was my old Skipper's motto"

I put him temporarily in Mike the Menace's Patrol, and during Patrol period I could hear that Roderick was doing most of the talking. When Mike came into my Den to hand over the subs. I asked him how the new boy was getting on.

Mike grinned ruefully.

"He's enjoying himself fine," he said. "Telling my chaps what a wonderful P.L. he had in his old Troop. He just sort of scoffs and sneers at the way we do things, and he's such a convincing talker that I'm almost convinced myself, and I'm sure the others are. Perhaps I'd better let him take over as P.L.?"

It's a bit early for that, yet," I said.

After Patrol period we played handball, but Roderick told us we played it all wrong, and suggested a new set of rules. I did not think it right to have a new recruit chucking his weight about so soon, so I refused, but I could see that the Troop thought I was a bit of a stick-in-the-mud.

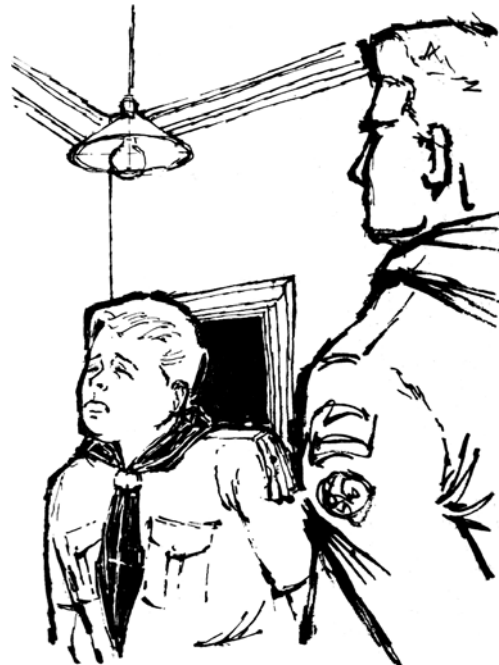
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Saturday Morning:

Physical violence in any form is something I detest, but I still marvel that I managed to get through the last couple of hours without falling upon Roderick and slaying him. Mike had brought his Patrol along to our H Q to help me check through all the Troop Summer

Camp gear. The Patrols look after their own stuff, of course, but things like latrine screens, hospital tents, etc., are apt to get neglected, so this year I wanted to make sure they were put away in good condition.

Roderick's remarks about our gear and about our way of conducting a Summer Camp were almost unbearable, and yet there was nothing I could actually tick him off for. "Do you mean that you really have a static camp for the whole ten days, in the old 1908 style, instead of moving on from place to place?"



"If you are really keen on that sort of old fashioned stuff."

he asked. And "these old-fashioned tents would fetch a good price as antiques, I should think."

I moved as far away from him as I could, but I still heard snatches of his conversation as he told the other Scouts about the wonderful Summer Camp he had enjoyed with his old Troop. A lot of what he said sounded like utter rubbish, but he obviously made a great impression on all his listeners except Mike.

"He'd make a fortune on Commercial TV," Mike said to me as we parted. "He could sell iced lollies to Abominable Snowmen."

* * * *

Sunday Morning:

We had our monthly Church Parade this morning, and there was quite a good turn-out, but Roderick was not there. I felt that this was lucky for the vicar, as no doubt Roderick would have gone round to the vestry afterwards and told him what had been wrong with his sermon, and given the organist a few hints on how the hymns ought to be played.

Mike walked home with me.

"Where was Roderick?" I asked.

"He's still in bed," said Mike sadly. "And he's talking of leaving the Troop."

"I'm sorry we don't come up to the standard he is used to," I said, "but if he leaves us we shall just have to try and struggle on without him."

"It's not our standard that worries him," said Mike. "It's his feet. Silvester and I took him for an outing yesterday afternoon, just to see what he was really made of. After we had done twelve miles at just over four miles an hour he showed distinct signs of sagging, and asked how much further we meant to go. 'We never do more than thirty or thirty-five miles when we don't start till after dinner,' I told him, 'which will seem a short stroll to you after what you're used to in your old Troop, but next Saturday we'll be starting after breakfast . . .' The poor goop just sat down by the side of the road and started blubbing, and in the end I gave him a pic-a-back to the next bus stop. I'll try to persuade him to stay in the Troop, but I think he'll be a bit quieter in future."



THE HARD WAY HOME

by K.&M. Peyton

***THE STORY SO FAR:** Nick and Rob, two Queens Scouts from a London Sea Scout Troop, having flown to Canada to join an International Scout Jamboree in the backwoods of Northern Ontario, are caught up in the kidnapping of Colly Highball, a famous American pop-singer whom they met on the plane. With Colly they are flown North to Porcupine, a remote hideout in the bush, home of Jock, a trapper, Although aware of the enormous difficulties of reacting civilisation, they escape with Colly in Jock's canoe, with the bare minimum of kit. After the first day's paddling, they come in the evening to a portage, where they will have to carry the canoe through the forest to the next lake.*

CHAPTER EIGHT

PORTAGE UNDER FIRE

"WE'LL HAVE A LOOK at it in the morning" Nick said, between mouthfuls of pemmican can. "I don't fancy bashing around in the forest just at the moment."

"I'll say I" breathed Colly. "I don't feel like doing anything but sleep for ten years. Just pass me another hunk of meat, mac."

Nick looked doubtfully at the shrinking block of pemmican.

"I'd feel happier eating this stuff if I knew we had something else in reserve," he said. "If we get some fish in the morning, that'll keep us going. Can't you make do on that hunk you've got?"

Colly gave him a sour look and shook his head in resignation. "This is sure some lousy old trip," he muttered. "What did you think it was going to be, a Cook's tour?" Rob retorted acidly.

"Pity we can't eat these darned mosquitoes, instead of the other way round," Nick said, vainly rubbing at a cloud on the back of his neck and huddling closer to the smoke from the fire. Their clothes, still slightly damp, sent up clammy veils of steam to mingle with the smoke. The blankets, rigged up on stakes to dry, gave off a musty odour of damp age and general depression and Nick and Rob, in spite of the new hope offered by the sign of the lopped spruce, were hard put to it to feel particularly optimistic.

"I vote we get in a stack of firewood and get under the netting," Nick suggested.

Relief from the mosquitoes was a big improvement. They put the firewood and the rifle handy, killed all the insects inside the framework and lay looking at the brightness of the fire through the vibrating netting.

Flying sparks were a menace but there wasn't much they could do about them.

Colly said reflectively, "I wonder what they're doing back home? Do you reckon they'll be searching up in this direction?"

"Yes, I imagine they'll have planes out searching all over the place," Nick said.

"If we hear a plane well have to light a fire to attract attention. I believe you can see a plume of smoke for miles from the air in this sort of country," Rob said.

"Gee, what a fix! "Colly mused. "I wonder what old Ab is doing now? If I get out okay the whole stunt'll be worth a million in publicity - I'll bet he's got it all weighed up."

"Yes, and if you don't get out it'll be worth a couple of million," Rob said drily. "You'll go into the archives with old Caruso."

"Funny guy!"

They were in a better humour now that they had eaten, but were too tired to talk for long. Nick, in spite of aching muscles and the burning irritation of countless insect bites, felt his anxieties dissolving as blessed semi-consciousness took over. He was aware of the high-pitched whine of the bug-horde, the sweet, cracking scent of the burning resin and the comfort of the fire's glow. By the first pale stars he was reassured that their portage if so it proved to be - was heading south . . . in all the situation could have been a lot worse. Golly was already asleep, his black hair tumbled over his swollen forehead. His peculiarly expensive talent seemed an incongruous thing to have landed him in this vast, uncongenial solitude; Nick could not help smiling at the contrast. Then he was asleep himself and dreaming that he was paddling along with Colly's manager smoking a cigar amidships and saying, 'Keep on going. It's good for publicity.' He slept fitfully, getting up once or twice to build up the fire and to get the blankets when they had dried out. Their clammy warmth was comforting and he slept soundly then until suddenly, at dawn, he awoke with all his nerves tingling. He knew instantly that it was a sound that had disturbed him but what it was he had no idea. He lay motionless, peering out through the netting. It was light and clear, the sky pink-fingered, flushed with sunrise. Everything was beaded with damp, sparkling and trembling and flickering with the first breath of sunlight. Nick lifted his head slowly, moved by the fresh-washed beauty and stillness. The smell in his nostrils, of earthy damp and wet bark and the lingering fragrance of smoke and white disintegrated ash, was in that brief moment the distillation of forest and lake and

camp-fire as fine as the most expensive perfume in the world. He lay there on his elbows, still and appreciative, until he heard the sound again.

There was a deer on the beach on the far side of the timber fall, drinking from the small stream.
Colly!

Nick shook the sleeping shoulder and hissed in his ear. Golly groaned.

Keep quiet. for Petes sake! There's a deer on the beach!"
Golly groped sleepily for the rifle. Nick gave him a few minutes to come to properly, then pulled aside the netting and whispered. If we can act across to the fallen trees. you should be able to get it from there."

Colly nodded. There were three deer there now. apparently quite unperturbed. Together Nick and Golly crept across the sand to the timber, keeping their heads well down. Nick's eyes were gleaming with excitement. Their lack of food was the one big worry if Golly could get a deer he knew their morale would soar.

They gained the timber and the deer were still drinking. They were about thirty yards away and still Unalarmed. Golly rested the rifle on top of one of the trunks and gingerly raised his head.

At that moment a fresh sound came to their ears. There was no mistaking it either it was an aeroplane engine.

Nick looked up. nonplussed. But before he could say anything, Golly turned round with a whoop and yelled, Listen to that! It'll be a search plane! Lets get that old fire stoked up!"

The three deer, with three simultaneous bounds, were away and into the forest before the words had left Colly's lips. Nick felt a stab of acute disappointment, almost as if someone had hit him across the face.

What the aeroplane engine signified, he did not yet know, but

he knew that the deer - or one of them - had been as good as dead before Golly let out his ill-timed whoop. He stared angrily after Colly's excited figure, then shrugged in resignation.

Let's hope it is a search party then," he thought. "If all goes well we won't need the deer anyway."

Rob was already blowing up the fire and piling fresh logs on. Nick did not hurry back up the beach. Somehow he did not feel as exultant as Golly about the approaching drone and when he analysed his doubts, he realised it was because it seemed to him too early in the day for it to be a search-plane. Or was it? It had probably been light a couple of hours. He could not shake off his disappointment about the deer. Rob looked up at him excitedly.

"What do you think?" he said.

"I wish we'd got the deer first," he said.

Gee, what does it matter now?' Golly asked in genuine surprise. Are you sore?"

"No, but I wish you'd got your shot in."

"You're screwy." Colly said. "Look at that smoke, eh! That should fetch 'em. D'you reckon they'll see that?"

They should do.

Unless it's Rob hesitated.

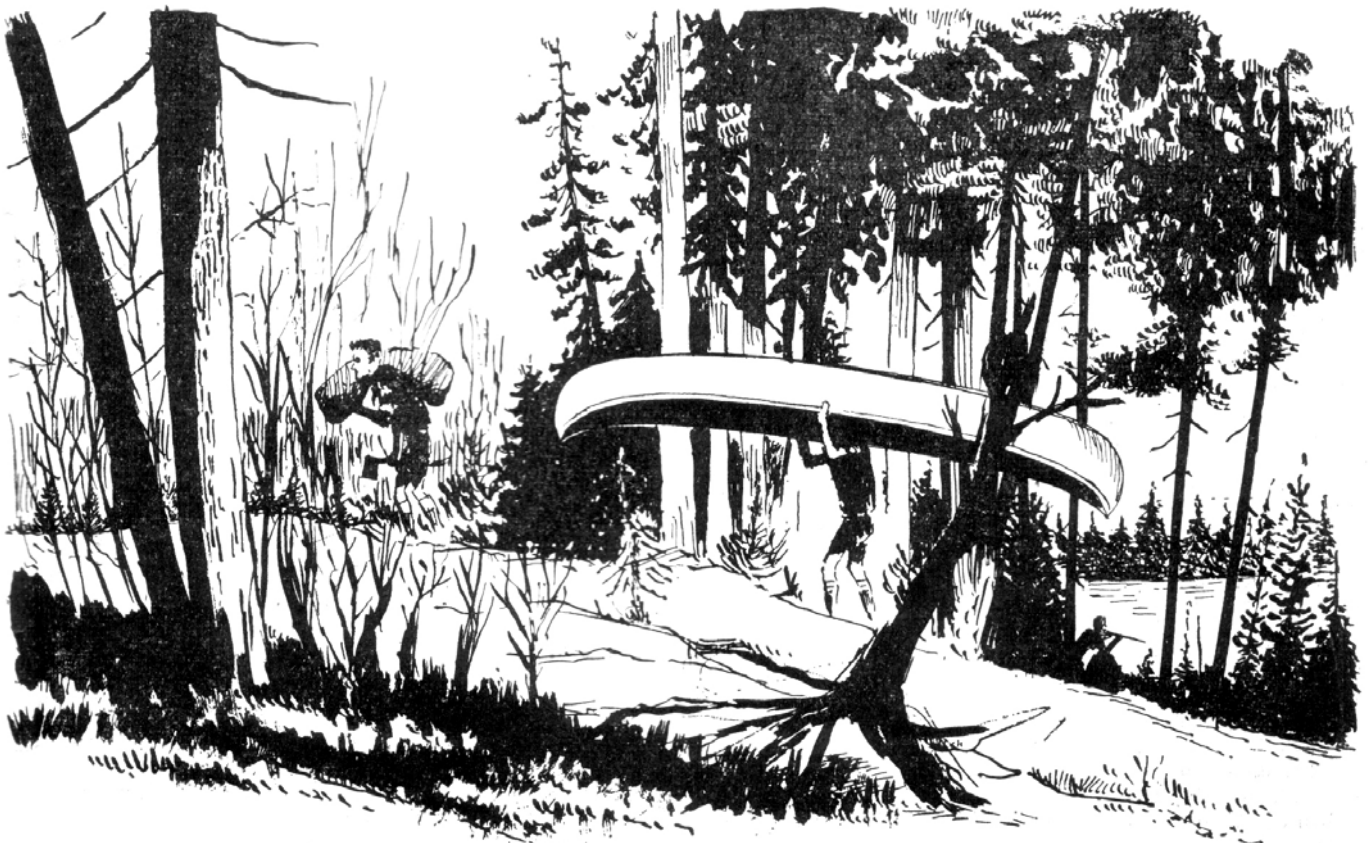
Nick was staring back down the lake. The fire was smouldering heavily now. and he could see the distant speck of the plane. It was crossing the lake, almost travelling away from them, but presently it turned and came on at right-angles to its original course.

That's a search-plane all right," Golly said. "I reckon they've seen our fire

Yes. it's searching all right," Nick said.

But he was not comforted by the fact that the plane was a red Beaver. Rob looked at him sideways, doubtfully.

"It looks like Wally's plane," he said.



Nick followed in Rob's footsteps

“Half of ‘em are painted red up here,” Golly said. “Doesn’t mean to say it’s Wally. You sunk that crate, didn’t you?”

Nick felt a cold lump of doubt settle heavily in his empty stomach. That plane might have drifted on to an island last night, before it sunk, and bush-pilots were notoriously clever at repairs. What if it was Wally? His eyes flickered round the dishevelled camp, the canoe lying on the sand, the axe and billy beside the fire. Whoever it was, the deer didn’t matter now, for the plane had obviously spotted the smoke. It came roaring low over the small beach, just clear of the trees.

Even as it approached, Rob’s sharp eyes spotted the repair patches along the underside of both floats.

“It is Wally!” he shouted above the racket of the engine.

Nick, once his doubts were confirmed, did not lose any time. As Golly stood staring at the plane with a look of utter incomprehension on his face, Nick grasped him by the arm tersely and said, “What do you want to do? Get picked up or try pushing on? You’re the one to decide.”

“I - oh, gee, give me a chance,” Golly mumbled.

The plane roared up over the forest and started a tight banking turn.

“You haven’t long - your mind will be made up for you in a minute,” Nick said. “He’s going to land. If you’re for it we can grab everything and bash into that portage. If not we can sit here and wait.”

“For that great slob? Oh, let’s give him a run for his money,” Golly muttered. “If he ever gets his half million, I’d sure like him to suffer for it.”

Nick’s eyes gleamed. “Fine! We might give them the slip yet”

Already he was gathering up the mosquito netting and bundling their gear into one of the blankets.

“Look, Rob,” he said briskly. “Go and pick up that fishing-net. We’ve time, and it might have something in it. Golly, you take the rifle. Get some cartridges in your pockets. Rob and I’ll pack the gear and the canoe into the forest and you can be rearguard. A shot or two will discourage them nicely. I don’t think they’ll risk potting at you.”

As Rob sprinted off Nick started lashing two of the paddles to the thwarts of the canoe, so that they lay lengthways down the canoe, about eighteen inches apart. He knew the theory of portaging well enough: the canoe was carried upside down, the lashed paddles resting on the shoulders so that they formed a sort of yoke. If it was properly balanced, the man underneath was supposed to be able to walk along with his hands in his pockets - but Nick had no illusions on this score. He knew the canoe weighed sixty pounds, and he was about to learn portaging the hard way.

“They’re landing now. They’ve got the other canoe strapped to one of the floats,” Golly said anxiously.

“Well, they can’t get very close with the Beaver because of all that rotten timber. Here hold this canoe up while I get underneath it. Rob will carry the gear.”

Rob was sprinting back up the beach with a comic expression on his face. Clutched to his chest he had about half-a-dozen live fish still caught up in the netting, struggling and floundering energetically. Nick’s face lit up.

“That’s terrific!”

“What the blazes shall I do with them?” Rob ducked as a tail lashed him coldly across the chin. “Here, chuck me a stone or something. We can’t take them live.”

Nick had got a stick and they quickly stunned the most lively of the catch. Then with the crescendo of the taxiing float-plane urging them on, they flung the fish into the bundle of gear.

Colly and Rob lifted the canoe up and Nick got underneath it and they held it while he found the centre of balance.

“That’s it. I’ve got it.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

Rob led the way, wading through the shallow pool and up the rocky bank on the far side where the lopped spruce held out its single ray of hope. Nick followed gingerly with his unfamiliar load, feeling cut off from the others with his limited vision, and lumbbersome as an overburdened donkey. As he put his foot on the steep bank a shot rang out. There was a dull thud somewhere just ahead, but almost at once he heard Colly’s rifle answer from somewhere behind him.

“Ha, that shook them!” Golly shouted out. “Keep your nut down,” Rob shouted at him. “And don’t waste shots.”

“What does it look like ahead?” Nick asked sweating up the bank. “Any good?”

“There’s a bit of a trail,” Rob said dubiously.

Nick followed in Rob’s footsteps, not thinking about anything but keeping his balance over the rocky, log - encumbered track. It was uphill, and the surface **was** as rotten as it could be. He thought perhaps Wally and Go. wouldn’t follow them away from the water but it wasn’t long before another rifle shot rang out and a bullet buried itself in a tree behind them with a dull thud. Colly’s rifle answered it and Nick heard a distant shout of what he hoped was rage and pain.

Rob turned round with a faint smile. “Sounds like Custer’s last stand,” he murmured. “You okay?”

“I wonder - how long this portage is?” Nick muttered.

“It’s levelled off - that’s hopeful,” Rob said “For Pete’s sake don’t - let Colly get left behind,” Nick panted. “They might cut him off

“It’s all right. He’s coming.”

At every stride Nick felt as if the paddles were sawing two grooves deep into his shoulders, and he swore he could feel his clavicles bending like willow-sticks. Portaging alone was bad enough, but to have ones first taste of it under fire as well was no joke Colly caught them up. His general expression was one of anxiety, but there was a light of excitement his eyes that was not lost on Rob.

“They’re hopping mad,” he said coolly. - “Wally’s doing most of the work. That trapper isn’t with them. I reckon he’d be a better shot than old Wally is.”

“Well, that’s something to be thankful for. Are they still coming?”

“Yeah.”

To prove Colly right, another rifle shot cracked out, its echo reeling away through the forest. Nick grimaced to himself under the canoe, wondering now as the blood pounded in his ears and the trees crowded inhospitably across the petering track, whether this was, both liberally and metaphorically, the end of the trail. Rob hesitated ahead of him.

“If this is a portage,” he said Dubiously, “I reckon it’s got lost.”

Next Week: CAT AND MOUSE

THIS WEEK’S COVER

Two Birmingham Senior Scouts on a permanent bridge built as part of a Senior training programme during the 14th Annual Camp of the Birmingham Catholic Scout Guild held at Heythorp, Oxfordshire.

Photo by Robert Barrow

DAVE CONWAY



AIR SCOUT

WHEN THE AIR RALLY, TO BE HELD AT PENFOLD BY THE LOCAL FLYING CLUB, WAS ANNOUNCED, 'SKIP' WALKER WAS ATTRACTED BY ONE OF THE EVENTS.



THIS CROSS COUNTRY RACE FOR PILOTS AND NAVIGATORS LOOKS INTERESTING! WONDER IF WE CAN GET THE USE OF A CLUB AIRCRAFT AND ENTER?

THE DAY OF THE RALLY ARRIVED.

THE SMOKE CANISTER IS FIXED, AND THE COMMITTEE AGREE YOU CAN USE THE PLANE FOR THE CROSS COUNTRY IF YOU GET HER RE-FUELED IN TIME AFTER YOUR AEROBATICS.



AIRCRAFT ARRIVED FROM ALL PARTS OF BRITAIN BRINGING COMPETITORS AND SPECTATORS.



A SLEEK TWIN ENGINED MONOPLANE SWEEP IN TO A PERFECT LANDING...



AND PARKED ON THE TARMAC NEXT TO THE AIR SCOUTS' TIGER MOTH.

I'M JIM BRETTNER. TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE BRETTNER SPORTS LADS, AND SAY TO ANY HOPES HAVE FOR THE COUNTRY!

SPECIAL GOODBYE YOU MAY CROSS



A NEAT JOB - BUT WE'LL KEEP OUR HOPES IF YOU DON'T MIND.

WHAT! IN THAT OLD CRATE?



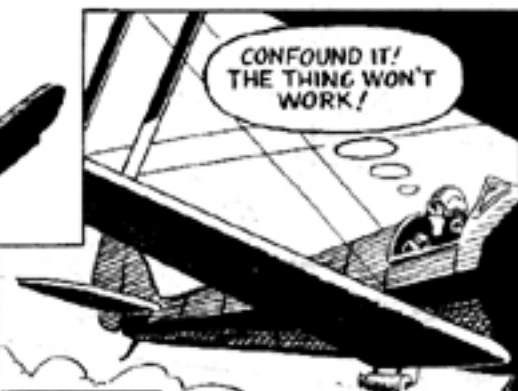
IT'S A HANDICAP EVENT. WE MAY PULL IT OFF YET!

LATER, 'SKIP' WALKER TOOK OFF FOR HIS AEROBATIC DISPLAY.

AFTER SOME BRILLIANT FLYING HE PULLED THE SMOKE CANISTER TOGGLE...



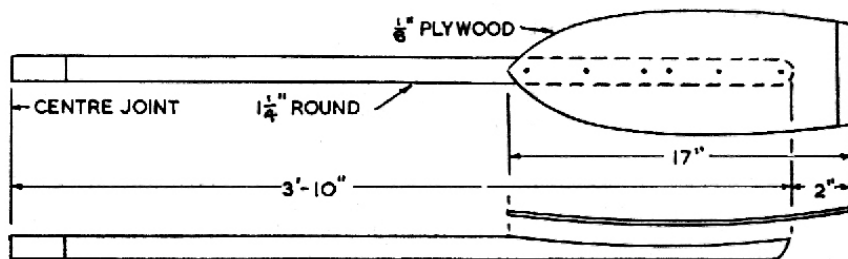
CONFOUND IT! THE THING WON'T WORK!



TO HIS SURPRISE AND ANNOYANCE IT FAILED TO OPERATE...

Summerfield

CANOE PADDLE MAKING



by **Percy W. Blandford**

A **GOOD PADDLE** makes quite a difference to the ease and speed of paddling your canoe. A good professionally-made paddle is rather costly, and many chaps have to make their own. Making a traditional type of paddle calls for more skill than building a canoe, so most of us have to be satisfied with something simpler. Quite good straight-bladed paddles can be made, but a spoon blade is attractive. Shaping the spoon in solid wood needs special planes, but quite a good spoon blade may be made from plywood. This must be a marine grade plywood, either 1/8 in. or 3 mm thick. In Britain the correct grade is marked 'BSS 1088'. Elsewhere, make sure that the plywood is bonded with a synthetic resin glue.

The shaft is best made of sitka spruce, which is the lightest wood with adequate strength, but any light straight-grained softwood will do. It may be possible to buy round rods of the correct size, otherwise square wood will have to be bought. The finished diameter should be 1 1/4 in. or a little over. Anything less will not stand up to the stresses of paddling for long. The shaft may be in one length, or there can be a joint at the middle. Besides making the paddle more compact for storage, the joint allows the blades to either be in line or feathered at right-angles.

If a square piece of wood has to be rounded, tackle the job systematically. Draw diagonals on the end. Measure the distance from the centre to the corner. Gauge this along each side from each edge (A). If the corners are planed off to these lines the result will be a regular octagon. Plane off these corners to give sixteen sides. From this point, sit astride the wood on a trestle or bench and use glasspaper across the grain to round the wood (B).

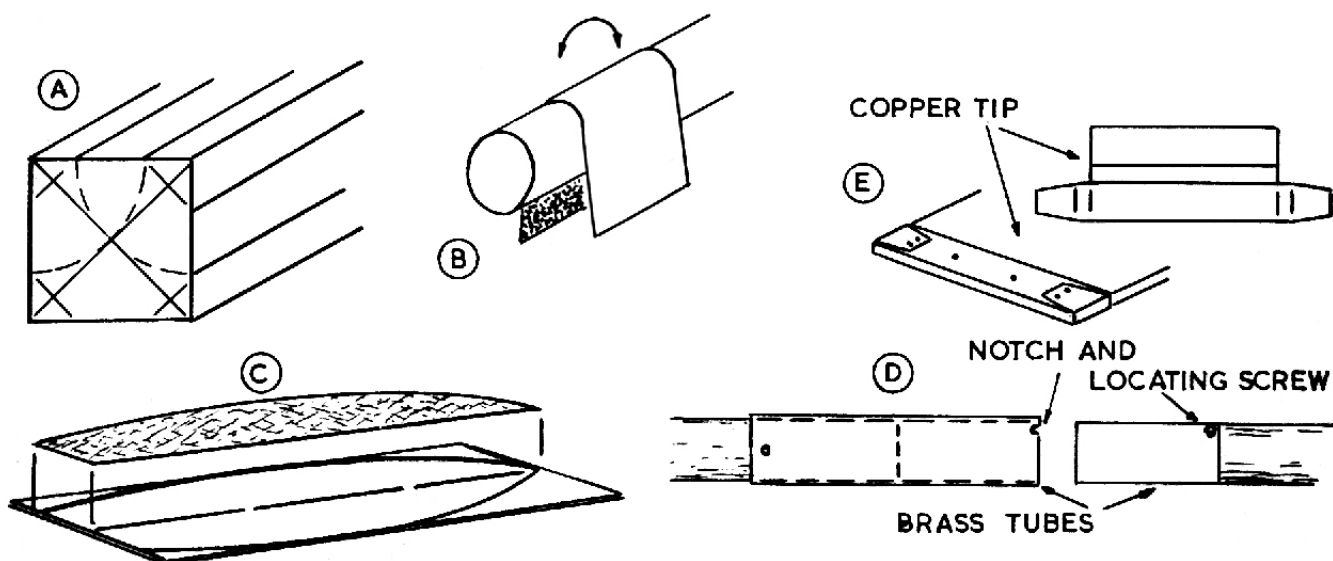
Use the coarser S2 grade first and finish with F2, finally rubbing along the grain.

The blade is shown full-size on a drawing available from the Editor. If you draw your own, make a template of half of it and turn it over on the wood so as to get the sides symmetrical (C). Cut it out with a coping saw. Round the edges with glasspaper. Make a hollow about 15 in. long and 1/2 in. deep in the end of the shaft. This can be done by careful use of a chisel, with a spokeshave, or with a curved Surform tool. Make sure both ends match. Try springing the blade into its hollow. If it is satisfactory, fix it with Aerolite or Cascamite synthetic resin glue and 1/2 in. brass screws at about 4 in. intervals.

If you make the paddle in two halves, you need a pair of brass tubes or the joint. Several of the canoe firms sell these ready cut. Reduce the end of one shaft to fit the small tube and fix this with one. Fix the long tube half over the other piece. It is a help if you put a partly-driven screw in the short tube and file notches in the long tube to locate it with the blades in line and at right-angles both ways (D).

You cannot avoid having to use the end of the paddle to punt off the bottom sometimes. To prevent wear and breakage the plywood should be protected by a copper tip. This can be quite thin metal (say gage), folded over the end and held by copper tacks driven through and riveted (E). Give all the woodwork three coats of varnish.

If you would like a drawing showing the blade other parts full-size with other information on paddle making, write to the Editor, "The Scout", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1



Ahoy There! - - - by 'Bosun'

TIDES and CURRENTS

THIS is a subject that is often rather confusing to many Scouts when they first embark upon the water - indeed, I have often heard young Sea Scouts; when visiting certain inland waters after being used to coastal waters, say "why does this tide flow in the same direction all the time?" In actual fact, of course, it is not a "tide" at all - this is a "current".

Tide is distinct from current. Take a river current for instance. This is caused by gravities, the upper portions of rivers being higher above the sea level than at their mouths or "lower reaches". The rapidity of the river current depends on its fall of level and the volume of water fed into it from its source downward by rain and springs flowing by tributary streams and water courses into the main stream, and therefore a river is constantly varying in the speed of its current and the depth of its channels.

Current at sea is simply a mass of water moving in a particular direction from different causes, usually continuously in one direction and with no alternating difference in depth of water. These are merely large- areas of surface water set into motion by the friction of the wind. Sometimes referred to as "drift-streams" set up by continuous wind force such as is found in the line of the Trade Winds of the Northern and Southern Oceans.

Lakes and some inland seas have no tides, the only rise or fall of water, noticeable perhaps on smaller lakes, being caused by rain or melted snow coming down from surrounding hills.

The only currents are those near where a river may flow into, the lake, or again, on the larger lakes, where a constant wind will set up a drift.

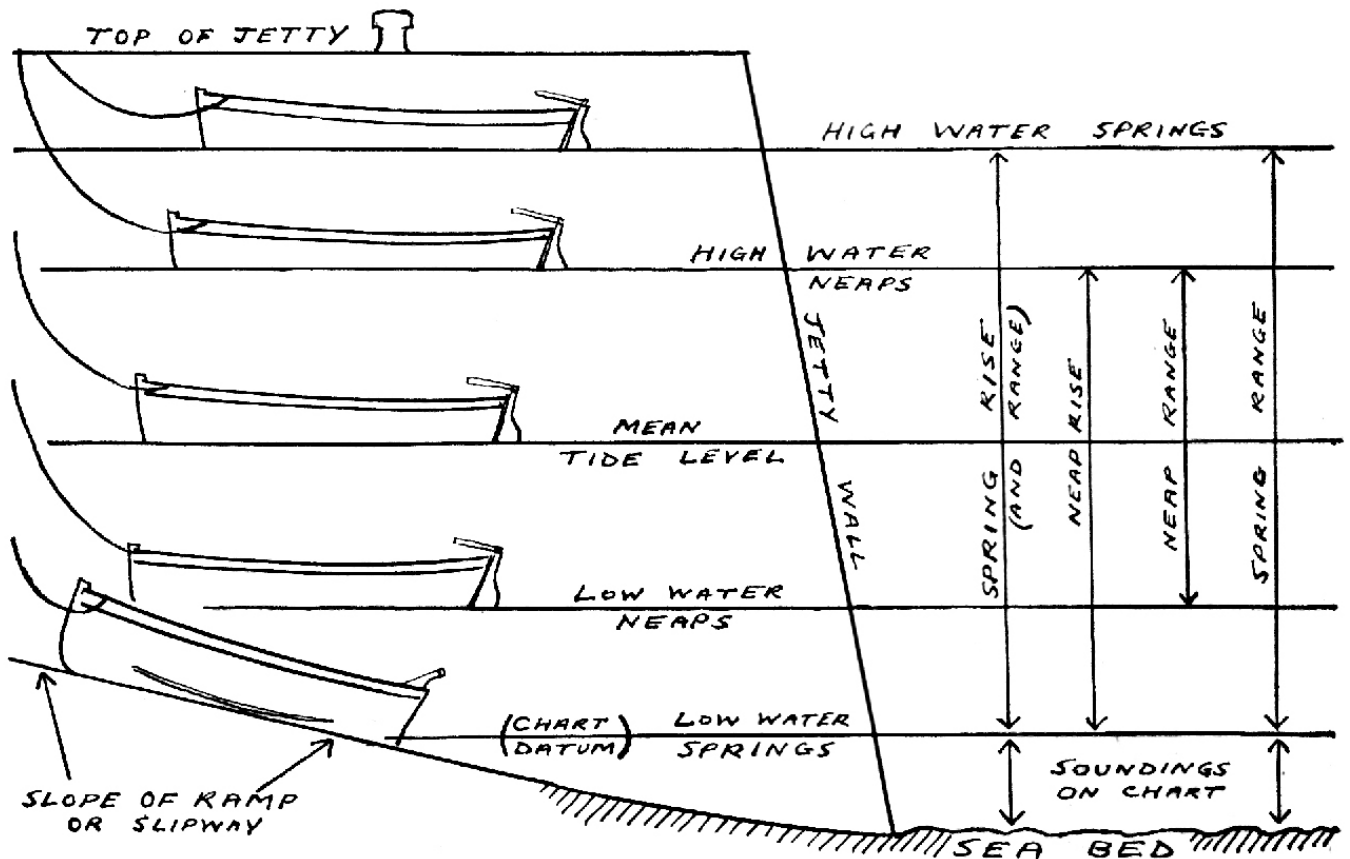
Tide, with its rise and fall, and direction, force **and** duration of flow in various directions, is a complex subject, which to explain in any complete detail would fill a book in itself. In fact there is still very little known about the vagaries of tides in some parts of the world.

The Sea Scout must therefore, be satisfied with the general principles of the tide's ways, but he can and should, make himself familiar with the peculiarities of the tides in his "home waters", Tide is the rise and fall of the sea caused by the sun's and moon's attractions.

When they attract, or "pull" together the rise and fall is greatest and these extreme tides, known as "Spring tides are at their very highest or very lowest at about the equinoxes - i.e. 20th March, and 22nd or 23rd September, that is; when day and night are of equal duration.

The "spring tides" occur at new and full moon, that is twice a month, and the middle date of the interval is what is called the "neap" tides, when they have the least rise and fall. Actually the very highest water is at the tides, varying, with place, one to two days AFTER full or new moon.

This is when you prepare vessels for laying-up or refitting - they can be put into winter berths just at this time, whereas at normal times there would be insufficient depth of water. The same applies of course when it comes to refloating.



Because the peculiarities of tides are so different according to locality, and indeed, so uncertain, it is far better for a Sea Scout to learn his own harbour and approaches, river and estuary etc., thoroughly.

"Tidal range" is the height that high water reaches above low water. Again this varies immensely from place to place. As an example, at some places on the south Coast the spring range may be as little as 5 or 6 feet, whereas at one point in the Bristol Channel there is an extreme range of over 40 feet. It is useful to know range of neaps" - and most tide tables show this - when working a boat into a harbour or small estuary. The chart gives the depth of water in figures for *low water springs* (in fathoms, or in feet if below one fathom of six feet). Therefore, if we suppose the channel you have to bring your boat through has places marked only "01" (one ft.) and your boat "draws" 3 feet - and you know according to the date that it is neap tide, which by the way is first or last quarter moon. It is low water as you approach.

The chart says "spring rise 15 feet, neap rise 10 ft." Providing you know the neap range is, say 7ft., and you already know the 10ft., rise is above low water spring - then the *neap* low water should be 3 feet *above* the spring low water sounding. This gives you 4ft. of water and you can proceed at once.

Nevertheless, this is always approximate because of weather conditions and the possibility of shifting mud banks, hence the necessity of constant "soundings" as you o. Talking of sounding - for small boat use. over shoalmg water a sounding line is not much use. A much more practical method is to use a light pole marked off as necessary in feet.

Although the reasons are too complex to explain here, each part of the coast has its tide at different times from others.

This "difference" is called the tidal constant of that particular point, and a table of these varying times will be found in most almanacs. The Admiralty Tide Tables published by the Hydrographic Department go into great detail.

Normally in the tables for each month, for each day will be found the a.m. and p.m. time of High Water at Dover. The port of Dover is therefore used as the "yardstick" as it were. For instance you will find H.W. London Bridge shown as "+3.04" which means 3 hours 4 minutes AFTER H.W. Dover - or Portland "- 4.08" meaning 4 hours 8 minutes BEFORE!

You will also note from the Tables that High Water is generally anything between 30 to 50 minutes later each day, very often more. Low water follows approximately six hours after High in the majority of places.

Direction of Ebb and Flood Tides again varies so much according to locality, and because of this, is not always defined as such. More often than not they are referred to as "East" or "West" streams. This is a subject Sea Scouts may well ask Scoutmasters to give. a talk explaining "how they run" in their own districts.

Taking Dover again as the example, along the stretch of coast past Deal to Ramsgate, the Flood Tide commences approx. 2 hours before H.W. and flows in a N.E. direction for about 6 hours. The Ebb then flows in a S.W. direction, i.e. commencing about 2 hours before Low Water, with a short period of "slack water" intervening. Gale force winds lasting over prolonged periods, and 'backing up' these tides can extend the flow for anything up to + hour and can create "tidal surges" that will raise the level some 2 feet above the published depth at a given time.

Next month I will explain how this differs on tidal rivers and how Sea Scouts can use their "Watermanship" to obtain most assistance from these tides and currents.





Mounting Badges

Dear Editor,

I don't know if any other Scouts have the same idea as I have about where to put your badges but it might be of some interest to know that I have had my badges sewn on to a scarf that I bought from another Scout who left his Troop. Normally because of its convenient size, it is pinned to the wall in my room and when comes around is can be neatly folded up. I it is absolutely essential that badges are not sewn on. to clothing which is worn because the badges can get very dirty and, as J. W. Rowbottom (Scout, 17th June) says washing makes them even worse.

Thank you for such a good magazine specially the "Swops" column.

T.L. R. A. Stevenson,
3rd Truro.

Hitting flack

Dear Editor,

In reply to L/Cpl. P. Damen, I would like to express my opuuon concerning his criticism. I personally do not agree with the wearing of khaki longs, but at least they are more sensible than the B.B.'s usual camp strip - "jeans", I beg to assure one disillusioned cob league that we are not scared of getting up in the morning, in fact we often have a five mile run before breakfast, and while camping in Scotland we washed in an icy cold loch each morning, which apart from enjoyable was a stimulus.

The wearing of pyjamas is perhaps unnecessary on a week-end camp but is a healthy addition for a fortnight's camp. Scouts do at least sleep on the ground, and not as most of the B.B.'s I have come across, on camp beds. These pampered individuals are raised when the breakfast has been cooked. The cooking being done by their leaders, or as sometimes, in B.B.'s camps, by a hired cook. Cooked where! On Wood? No of course not, on a calor gas stove.

In closing I should like to commend L/Cpl. P. Damen on reading a sensible and worthwhile magazine like "The Scout".

P.L.(S) Geoffrey D. Morgan,
1st Hunts. (Hartford).

Dear Editor,

Referring to the letter appearing in "The Scout" from L/Cpl. P. Damen, 3rd Andover Boys Brigade Company. I did not know that long trousers had been approved, they certainly *are not* allowed in our Troop.

Why rise with the lark? Isn't seven a.m. early enough? That, is the usual time that our Troop "gets up" at camp. It is no earthly use getting up at dawn, everyone will be too tired for a camp fire in the evening. As regards showers or bathing in the morning there is no time. We wash and then start cooking the breakfast.

What is so luxurious about pyjamas? It is only common sense to change into something fresh to sleep in so why not pyjamas? I've never slept in a leaky tent, ours are always repaired at the beginning of the camping season.

P.L. Peter Armstrong,
2nd Chester-Ie-Street,

Sloppy Swapping

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L.(S) Michael Webb's letter of the 17th June, I would like to point out that some Scouts receive a great amount of replies to their adverts and if they only had say 20 it would take quite a while for them to answer them all individually.

I have also been kept waiting several weeks for badges, but surely when they do come you ought to be grateful that the Scout did write back to you, although I do think there should be some explanation of his delay. I have also received scruffy and unrequested badges and I think this is all wrong. I specifically put on all my letters that if the Scout cannot comply with my requests would he. please return my badges, but sometimes no notice has been taken of this.

About Scouts replying on backs of the same paper I think this is quite reasonable as if the Scout had to use a clean sheet of paper each time he would soon be out of pocket. Another thing is the mounting of badges: I have a Canadian Scout shirt, and I have sewn my badges on to it. It serves its purpose extremely well and it can be rolled up and packed easily and can be kept clean and tidy if it is looked after properly. I disagree with S.S. D. Roberts entirely. I have had my camp shirt over 1½ years and it is not dirty yet, as I only use it around camp fires etc. Badge Jackets would soon get dirty also if they were worn when playing games and exploring.

P.L.(S) Allan Tipping,
17th Lytham St. Annes.

54th Cambridge "Keep Warm in Bed" Club



Dear Editor,

Had we known our President's letter on what to wear when winter camping would have been so misinterpreted (see P.L. David Broadbent and L/Cpl. P. Damen in "The Scout" of June 17th) we would have occupied the dark snowy evening of January 7th last, which found us camping in Edale, Derbyshire, not in backwoods cooking, which having tried in the snow and sleet we do not really recommend, but in evolving a new Proficiency Badge. Perhaps it could be called the Bookman-Plus Badge and the chief test would be the ability to distinguish between fact and fiction!

It is of course quite untrue that Piers Pendred wears 3 sweaters and 2 pairs of trousers over his pyjamas when on such an expedition - apart from his anorak and sea-boots he wears only 2 sweaters, but 3 pairs of trousers!

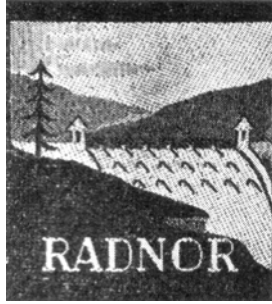
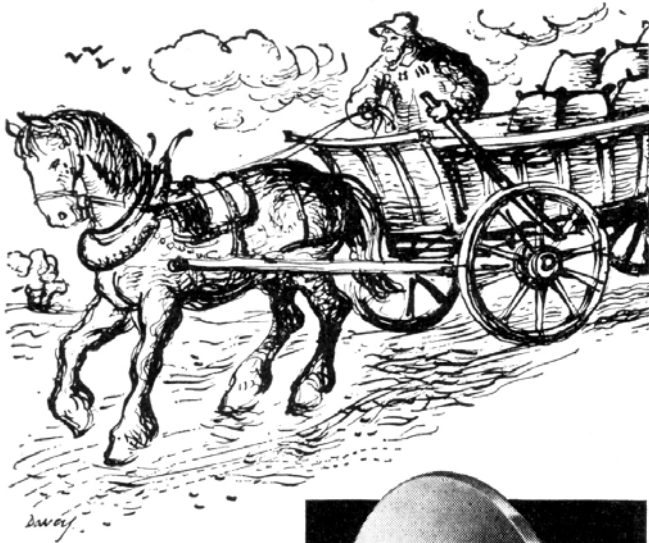
Queen's Scout Piers L. Pendred (Founder President).

Queen's Scout Ian Harper
Queen's Scout John Banfield (Vice
Queen's Scout Barry Moate Presidents).
54th Cambridge, K.W.I I\$. Club.

P.S. Our club coat of arms incorporates the lyre bird with tail rampant!

P.P.S. It will be our pleasure to break the ice for L/Cpl. Damen's early morning bathe next January if he will let us know his camp site.

Badgers Corner



Up to the late summer of 1959 the Scouts of Radnorshire used the red lion of Wales as their emblem, one being worn on each shoulder, with the word Radnor underneath. Then a new badge was introduced with the Caerlyn dam reproduced in silver on a black field, and underneath the name Radnor in yellow.

As you will know, the Caerlyn dam was built to form a large artificial lake, which provides Birmingham with water. Radnorshire is almost on the same latitude as Birmingham and, lying as it does, in a hilly and sparsely populated part of Wales, had the ideal topography for such a lake.

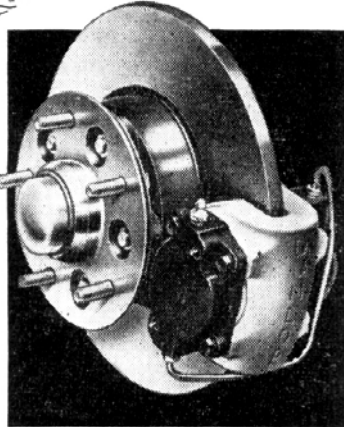
In a recent Badgers Corner I gave you details of some badges which now appear to have part of their design worked in nylon thread. Since that time several others have come to band, so for the benefit of those who are interested, I am listing all of them. They are: Ayrshire, Antrim, Belfast; Essex, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, N.E. Lancs., N.W. Lancs. all in red Anglesey (yellow); Lincolnshire (red and white). There are also several overseas badges with similar threads.



There are two new badges this month; that of the 1961 Blackpool Camporee, which is named and shows the famous tower in red, on a black field with name in yellow, and a yellow border; a Coventry after the issue of the first Coventry Badge, which depicted the city's the city was granted new Arms. The have now given permission to wear them, and so the L.A. has a new badge.

Next Month's Badge:
SHEFFIELD

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED



The expression "putting a spoke in the wheel" was used quite literally in the days before mechanical brakes. The carter used to push a rod between the spokes of his cart wheel to slow his progress downhill. Later, braking was simplified by placing a drag-shoe under the wheel.

All kinds of mechanical brakes have been developed since then, and in 1945 Dunlop introduced a Disc Brake. Operating by friction pads closing on a metal plate, it gives much greater "power to stop." Dunlop Disc Brakes are found today on aircraft, buses, trucks, racing cars and on the most advanced private motor cars.

DUNLOP

 SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

2nd NATIONAL COOKING COMPETITION

When reporting the results of the Best Losers' Section, we incorrectly published the fact that the third place had been awarded to the 1st Hurst Green, Sussex, whereas, of course, this Group is in the County of Surrey. We apologise very sincerely for any inconvenience this error may have caused.

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



Printed Illustrated
instructions, 1/6

TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.
(Dept. H)

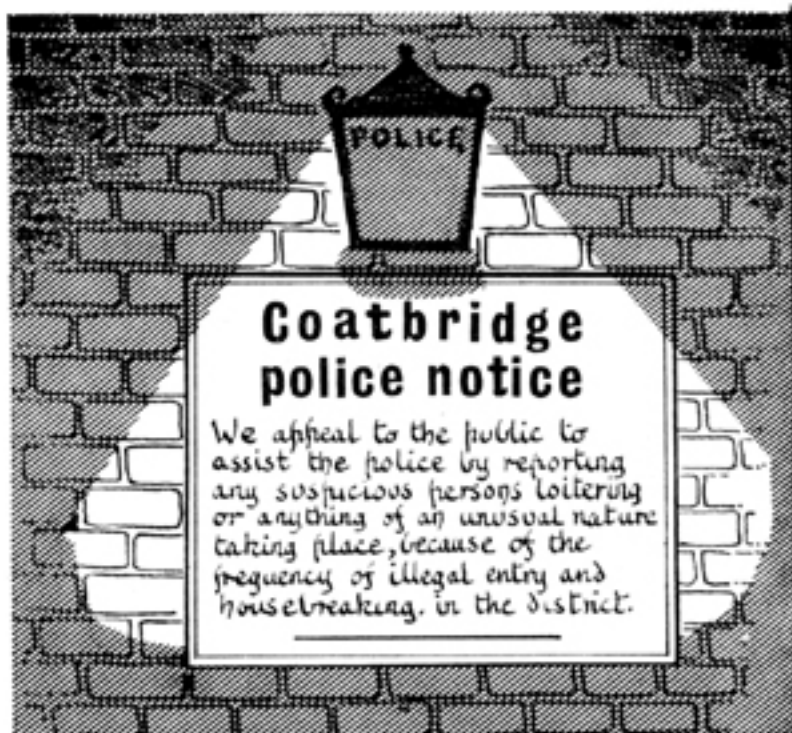
204 Amyand Park Road, St. Margaret's Twickenham, Middx.

Heroes All



Drawn by Ray Evans

Story by Ted Seward



AS A RESULT OF THE POLICE NOTICE, PATROL LEADER PETER BURNS OF THE 95th LANARKSHIRE ON SUNDAY, 25th JANUARY 1959 AT ABOUT 8:10 p.m. ; NOTICED A FIRE BURNING ON THE VACANT GROUND IN THE VICINITY OF AN R.C. CHURCH IN COURSE OF ERECTION.



ON HIS APPROACH THE YOUTHS RAN OFF. BURNS PURSUED THEM AND CAUGHT ONE THE OTHER ATTACKED & BOTH ESCAPED.



PETER BURNS HAD RECOGNISED THE YOUTHS AND REPORTED THE WHOLE INCIDENT TO POLICE H.Q.



THE DETECTIVE OFFICERS MADE AN EXAMINATION OF THE FIRE AND FOUND THAT THE YOUTHS HAD BEEN TRYING TO BURN A HANDBAG AND PAPERS PART OF PROPERTY STOLEN EARLIER FROM A NEARBY DWELLING HOUSE. 18 YEAR OLD BURNS RECEIVED THE GILT CROSS.

Holiday by Accident

by **S. KENDALL**

THE STORY SO FAR: Terry and Dick Doyle, two London Cubs are staying with their cousin in Yorkshire, following an accident to their parents. They have joined the local Pack, and helped with the Fete in the grounds of the Manor House. Their cousin, John, is riding in a Gymkhana, but Terry is worried because he cannot remember where he has seen a man who came out of the Manor House.

CHAPTER SIX

The Trap is Laid

The **GYMKHANA** was always a very popular event, for most of the children learnt to ride at an early age. Everywhere they looked they seemed to see horses!

"There's John," said Dick suddenly, as he spotted John leading the big grey they had themselves ridden. John was now dressed in jodhpurs - and yellow sweater and wearing a peaked cap. This, they had been told, was a sort of crash helmet, in case the rider was thrown.

The first event was beginning. Several ponies appeared at the end of the field, ridden by young boys and girls. First, they were carefully inspected by the judges, for grooming was one of the tests, as well as riding. Soon the competitors were cantering round and jumping the various hurdles and walls.

"Wonder when John comes on?" Dick said.

"Dunno - we'll just have to wait and see," Terry replied.

In spite of careful explanations, they were still not very clear about how the points were scored, but they knew the idea was to get right round over all the obstacles, as quickly as possible.

"Crikey, how many more kids?" grumbled Dick.

"Sh - oh, I think John - yes, there's old Briggs - and John. They're coming out now," said Terry.

"There's a girl jumping first," announced Dick, as the first rider cantered to the start of the ride. Now it was more interesting, and they held their breaths every time John went round. Soon, it was - as John had told them - between the girl - whose name was Susan - John and Briggs.

"What's that blinkin' girl mucking things up for?" Dick muttered. His brother grinned.

"She's a good rider, that's why."

But the next time round, the girl's horse just tipped a brick from the wall. The brick rocked as the crowd waited tensely. Then it fell, and a sigh of "oh" went up from the spectators. Briggs next. Sitting straight and confident on his chestnut horse, he put him at the course. There was scarcely a sound as the pair went round - the powerful animal sailing easily over the obstacles.

"Clear round!" blared the loudspeaker, above the clatter of applause.

"Come on, John," muttered Terry between clenched teeth.

John, looking as confident as his rival, set off. Not a sound as the grey thundered up to jump after jump, took off, soared over.



"Clear round!" announced the loudspeaker. It sounded pleased!

"What now?" said Dick.

"They jump off - remember John told us?"

"Oh yes . . . here comes old Briggs."

Once more the big boy set off. He was halfway round when Terry eyes happened to notice a tiny little girl sitting beside him, taking no notice of the riding, but "reading" carefully to herself from a book of nursery rhymes.

He looked up again - then suddenly, just as the applause indicated another clear round - he remembered.

"Dick!" he said, "I've remembered ... look at that kid's book!"

"What you talkin' about?" Dick said in astonishment, "Kid's book." He looked.

"Ding doag bell, pussy's in the well," the little girl was saying.

"Well, what..." He broke off, as something dawned on him too. Then the silence fell as John began his second round. The boys were tense with excitement as he went round again without a fault. When the applause again broke out, Terry said, "Ding Dong Bell! That's who that geezer is!"

"Yeah! The bloke Dad said was a flippin' crook, and we'd to keep out of his way!"

"What's he doing here?" Terry frowned.

"Dunno - but Dad said he was a safe-cracker so Gosh! Come on ..." he gripped Dick's arm - but at that moment the loudspeaker announced that the boys had agreed to 'an immediate and final jump off.

"Sh! Wait for this," Dick said, and so hopping with excitement now, they again watched the jumping.

"Briggs, clear round!" said the loudspeaker. Again dead silence as John rode forward. Dead silence too as he took jump after jump - until now the last one - he lifted the big grey - up all - over!

"Clear round for Bickerdyke!"

"Come on!" said Terry.

"Where?" asked his brother, following rather unwillingly.

"I'll tell you, in a minute," was the answer.

The Two boys found a quiet corner away from the crowd.

Dick - don't you remember when we arrived, John mentioned that Sir George had just bought a diamond necklace. He never did show us the paper where it told all about it. Remember?"

"Crumbs - yes, I do now! What do you think....?"

"We'd better find Sir George," said Terry grimly. "Can you see him anywhere?"

They looked all about them, but could see no signs of Sir George.

"There he is I" Dick said suddenly.

The tall figure of the baronet, once found, was easy to follow. They tore round the field, dodging horses, bicycles, children and startled grown-ups, and up to the group of people accompanying Sir George.

Sir George I Sir George . . . can we speak to you a minute please?" gasped Terry, panting after their run.

The group looked startled at this interruption and Sir George frowned.

"What is it, boys?" he asked.

"We'd like to speak to you privately sir - please!" begged Terry.

The baronet shrugged his shoulders excused himself to the group, and accompanied the boys to a quieter spot.

"Now, what is it? I suppose it is important?" Sir George asked, rather sharply.

"We - we think so, sir," Terry said. "You see, we come from London, and we've seen somebody we know here."

"Well, that's very interesting, but I really don't see what it has to do with me" Sir George said.

"Well, p'raps not, sir, but this geezer - er - man is a crook!" Terry went on.

"He's a safe breaker, my Dad says," Dick put in eagerly.

"What? Are you *sure*?" he asked.

"Quite sure, Sir George. His name's Ding-Dong Bell."

"Know where he is now?" asked Sir George.

"No, sir, but we've seen him come out of the house yesterday and go in today, so. we think he must be working for you," Terry went on.

"What!" exploded the baronet. "Come with me, boys."

"Oh, Charles, can I have a word with you please?" he asked a tall soldierly looking man.

"Of course. Something wrong?" enquired this man. "Don't know yet. Come and hear what these boys have told me."

Turning to the boys he said, "This is Colonel Summers, our Chief Constable. Will you tell him what you have just told me, please."

The boys did so, and the Colonel listened intently.

"H'm, suspicious, anyhow, if it really is this fellow. Best be safe anyhow. I'll get some help."

"I expect - if it's today they're trying something - it will be when I'm giving the prizes. Pretty nearly everybody will be down here then. That's in about an hour. Can you do anything by then?"

"Yes, I think so, I've got two constables here in plain clothes, and there are the two uniformed men in the village. I'll send a messenger down to get one of them, and we can pull in some of the men to help."

So the trap was laid - in case anything happened, all doors from the house were guarded, either by police or trusted helpers. One of the plain clothes men went into the house from the back, and concealed himself near the study, in which was Sir George's safe.

Meanwhile, the baronet carried on, as arranged, with the prize-giving. John and Briggs came forward together and the crowd were told they would hold the Cup six months each. The Senior Sixer of John's Pack collected the Sports Cup, and John a winner's medal for his sprint. The prize-giving was almost completed when from the Manor House came the sound of a window shattering, then the shrilling of a police whistle!

Next Week:

AN UNEXPECTED HOMECOMING



VERY IMPORTANT! If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. When writing to a Commonwealth country instead of stamps enclose "Commonwealth Reply Coupons" 5d, each) or if to a country not in the Commonwealth. "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. Your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

P.L. R. Smith, 19 Lawrence Rd., Liverpool. 15. - Has Liverpool and Lancs. C.B.'s for others esp. Welsh. Scottish, foreign.

Peter Irvine, 41 Hylton Rd., Billingham, Co. Durham. - Has Durham C.B.'s and City to swap for others esp. Welsh, also Synthonia name tapes for others.

D. A. Butcher, 68 High St., Waimate. N. Zealand - Has several different N.Z. B's for others' cap. Australia, English.

P/2nd Michael Evans, 4 Clyndwr Rd., Penarth. Glam. - Has W. Glam. C.B.'s for Scottish, London, Irish, Welsh.

Roger Barwick "Springfield", 41 Brooklands Rd., Weybridge. Surrey. - Has Surrey Lion C.B.'s for others esp. Scottish. foreign.

B. Gibbs, 5 Flint Close. Ipswich. Suffolk. - Has Suffolk C.B.'s for others.

Miss S. V. Boyd-Wattis, 88 Newlands Ave., Shirley, Southampton. - Has Hants. Scout and Guide C.B.'s for others.

P/2nd Eric Parkinson, 123 Larkfield Lane, Southport. Lancs. - Has Guernsey, Lanca S.W. & N.E., for others exc. London, Bristol, Surrey, Sussex, Devon, Beds, Bucks, Essex, C. Yorks.

S.S. J. Walker, 35 Bailey Ave., Ellesmere Port. Wirral, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire C.B.'s for any others gap. foreign, also name tapes.

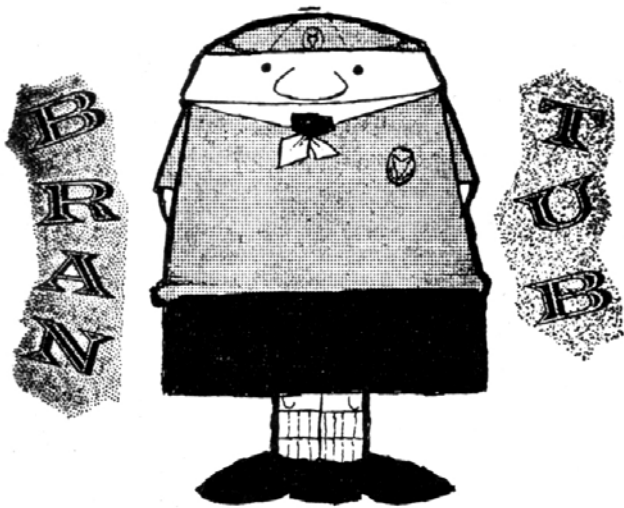
ASM. J. Ruddick, Rosebank, 30 Broom Lane, Whickham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durlain. - Has over 60 different C.B.'s to swap. Will swap Durham & Newcastle in bulk: (up to 12).

P.L. P. Elliott, 127 Bamburgh Ave., South Shields, Durham. - Has -ham C.B.'s for others exc. Essex.

A.C.M. J. Wheeler, 207 Queen's Rd., Nuneaton, Warwickshire. - Has abundant supplies of the following badges for any others: Birmingham, Herts. Warwickshire, S. Staffs.

P.L. P. Hadley, 6 Preston New Rd., Blackpool. - Has N.W. Lancs - C.B.'s for any others in good cond. and rare Blackpool Camporee B's for best offers.

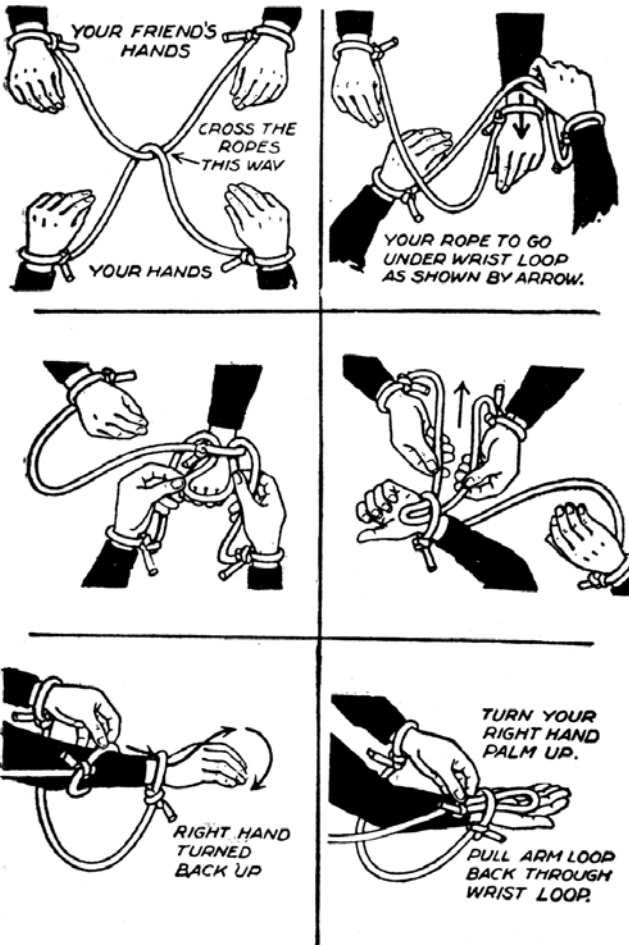
Scout N. Watmough, 7 Axholme Rd., Doncaster, Yorks. - Has Yorks in pairs for other English in pairs.



No. 313 by Kwasin and Keneu

A Rope Trick

You'll need two pieces of rope - and two friends! Tie the rope firmly to their wrists as shown in the first picture. Now challenge them to get free from each other without untying the knots. They won't be able to do it, we're sure. So then *you* can take the place of one of your friends and show them how the trick is done - as the five other pictures describe to you.



Cubs' Picture Quiz (1)

Who is this?



Catches

Try these on your pal!

1. Tell him that you can prevent him from holding up his left foot. Assure him that you will not hold him or place any obstacle in his way. When you are asked to prove it, stand him with his right side closely touching the wall. His right foot should be parallel to the wall and touching it. Now ask him to hold up his left foot. He will be unable to do it, for he must lean to the right for balance and the wall prevents him.
2. Ask him to sign his name on a sheet of paper while making a broad circular movement with his other hand. It may sound easy - but you just try it first!
3. Ask him how many times he can fold over a sheet of newspaper. When he's told you (8, 12, 16, 20) let him try. He will find it impossible to fold it more than six or seven times.

Curliques

Owing to the holidays we have to send this to the printer before we get your entries in for last month's curlique competition, so we'll have to give you the winners next month - when as well we'll have another curlique for you.

Quiz

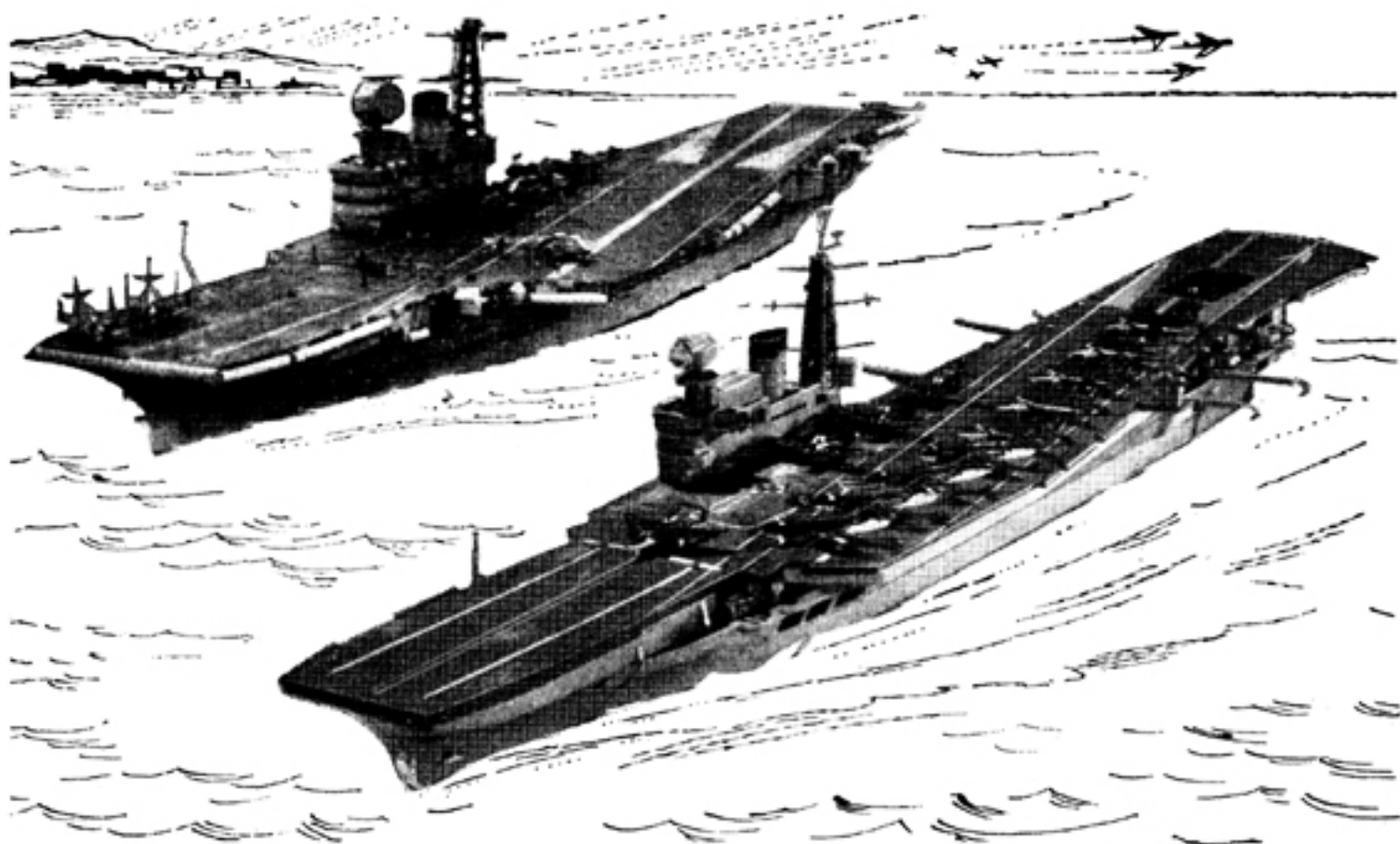
There are two quiz books for Cubs you may not know about:
The Cubs' Sportsman Badge Book (1/- plus 2d. postage)
And The Wolf Cub Quiz Book (1/6d. plus 2d. postage).
Either of these you can buy from any Scout Shop.

Meanwhile here are 4 questions for you:

1. What is the maximum i.e. greatest width a cricket bat may be?
2. What is the standard gauge of British railway tracks?
3. Which tree which has cones also drops its leaves in winter? (Look out for them!)
4. What well known Girl Guide's birthday is on 15th August?

Answer:

1. 4 ½ in.
2. 4ft. 8 ½ in.
3. Larch trees.
4. Princess Anne.



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of H.M.S. "Victorious", 1/600th scale (Kit 6/-). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

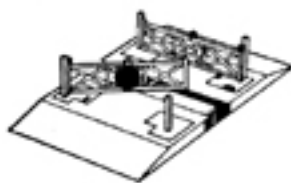
That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because they *are* right! You can't beat Airfix for realism—or value.

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TRACKSIDE SERIES
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MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-

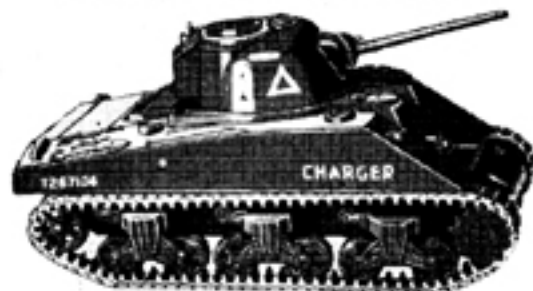


AIRCRAFT
Bristol Superfreighter 7/6

S160

STOP PRESS!

Latest Airfix Production



SHERMAN Mk 1 TANK

Another model in the new Airfix OO/HO scale tank series. This American tank was used by the Allies in World War II. 75mm. gun raises and lowers, revolving turret, working track gear, 11-piece transfer set. 55 part kit—2/-

Also new:—Railway Turntable OO/HO gauge replica of turntable, carries any British OO/HO rolling stock and track. 54 part kit—4/6

do-it-yourself

MOCCASIN KIT

IMPORTED FROM CANADA



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

SPORTSMAN KIT

The original moccasin kit, a proven product.

SIZE 3-9 25/11 (Post 1/6)

SIZE 10-12 28/11 (Post 1/6)

RANGER KIT

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

SIZE 3-9 29/6 (Post 1/6)

SIZE 10-12 32/6 (Post 1/6)

do-it-yourself

LINK BELT

Makes up into a wonderful leather belt. Really simple to make, this kit contains enough pre-cut leather links to make a belt up to 38in., with metal buckle and keeper.

PRICE 9/11 (Post 7½d.)



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AND BRANCHES

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- 20 Richmond Street, Liverpool.
- 20 Working Street, Cardiff.
- 104 Hindes Road, Harrow.
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