

The Scout



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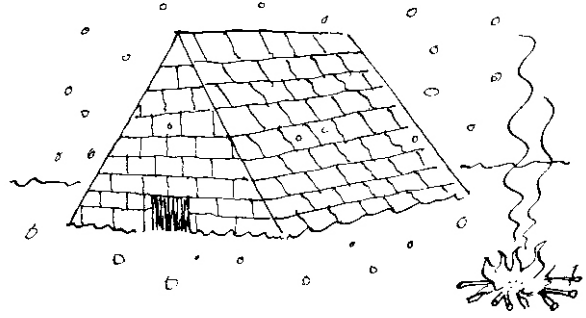
NAME

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The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
January, 1962



My dear Brother Scouts,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you: may your Scouting be of action and adventure, and you be full of ambition - and at the year's end may you be able to look back on a year of great achievement. Four "A"s for you to remember!

For example, if you really use the First Class Course in Pictures which begins this week, there shouldn't be a present reader of "The Scout" without a First Class Badge next January at this time. B.-P. always expected Scouts to train themselves - not to wait about to see what their Scouters would provide for them. So you're pretty lucky having all this help in "The Scout" week by week! Go into action, be ambitious and achievement will be yours.

As for adventure, a lot of you have written to me about "Operation U.S.A." and I have passed your letters on to the International Secretary here and you'll be kept in touch. But 'this isn't the only event next year. You may be able to think about one or more of these:- 23rd March to 2nd April: Beginners' Ski Course, Kandersteg, Switzerland.

23rd to 30th April: Eighth Leadership-in-Scouting Course for Senior Schoolboys at Gilwell.

20th/23rd April to 9th/11th June (week-ends only): The Scout' Regional Cooking Competitions. (Details 3rd February issue.)

12th to 13th May: Chief Scout's Reception for Queen's Scouts, Gilwell.

8th to 11th June: National Air Scout Coming of Age Camp, Famborough.

8th to 18th July: Climbing Course No. 42, Kandersteg. 14th to 15th July: The Scout National Cooking Competition Finals, Gilwell.

28 h July to 6th August: 50th Birthday Camp, Iceland. 1st to 18th August: Swedish Scout Mix.

4th to 11th August: Berkshire International Camp, Windsor Great Park.

9th to 19th August: Climbing Course No. 43, Kandersteg.

25th August to 1st September: National Scout Canoe Cruise (Avon & Severn).

8th to 9th September: Longridge Regatta.

And these are only a few chances: no doubt there are many more at District and County level. So be ambitious in 1962!

THE CHIEF SCOUT wishes me to thank on his behalf all those of you who were kind enough to send in rhymes about the correct pronunciation of his name.

It was very hard to decide which should have prizes because most of them were very good tries indeed: in the end, the Chief Scout is sending a gift and a congratulatory card 'from himself to these three competitors:-

1. **Sizer Stephen Barnett**, 1st Ribbleton, Preston, Lancashire.
2. **P.L. Glen Oxton**, 2nd Cambridge, Billericay, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
3. **William Mercer**, Tyldesley, Manchester.

Here are their respective versions: -

1. He's not a Norseman,
He's not a Dane,
But he's a Scotsman
And his name's Maclean.
2. A Scout from the East, a Scout, from the West,
They meet with a third, Sir 'Charles, the best:
And where but at Gilwell, when you meet the twain
You'll find in a kilt Sir Charles Maclean.
3. You can hear this refrain
Down every camp lane
Sir Charles Maclean
Is our Chief Scout's name.

I think my choice would have been the verse of one of our Field Commissioners, Martyn Lamb, who wrote:-

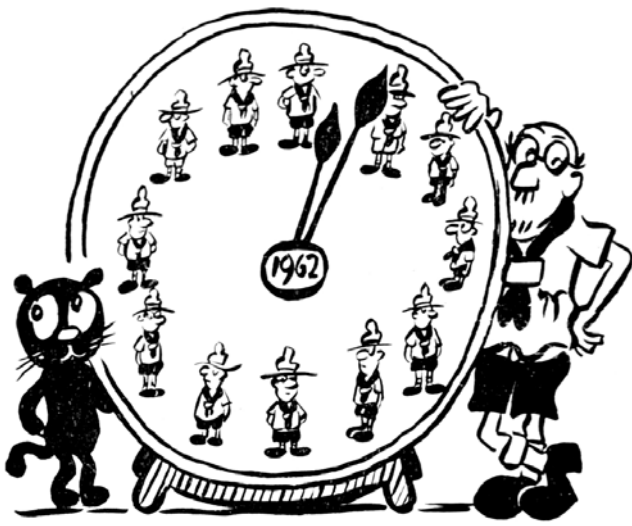
To name our Chief
And keep it brief
The answer's plain
It's just Maclean.

So if Martyn would like a consolation prize of a book, he must let me know the title he'd prefer!

All for now.

Your friend and Editor,
REX HAZLEWOOD.

Vol. LVII	CONTENTS	No. 28
The Editor Writes Jack Blunt Challenge Hike Council of Thirteen It's in the Air First Class Course in Pictures Hobbies Club Origami Dear Editor	The Young Baden-Powell Rook Council	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p style="text-align: center;">THIS WEEK'S COVER</p> <p>This year our brother Scouts, in the Air Scout branch "Come of Age ". The Scout and all its readers join, in sending warm greetings to mark this 21st Anniversary"</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Photo by R. B. Herbert</p> </div>



Seconds Out for 1962

says

**JACK (Second-
hand) BLUNT**

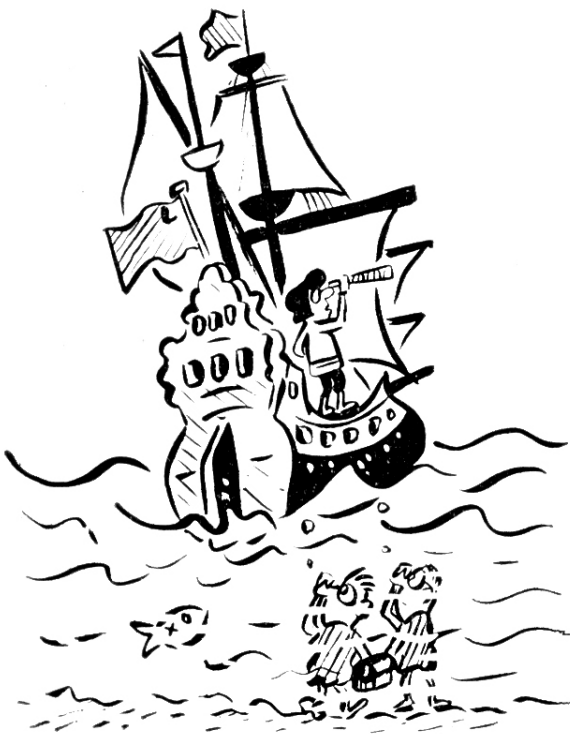
I HAVE had one or two letters asking me to continue the epic story of young Jacobus Blunticus and Fredricus Phanackerpuss, the last instalment of which was published many moons ago, since when nothing further has been heard of our two dashing heroes. Since I am always ready to fulfil any overwhelming demand - here goes.

THE SAGA OF THE SHRIVELLED SAUSAGE

New Readers Start Here.

It will be remembered that Fredricus and Jacobus had manfully trekked their way across the rough and ragged wilds of old England laboriously canying an old oak chest containing all their worldly possessions, which consisted of one shrivelled sausage and five dried peas. After many and many an adventure they had finally come to a place where they had RUN OUT OF LAND!

The last that was heard of them was a faint "Glub glub glub" from Fredricus, to which Jacobus had replied, in his usual witty way "Glub-glub, glub-glub."



The unfair advantage of actually sailing across the water.

They had in fact walked off the end of Wigan Pier and were last seen heading in the direction of America, which it was hoped, they would reach before it was discovered by some fellow named Christopher Columbus, of whom you may or may not have heard.

It is an historical fact that this Columbus fellow had the unfair advantage of actually sailing across the water which divides our country from the civilised world, and since Fredricus and Jacobus had only their own four feet on which to travel, it is hardly surprising that he got there first.

The
Outline
of the
New York
Skyscrapers



Of course, no one ever doubted that our two heroes would finally make it, and surely enough, they did! A little foot-sore and out of puff, admittedly, but then, who wouldn't be after walking three thousand miles holding one's breath all the time?

Part 1093

It was some time as they lay there beneath the Statue of Liberty, before either of them spoke. Slowly the brave Fred sat up and equally slowly looked about him. In the full five minutes that it took for his eyes to flash from side to side, he noticed, in his superbly observant manner, that the shape of the sky-line was a little odd even for a newly-discovered country.



The man that the P.L. depends upon to run the Patrol.

Starting from the left and working to the right, his poor little eyes became quite tired as they followed the jagged horizon up, along and down, up, along and down, slowly tracing the outline of the New York Skyscrapers.

Like a dazzling light, inspiration struck him. He . . .

End of Part 1094

What amazing discovery had young Fredricus made? What horrors await them in this foreign land? See what happens to our two heroes in the next instalment of The Saga of the Shrivelled Sausage Order your weekly copy of "The Scout" NOW!!

* * *

THAT'S BETTER

Well, I'm glad that's out. Now we can get back to some Scouting for those who want to do it. And who doesn't, I'd like to ask?

SECONDS FIRST

I have decided, in my usual lordly manner that this is going to be THE YEAR OF THE SECOND. You know what a Second is?

A Second is an instant of time, a sixtieth part of a minute, a fraction of a geometric angle, an attendant to an exponent of the fisticart, a spoiled manufactured article, the one who is not first and many other things.

Above all, and most important, HE IS THE MAIN THAT THE P.L. DEPENDS ON TO HELP RUN THE PATROL.

Every good P.L. has a good Second, and it is going to be one of my New Year resolutions to see that the Second gets a fair crack of the whip during 1962, so look out all you P.L.'s. I am going to see to it that by the time I'm through with them, all the Seconds will be revolting - in the nicest possible way, of course - and black mark to the lad who mumbled that the Seconds are revolting enough already.

TO WORK, MEN!!

Ready, Seconds? Right then. Fall-in in a neat heap in the corner over there and let's hear what Uncle Jack has to say to us.

First! When did your crowd last hold a Patrol in Council? What, you've never heard of one? Oh LAD. You shame me. That's where the whole Patrol gets together and decides just what they are going to do (under the delicate guidance and direction of you and your mate, friend, pal and chum, the P.L.) during the next month.

Demand one immediately, if not sooner or before. I tell you, you might even find some enthusiasm help there, and those poor, timid, solemn looking lot of little fellows who fall in each week between you and your aforementioned buddy could prove to be bubbling -over with ideas.

Old Ferdinand Figface, the one who stands in the middle of the bunch with his Mum's smashing bread pudd still adhering to his. face. Did you know that he is simply longing to have the whole Patrol come to his home for a meeting or something? And I can assure you that his Mum's bread pudd really is the greatest. You try it.

Then what about young Sid Sniffiesup the one on your starboard side. For weeks now he's been fumbling away with his Tenderfoot knots, and every lime you've managed to drum that bowline into him, Skip has shouted, "Alright, time for British Bulldog" or some such nonsense, whereupon all your good work has been undone. If only you'll have him round to your place on Saturday morning next, you old Ferdinand Figface could get him through those Knots in a trice.

Oh! There's lots a good Second can do - all with the O.K. from the P.L. of course, and from time to time during what is going to be this very pleasant year of 1962, I shall make it my business to tell you a few of them.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO US ALL.



CHAPTER ONE

Sealed Packet

WARBY, Senior Scout Patrol Leader, leaned over the map spread out on the drawing room table and his two companions looked on as he traced his route measurer over the miles of country and coast they were planning to hike over.

"Just over a hundred miles" declared Warby, laying the measurer down, and pointing with his little finger. "If we do the ten miles from here to the Welsh border by train, and from Pentregwyn Station strike north westwards through the mountains to Careg Ddu, then due west to the coast, and on to Graig-y-Mor, we should reach High Top Farm by the Saturday night."

"Then our tents can stay put for a whole week" said Tug Taylor, the Patrol Second. He ran his finger across the closely packed contours. "It's a tough bit of country we've picked. Hope we'll find enough campsites."

"We'll need them about fifteen miles walking distance apart," calculated Warby. "These villages in the valleys seem to be well placed for our needs."

"Wish the rest of the Patrol were coming," put in Bret, Warby's cousin. "The more the merrier."

"Skipper was right, Bret," replied Warby. "We are the only ones with enough experience for a trip like this. Anyway, Tug will be doing a log of the journey, so they'll hear all about it."

"Come to think of it," said Bret, "fifteen miles a day across Wales, with full kits, grub and tents, will be plenty enough. Maybe Skipper was right."

"It's enough for the chap with the shortest legs in the Patrol" laughed Tug. "Anyway, as you're the best cook we've got, Warby and I won't mind carrying you when you get tired."

"Thanks very much!" exploded Bret, with mock indignation, "If anyone has to be carried, it won't be me. I -"

"Who's this?" broke in Warby, at the sound of a car drawing up outside, "Who's paying an evening call? "Bret moved the curtain aside and peered out. "Jumping Jodhpurs! It's Uncle Phil! "He exclaimed, waving acknowledgement. "Showing his sports car off. Didn't know he was still on leave. Better not let him hear any talk about getting tired after a mere fifteen-mile walk."

"Why not?" asked Tug. "Is he a superman?"

"Ask Brat," grinned Warby, as he left the room to open the front door."

He thinks he's mighty tough said Bret, with feeling. "He's Major Warburton when he's in uniform, but that isn't often. He's really a Secret Service Agent in M.I.5, but we are not supposed to know that."

"The secret is safe enough with me," said Tug. "But I'd be glad to have an uncle who was a secret agent."

"Not this one," answered Bret. "To hear him talk to Warby and me you'd think we were six and seven years old instead of sixteen and seventeen."

Anyone still at school is a child, as far as he's concerned. He -"

The door opened, and Warby came in and closed it behind him. "You didn't know we had a spy-chasing uncle, did you Tug? But keep that under your hat," grinned Warby. "He'll probably pop in here before he goes."

"Bret was telling me about him," said Tug.

"He really gets my back up sometimes" said Warby. "He's got the idea that the younger generation is soft, and that everybody should be as tough as he is."

"Because he spent a few years in the Canadian backwoods with the Mounties," put in Bret, "he seems to think there's nothing he can't teach us about outdoor Scouting. We're just raw tenderfoots to him."

"He can be quite helpful though, when he feels like it," Warby went on. "He taught me Judo for my Venturer badge and helped me to get my Radio Mechanic."

"He'll help you if you don't mind him being the sergeant-major and you the new recruit," added Bret.

"Anyway, let's forget him for now, we've still got route details to fill in," said Warby, returning to the map. "We've six overnight stops to make before we get to High Top Farm." Twenty minutes later, all eyes were raised from the map as the door opened, and Uncle Phil stood, pipe in hand, almost filling the doorway.

"And how's Master John Warburton?" he boomed at Warby, stepping forward and extending his hand. "And Bret?" he added.

"Fine thanks" they answered, and Warby waved his free hand towards Tug. "This is Brian Taylor. We call him Tug."

"Glad to meet you, son," said the Major, and turned his attention to the map on the table. "What are you kids up to now? Something highly adventurous and wildly exciting, eh?" he laughed.

Warby's face reddened. "Kids," he muttered to Tug, and turned to the Major studying the map. "Exciting enough for us, Uncle," he answered coolly. "We're spending a couple of weeks under canvas - a week hiking and a week's standing camp. We're doing a hundred miles."

"I suppose you'll ride most of it. When I was a boy," began Uncle Phil, but he got no further.

"And when I was a boy, Phil," smiled Warby's father, who had appeared quietly in the doorway, "we used to groan whenever anyone began a when-I-was-a-boy yarn."

"Say what you like, Tom," replied Uncle Phil, "when we were-er-in our youth, a boy would walk miles without any of the fancy equipment they use today. We didn't depend on cadding lifts, it was an adventure then. We weren't afraid to rough it. Farmers were more likely to be hostile than friendly, and the countryside was infested with tramps, and most of them dangerous rogues."

"We are more civilized now, Uncle," put in Warby, "We don't thumb lifts when we are out on a hike. It's against Scouting rules, anyway."

And I don't think hostile farmers or dangerous tramps would put us off. Tug and I are handy enough when it comes to self-defence and Bret's wily enough to save his skin in any scrape we are likely to get into."

"There's your answer, Phil," laughed Warby's - father. "We can thank our lucky stars they're not foreign agents. The other side would have their hands full with these boys."

"They would at that," asserted Bret, hotly. "We're not soft, and we're not dim-wits. We'd give M.I.5 a run for their money if we were foreign agents. I think M.I.5 -"

Don't forget yourself, Bret," cut in Mr. Warburton. "Your uncle said nothing about dim-wits."

"It's not quite as easy as you seem to think, my boy," said Uncle Phil, firmly. "Foreign agents are highly trained people, and so are M.I.5 counter-agents." He placed his pipe on the table, picked up the map, folded it, and held it aloft. "If this was a top-secret document and you three bright boys were foreign agents entrusted to deliver it to a courier at the end of your hike, and I was a British counter-agent with orders to intercept it, I'd bet my last dollar you'd be without your secret document long before you reached your destination."

"And you might lose your last dollar, Uncle," retorted Warby. "Nobody would stand a chance of intercepting us in the sort of country we're covering unless he knew our destination, or our route."

A superior smile crossed Uncle Phil's face, as he tossed the map back on the table. "When do you set off?" he asked, picking up his pipe, and feeling for his matches.

"Next Sunday, about noon," answered Warby.

"Seven days' time, eh?" said Uncle Phil, thoughtfully. "I'll still have a few days left before I report back for duty. How would you bright boys like to pit your wits against the army? Unofficial, of course.

A spot of outdoor exercise would be just the thing for me before I return to my unit.

Wouldn't be unlike being on the old Indian trail again."

Warby looked uncertainly from Tug to Bret, and Uncle Phil puffed confidently at his pipe. All remained quiet until Warby's father broke the silence.

"Well, boys?" he grinned. "There's your chance to show what sort of secret agents you'd make." He turned to Bret. "You did say you'd give the spy-chasers a run for their money. It's a challenge. What about it?"

"It's deeds that count, not words" began Uncle Phil. "The boy of today -"

"All right" broke in Warby, his face suddenly flushed. "We accept the challenge."

"Good" said Mr. Warburton. "Now, you boys can try to convince Uncle Phil that the younger generation isn't lacking the adventurous spirit that we think we had when we were your age."

He turned to his brother. "What ideas are developing in that crafty mind of yours, Phil?"

"I was thinking of a training stunt I was on some years ago," said Uncle Phil. "Perhaps I'll make up a small sealed packet. It can contain their reward if they get it through to their destination with the seals unbroken. And there's no fear of that."

"We're not telling our destination," declared Warby. "Anyway, we may not use this map now. We may change our plans completely."

"I don't know your destination," said Uncle Phil, "so let's put it on a time basis. If you're still in possession of the intact packet at midnight of the night before your planned arrival, you've won through."

"That's the Friday night," chipped in Bret.

"I may rope a colleague in for an hour or two," continued Uncle Phil.

"An hour or two!" echoed Bret. "It's not going to be as easy as that."

"Listen to Cheerful Charlie," laughed Warby, giving Bret a prod..



"There won't be more than two of us," resumed Uncle Phil, ignoring Bret's remark. "But we're to be free to use any form of transportation we like. You can have a day's start. That is, twenty-four hours from the time your train or bus departs from Penstone."

"Fair enough," agreed Warby.

"Both sides can resort to disguise or sabotage," Uncle Phil went on, "but remember, the object of this kind of operation is to see without being seen, or at least without being recognised. When you lose the sealed packet you won't see it go."

"We'll see it doesn't go," emphasized Warby.

"If we do lose it, may we retake it?" asked Bret.

"If you can. But you've not a hope of doing that," replied his uncle. "I think those are all the rules we'll need," he added, moving to the table and opening the map. He ran his finger in a circle over part of it. "I'd advise you to keep away from this area. I happen to know there are some secret-list installations around here. Barbed wire fencing is likely to put you off your route."

"Thanks," said Warby. "We'll probably try somewhere entirely different."

"Time I was getting along, Tom," said Uncle Phil, sticking his pipe into his jacket pocket, and striding to the door. "If you kids want to back out, you'd better say so before I start making my arrangements."

"We're not backing out," Warby assured him.

"Then phone me sometime during the week and we'll fix things up about the sealed packet."

Uncle Phil said his farewells and Warby's father followed him out of the room. For a few seconds the Scouts looked at each other in silence.

Tug was the first to speak. "He's very sure of himself. He seems to think it's going to be like taking sweets from a baby."

"He's always like that, Tug," said Warby. "He's going to be in for a surprise from these babies. I'd love to bring him down a peg."

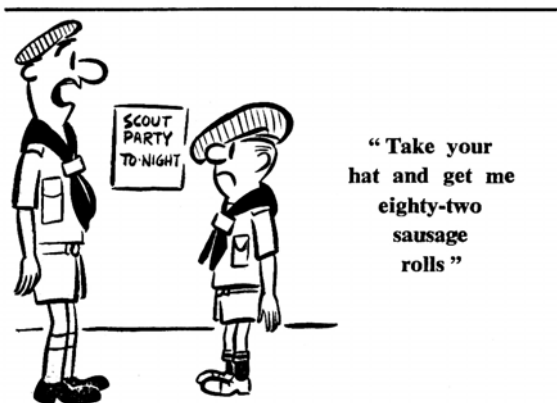
"Are we changing our route 'U' asked Bret.

"That's what he'll expect us to do," answered Warby. "And that's why I think we should stick to it. And we'll have to take some extra items, too."

"Such as what?" asked Bret.

"Some old togs. Disguise might come in useful. Field glasses, too. And we could have the laugh on Uncle Phil," grinned Warby, slyly. "Remember the pair of portable radio transmitter-receiving sets he helped me with, a couple of years ago, when I was doing by Radio Mechanic badge? We could use them against him."

"A bit heavy," commented Tug, "but they'd give us an advantage. Warnings of intruders could be sent back to camp from an observation point outside."



"It should be possible to cut the weight and size down by less than half," said Warby. "I'll see what I can do with transistors and some of the new miniature components."

I've been getting some together for another job."

"What about camping gear asked Bret.

"We want to keep the weight of that down, too."

"We'll take as much of our own as possible," answered Warby. "It's lighter than Group equipment. We'll fix the rest up with Skipper in the Den tomorrow evening. We'd better all be there."

On Penstone Station platform the following Sunday, just before noon, Tug and Bret sat in the September sunshine, with their rucsacs at their feet and waited, occasionally casting a glance towards the station entrance.

"Here he comes," announced Tug, suddenly, as Warby came striding purposefully along the platform, smiling broadly as he waved a greeting. "What's he got slung round his neck?"

"Looks like a couple of cameras," guessed Bret.

Warby slipped his rucsac off and joined his companions on the seat. "Got held up a bit getting these," he smiled, holding out four railway tickets. "One each for you and two for me."

"We got our own tickets," exclaimed Bret. "And why two for you?"

"Part of the scheme to beat the spy catchers," grinned Warby. "The hunt is on."

"Not yet" protested Tug. "We've got a day's start, haven't we?"

"That's right, Tug, but the hunt's on as far as we are concerned. Major Phillip Warburton is coming to see us off."

"Jumping Jodhpurs!" exclaimed Bret. "Coming here?"

"I asked him to hand the sealed packet to us here" explained Warby. "He agreed at once."

"I should think he did" retorted Bret. "He must think we're greener than the grass."

"That's what we want him to think, if he doesn't think so already," answered Warby, holding two tickets out. "Take one of these each. They are returns to the next station back up the line. He'll see us go off in that direction, but we take the next train back through here and on to Pentregwyn as originally planned."

"Clever move!" said Tug, patting Warby on the shoulder: "The Major's not going to have things all his own way. By the way, how did you go on with the radio? I suppose these cases have got something to do with it."

Warby lifted the straps over his head. "Better get them out of sight before the enemy shows up." He opened one of the flaps. "This is the smallest I could cut them down to. They fit nicely into these box-camera cases, but they are only the transmitters. The receivers are separate. I've made them up from kit parts and a few extras I had to buy." From his lumber-jacket pocket he produced a set the size of a twenty-cigarette packet and handed it to Tug along with one of the transmitters. "Now you are a complete radio station."

"What's that wire round the receiver?" asked Bret. "The aerial?"

"That's the earphone cord. The aerial's a built in ferrite rod," explained Warby. "We're using earplug phones instead of speakers."

"Wiser, too," commented Tug. "We can't be overheard. What wavelength are we working on, Warby?"

"The receivers are variable, but I've fixed the transmitters at 7.5 megacycles. The transmitter range won't be more than ten miles. It may be as low as four or five miles among the hills, but even that should be plenty for us." He looked across at the station clock. "Time Uncle Phil was here. Our train is due in twelve minutes,"

Bret gave Warby a nudge. "See the bloke - in the Homburg hat, on the next seat, reading the Penstone Reporter?"

"What about him?"

"If he's still holding his paper up like that when Uncle Phil comes by, and his eagle eye spots his name on the front page, he'll go round the bend. You know what he thinks about having his name in print."

"I most certainly do," said Warby, "but what's he doing in print, and on the front page?"

"It's to do with this stunt of ours. Skip has spun a bit of a yarn about it."

"But the Scouting column isn't on the front page," said Tug.

"They've apparently decided to make a bit of a splash about this." Bret went on. "There's a lot of tripe about how the 1st Penstone Seniors have sprung to the defence of the younger generation by accepting Major Warburton's challenge to carry out a set task while footslogging across wild Wales from English border to Welsh coast. There's nothing about secret agents or sealed packets, fortunately, nor -"

"Here's Uncle Phil now," broke in Warby. "Glad he's in civvies. Hide the radio stuff, Tug."

"Looks as if he's carrying a parcel of sandwiches," remarked Bret.

While Warby and Bret rose to meet the military-looking figure marching towards them, Tug placed the transmitters between two back-to-back rucsacs and draped his anorak over them. The Major gave a general greeting, sat down with the parcel on his knee, and the Scouts joined him.

"I'm glad you asked me to hand you this packet here," said the Major, "because there's one more thing to be said. In the Army you are always likely to be recalled unexpectedly. In case that should happen to me before this packet is back in my hands, you'd better have some way of knowing. I can't think of a better method than sending a telegram to the post office nearest to where you happen to be spending the night."

"But -" began Warby.

"I could even be recalled before my colleague and I are due to start," the Major went on. "So I suggest you call at your nearest post office tomorrow morning and ask if there is a telegram for John Warburton. If there is no telegram, it will mean all is well."

"But how can you know where we are camping?" asked Warby, with a puzzled frown. "We're not even sure ourselves yet."

"This is a battle of wits," replied the Major, smiling his most superior smile. "Remember, you are going to give me, a run for my money. I hope you do, because I am only doing this for the exercise. This is your train coming in, I believe. Take this packet. If you get through with it, and there is little hope of that, I think you will be pleased with your reward." - Warby took the packet and turned to Tug. "You can have the job of looking after this," he said, with a knowing look as he handed it over.

The Major shook hands with each Scout in turn, and they picked up their things and scrambled into an empty compartment. They waved their farewells and settled in their seats to await the next station as the train began pulling out slowly.

"D'you know, Warby," remarked Tug, as they rumbled along, "I can't help thinking your uncle was enjoying a quiet laugh at us when he was talking about telegrams at nearest post offices."

"That's bluff," commented Bret. "He can't know where we'll be in twenty-four hours' time."

"Maybe the whole thing's a joke to him," commented Warby, "but it won't be much fun for us if we come off

second best.

The 'Penstone Reporter' would make an even bigger splash of that."

"I can hear it now," said Bret, standing up in the middle of the compartment and putting one hand to the side of his mouth: "Read all about it! Scout defenders of modern youth fail! The younger generation outsmarted and outwitted!"

"Listen to cheerful Charlie," laughed Warby, giving Bret a prod that sent him bouncing back in his - seat.

"It's three of us to two of them. And as we don't think like spies they're not so likely to guess our movements. Spies work alone, too. We can make it harder for them by splitting up, if we need to. I reckon our chances of outwitting them are pretty good."

"What about the telegrams?" asked Tug. "Do you think that was bluff?"

"Could be," answered Warby. "We'll have to wait and see, but it will be poor Scouting on our part if they find out where we spend tonight, while everything's in our favour. We've got a long start, we've been seen setting off in the wrong direction; we've got radio, and Uncle thinks Tug's holding on to the sealed packet."

"He is, isn't he?" asked Bret.

"No. You are, Bret," answered Warby. "See if you can make room for it in your pack. It isn't heavy, and Tug and I have got the radio to carry, anyway. Better do it now, before we change trains. We're already slowing down."

Bret took the packet from Tug. "Three seals, each with a 'W' in a circle. Looks very important." He weighed it in his hands. "Just about as heavy as three super cameras," he grinned. "Might be, at that. Uncle Phil isn't stingy. I will say that in his favour."

They got out at the next station, and within ten minutes they were boarding a train back to Penstone and on to Pentregwyn. They kept well back in their seats while the train stood in Penstone Station, and half an hour' after its departure, they were handing their tickets to the porter at the little station of Pentregwyn, as the train puffed and chugged out of sight. They were following the narrow path from the station when Bret suddenly gripped Warby's arm.

"Remember that bloke who was reading the 'Penstone Reporter' on Penstone Station while we were waiting for uncle?"

"What about him?" asked Warby.

"That's him walking ahead of us. How's he got here?"

I saw him get on our train when uncle was seeing us off. I haven't seen him since, but he couldn't have got here without changing trains, just as we have."

"He's dawdling now," said Warby. "Looks as if he wants us to catch him up. Are you sure it's the same man?"

"Positive," answered Bret. "Black Homburg hat and suede shoes. I'd know him anywhere."

"We're not going to catch him up," declared Warby, stopping and pulling his map out of his lumber-jacket pocket.

They gathered round the map and Warby traced his finger over an imaginary route while Tug and Bret looked on.

"He's stopped," reported Bret. "He's coming this way."

"It looks as if the battle of wits has begun already," said Warby, keeping his eye on the map. "Leave him to me."

Next Week :
THE TELEGRAM



GET ORGANISED

A FEW weeks ago a Troop I know had its headquarters broken into and all the Patrol boxes were opened.

One thing the Police wanted was a list, of missing items and all the Patrols were able to produce a list showing what they had lost. Could you have done this?

The Patrols in question were obviously quite well organised with the Patrol Treasurers and Quartermasters doing their jobs but what about your Patrol? Let's look into the question of Patrol organisation and see, if any of my ideas can help make things easier for you.

Why organise you might ask. If you do, your job will be easier, the Patrol will run smoother and everyone will be happier. Any successful business is usually well organised with the right people handling the right job. The well organised Patrol gets more done and gets farthest ahead.

There are many jobs to be done in the Patrol and how they are divided will depend on the size of the Patrol. Likewise, who does a particular job depends on what types you have and everyone is different, don't think otherwise. The important thing is for everyone to have a job, a responsibility.

There is nothing as effective as having responsibility for getting the feeling of being wanted, being one of a team.

Quite often it will seem easier to do it all yourself, be the "Big Boss", but what happens when you cannot turn up - or when you become a Senior, nobody else has learnt anything.

Let's look at the jobs now; every Patrol has them:-

Patrol Leader: That is your job.

Patrol Second: He is your right hand man and someone who should know almost as much as you do about the running of the Patrol and can take the leadership in your absence. He can only perform these duties if he knows what is expected of him so plan everything together. He should help you contact absent members and visit homes. Don't forget he is the person who will most likely succeed you as P.L. and it is your job to prepare him for this.

Treasurer: When we deal in money we must use it properly and record its use properly. It is only fair that everyone should see where his subs have gone anyway. I always recommend the use of two books to keep these records. Firstly a record of individual payments where the amount paid in each week by each member can be kept and secondly a book to show the total of incoming and outgoing monies. If your Patrol are going on a hike or to camp then the Patrol treasurer should work out the cost and keep a record of finances during the activity.

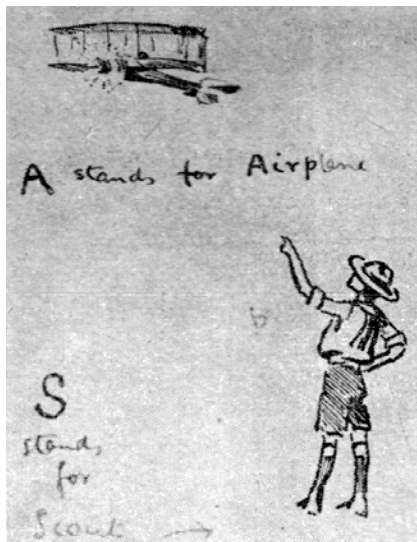
Quartermaster: I take it that your Patrol has sonic equipment of its own. Do you look after it in your Patrol? As you know, a Scout is Thrifty and it is your Patrol Quartermaster who can see that your Patrol is thrifty with its equipment. He should keep a list of gear and books and check it often to see that not only is it still there but it is in good condition. If anybody wants to borrow any of it then it is the Q.M. who should issue it and record who has it. When your Patrol wants to borrow any Troop equipment then once again the Q.M. should ask for it, look after it and see it is returned.

Scribe: This is not a very popular job but a necessary one. If your Patrol has "Patrol in Councils", and -all good Patrols do, then the Scribe should keep a record of any decisions made. If any letters of thanks are needed or letters to camp sites etc., then what about the Scribe writing them? I hope you have a Patrol Log in which you keep interesting records of Patrol Activities. Although it is the Scribe's responsibility to keep the log up to date what about all the Patrol taking it in turns to write in it?

If your Patrol is larger than five there are jobs like "Patrol Corner Chief" and "Foodmaster" who looks after the menu's and the buying of food for Patrol activities. The Americans recommend these two posts and I have seen them work well here. Let everyone have a responsibility even if you have to create one.

The difficulty is fitting the right person in the right job but if you know your members well it should be easier. Have a go at getting organised and the best of luck.

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



IT'S IN THE AIR! - - by **Jim Laurence**

SCOUTS OF THE JET AGE

The Air Scouts Come of Age

THE FIRST OF THE illustrations on this page does not seem to tie up with the title, but it is of particular interest because it was drawn by our Founder, Robert Baden-Powell in about 1917. It was one of a large number of such drawings that B.-P. sent to his children when he was away from home.

Although it was during the first World War that Air Scouts were originally suggested, it was not until 1941 that the formation of a separate branch was approved. Before this there had been air Patrols of Boy Scouts who took a special interest in aeronautical subjects. They worked to gain the Airman's badge which at that time required a general knowledge of aviation, much as the Air Apprentice badge does today. Air Scouts can truly be described as Scouts of the Jet Age, for it was in 1941 that Britain's first jet powered aircraft, the Gloster E. 28/39, flew for the first time, few knew about it because of the need for secrecy in wartime. At about the same time as this very new sound was heard in the sky, there started to appear, amongst Scouts, the smart blue berets and grey shirts of the Air Scouts, but to the boys who wore them it was aircraft like the Spitfire and Hurricane that they dreamed of flying, for they had no idea that a new age of air travel was upon them, and space travel was just a story-book fantasy.



This then, was the background against which Air Scouting first spread its wings. The heroes of all boys, at that time, were the pilots of the Battle of Britain so it was not surprising that thousands joined the new branch. Rex Hazlewood, who you know as The Editor of *The Scout*, had much to do with the early organisation and retains his interest.

Things were far from easy. Most men old enough to be Scoutmasters were in the Forces, clothes were rationed, the blackout was part of everyday life and travel was difficult. Just as in the early days of Scouting, in 1941 boys read about this development of Scouting and formed themselves into Patrols.

They met in one another's homes and progressed with their Scout tests by attaching themselves to Troops that had a Scoutmaster.

There were restrictions on camping too, but these and the shortage of Scoutmasters was overcome by the organisation of summer camps on a national scale.

These yearly "National Air Scout Camps held at an R.A.F. or Fleet Air Arm Station did much to further the growth of the new branch.

After the war Air Scouting suffered a set back. There were fewer aircraft to be seen and there was little civil flying. The Scoutmasters leaving the forces wanted to forget warlike things and the number of Air Scouts decreased from 8,000 to less than a quarter of that figure. For a time it looked as though Air Scouting would fade out entirely but the few remaining were not prepared to let this happen.

Their confidence and enthusiasm was rewarded, for in 1951 the scheme of R.A.F. Recognition for Air Scout Units was introduced. This meant that when "recognized", First Class Scouts could fly as passengers in service aircraft. Now, ten years later, sixty-three Units are qualified to take advantage of flying and other special facilities.

The next big step forward came in 1955. Passenger flying, whilst interesting at first, did not satisfy the Air Scouts who wanted the opportunity of piloting a machine themselves. Power flying was too expensive so an experimental Scout gliding course was held. This was so successful that gliding courses for Scouts have become a regular part of the programme of events arranged by Scout Headquarters. Soon after the experimental course the Air Glider and Glider Pilot badges were introduced and, later, the Air Scout Wings.

A development of the gliding courses was the purchase of a two-seater glider for use by Scouts and an expansion of facilities for gliding in other parts of the country - an expansion which continues with the constant rise in the numbers of Air Scouts. Who can foresee what the next twenty-one years holds for these air minded Scouts?



(Photo: B.O.A.C.)

The Air Scout branch celebrates its twenty-first birthday. It comes of age. At twenty-one it is the custom to be presented with a key, but Air Scouting offers YOU a key - the key to adventure in the air.



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

First Week

To carry out this week's training you need:-

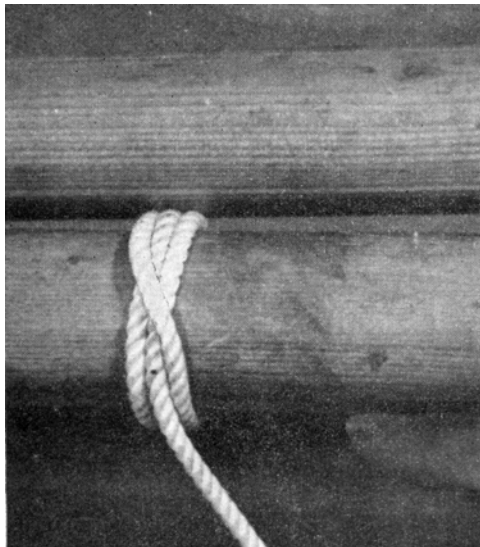
2 Spars or Staves

1 Lashing Rope

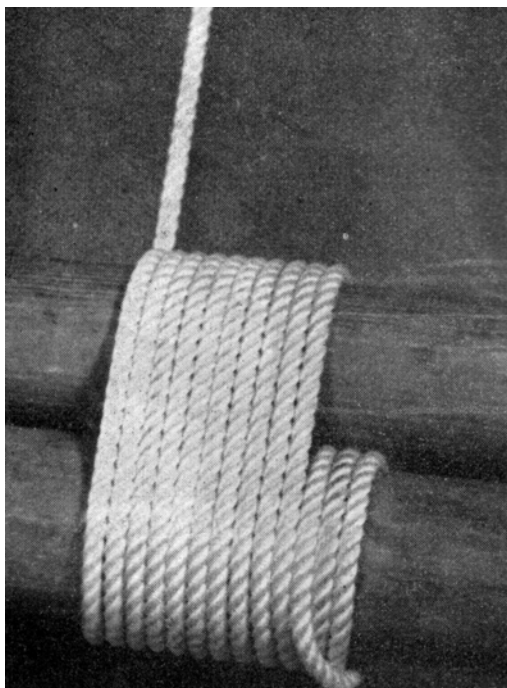
1 Traingular Bandage

The Sheer Lashing

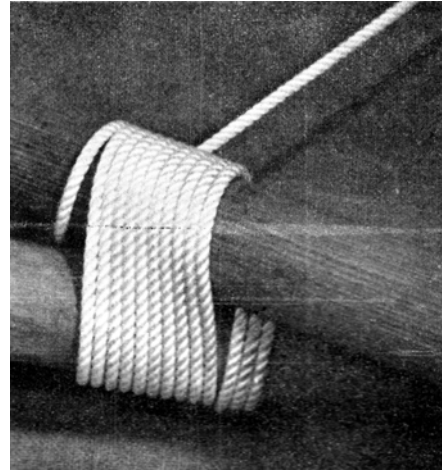
FIRST CLASS TEST No. 8



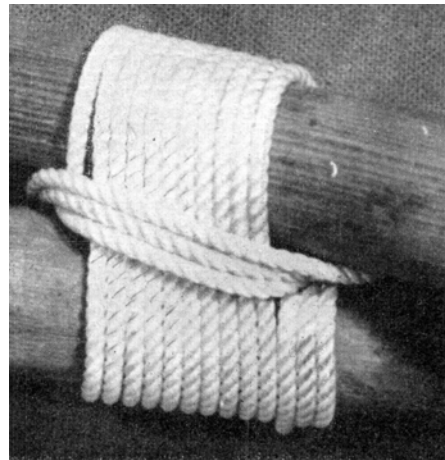
1. Lay spars alongside each other and make a clove hitch around one of the spars.



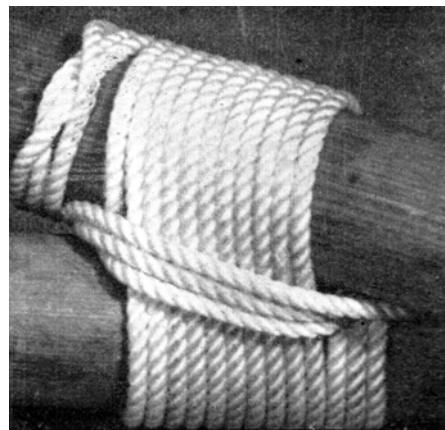
2. with running end of the rope make several tight turns around the two spars.



3. Open out the spars in the form of a cross. Take a turn round one of the spars in readiness to begin frapping turns.



4. apply tight frapping turns so as to really bind the lashing together.



5. finish off with a close hitch on the opposite spar to that with which you commenced.

Applying the Triangular Bandage to the Head

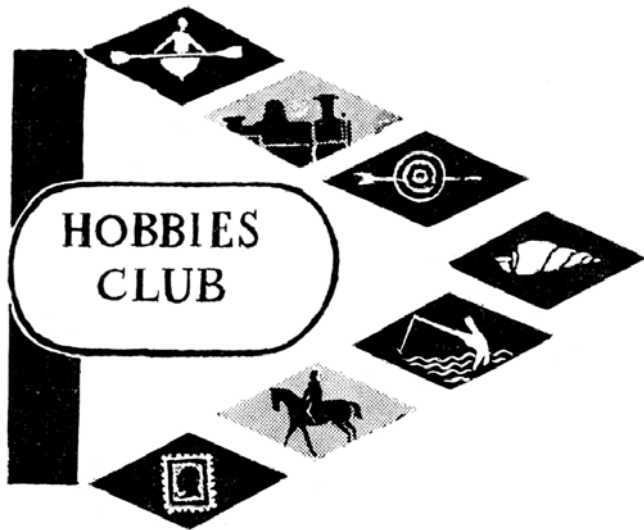
— First Class Test No. 3



CHECK THESE POINTS

- Fold a hem inwards along the base of an open bandage.
- Stand behind patient and place open bandage on his head so hem lies on forehead just above eyebrows and point hangs down at back of his head.
- Bring ends round head behind the ears and cross them over point of bandage near nape of neck. (Our photographs include the common fault of forgetting to leave ears uncovered - DON'T YOU DO THIS!) Take ends forward behind the ears and tie with reef knot in centre of forehead close to lower border of bandage.
- Draw point of the bandage downwards, then turn it. up and pin it to the bandage on top of the patient's head.





BUILDING PLASTIC MODELS

ARE YOU A plastic modeller? Within recent years there has been a growing interest in this kind of hobby and many new enthusiasts may have entered this field of activity as a result of receiving a plastic model kit this Christmas. Whether you are new to this hobby or not, it is soon realised that while the general idea of construction may be the same for all kits, because of its individuality in other respects, each kit has to be treated as though it is the first attempt. This means that before commencing work on the model certain basic steps have to be carried out. Briefly these can be grouped as follows

- (i) Read the instructions accompanying the kit carefully and follow them out to obtain the best results.
- (ii) Assemble the tools you will require before you start.
- (iii) Take your time and don't try to rush things.

Where to Work

Plastic modellers reading Ted Wood's news item in our issue of 16th December, 1961, may well have been a little envious of S.S. David Pinder who was given a shed in which to house his models. Most of us are not so lucky. We have to be content with the corner of the dining-room or kitchen table. This is not always convenient either, as sometimes, no sooner has construction begun, then interruptions of one sort or another follow which at worst may cause the carefully laid out pieces to be packed away again. The simple answer to all this of course is to lay out the parts on a tray, or better still - why not build your own portable modelling table. This needn't be elaborate as long as it is serviceable. One idea on this theme which you may care to try your hand at making, appears at the foot of the next column.

As you can see it is a very simple thing to make and you don't have to be much of a handyman to produce a worthwhile result. One of the many advantages of such a table is that it keeps everything to hand while you are on the job and when it is not required it can be folded up and stored away in quite a small space.

THE CLUB LEADER WRITES -

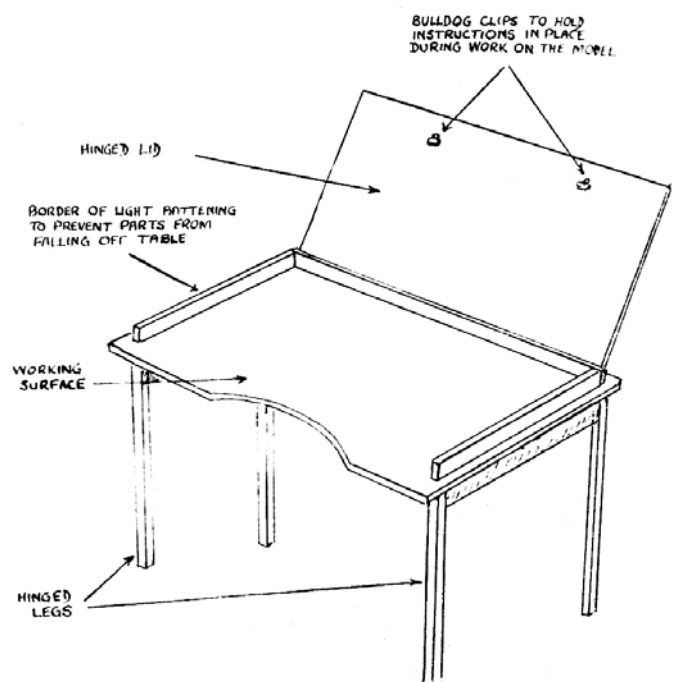
WHEN the Editor asked that I be responsible for the Hobbies Club, I was rather stunned after making a list of the Sort of things that appeal to the various enthusiasts. It's a mighty long one and is still growing. Following a recent visit to the Essex Scout County "Hobbies and Scoutcraft Exhibition", as well as being much impressed with all I saw, I came away with yet further ideas. Thus of one thing I am sure, while during the coming months we shall be bringing you tips and so on from various sources, you in your turn will have much to pass on to us. If you have any ideas about your hobby, I hope you will write and tell us so that we can pass them on to others.

Likewise should you have a particular problem about hobby, our panel of experts are only too willing to offer you advice. To use this service address your enquiry to "The Scout Hobbies Club", 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, attaching a Hobbies Club coupon from the back page of "The Scout" and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

With effect from this issue "Badgers Corner" is incorporated in our Hobbies Club pages under the new title "Badge of the Month" and "The Scout Stamp Club" will in future also form part of our activities, incidentally, to join our Stamp Club and obtain the many facilities it offers, you should send us six Hobbies Club coupons, together with your name, age, address, Scout Group and a stamped addressed envelope for the return of your membership card.

Overseas readers should enclose a reply coupon for answers to their letters.

It is not possible to go further into the construction of this table here but if you would like fuller details send stamped addressed envelope to "The Scout Hobbies Club" and a working plan will be dispatched to you by return of post.



How to Work

Having written earlier that you should get all your tools together before you start work on your model, here is a quick check list of main needs.

Sharp Modelling knife or razor blade.

A piece of handy-sized wooden board on which to do your trimming.

Cement.

Elastic bands.

Paints.

Small brushes for painting.

Turpentine.

Piece of cloth.

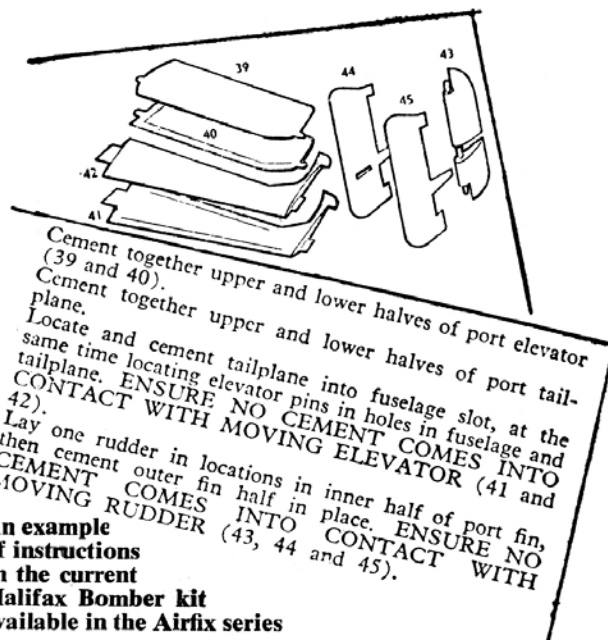
Depending upon the kit you are using each part will be produced to the same constant scale. This will mean some items are rather small. These small pieces are attached to a bar of plastic and you are well advised to leave each part on its bar until it is needed. This prevents a small part going astray. As you can see from the instruction example, identification of the parts are clearly shown.

While most parts will fit together without any trouble, in some cases it may be necessary to trim off odd spots of excess plastic from a few pieces. It is, therefore, as well to try the part in its place before applying any cement. If trimming is necessary use your modelling knife or razor blade with care and work on your cutting board.

For cementing the parts of your model together use polystyrene cement. Apply the cement sparingly as too much cement may run and damage other details on your model. This point should be particularly watched when cementing near moving parts. Also it is not necessary to use a lot of pressure on the capsule or tube of cement as this material is in liquid form. Care should also be taken in which direction the open end of the capsule or tube of cement is pointed to avoid getting the adhesive in the eyes, or on clothing or furniture.

In joining together some of the bigger parts you will find your elastic bands very useful for holding the pieces in place during the short time the cement is drying. During the period the cement takes to dry don't be impatient and spoil your efforts by working on the parts in question.

When all the parts are assembled and the final touches of paint added you will have a model of which you can be justly proud. Whether it is your first, or one more to add to an already mounting collection, a last point has to be considered. If you are to keep your tools in good order and ready for your next model check them over before putting them away.



Your modelling knife may require a new blade; broken razor blades should be replaced - and please dispose of your old razor blades in a safe manner.

Clean the paint brushes in turpentine or other paint brush cleansing agent. Finally store your tools in a place where you will be able to find them next time they are wanted. A craftsman always takes great pride in looking after his tools and keeping them in tip-top condition ready for the next job. No matter how modest your collection of tools, they are worth that little bit of care if you are to have the service you expect from them.

What Next?

For those of you who have built your first plastic model, you have been introduced to a hobby that will enable you to not only spend many enjoyable and even instructive hours, but at the same time have entered a field of activity in which you can specialise should you so desire, for there are all manner of kits available. As well as Aircraft, the list includes many types of Motor Cars, Vintage Cars, Ships, Trains, Figures, Buildings of various kinds and so on. Even working models have their own special place. So you see there is plenty of scope for all.

In the Hobbies Club we have established very friendly contacts with both Airfix and Revell and these firms will be keeping us in touch with news about their latest products. In turn we will pass the information on to you.

* * * * *

Badge of The Month



The Renfrewshire Scout badge shows an heraldic galley with furred sails and pennants flying. The design is executed in gold on a red field.

The galley formed one of the quarterings on the heraldic achievement of Lord Blythswood, whose mansion stood until recently (1955) at the northernmost point of the sheere - the Blythswood estate on the shores of the River Clyde. Lord Blythswood was a Campbell; and the Campbell Clan, whose Chief is the Duke of Argyll, has displayed the galley emblem on its armorial bearings for centuries.

Renfrew, the County Town and also a Royal Burgh, bears a similar galley on its Coat-of-Arms, indicative of its long association with ships and navigation.

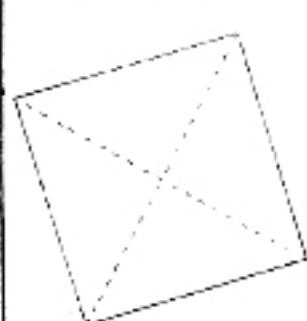
The prow of the galley on the Scout badge carries the head of the Lion rampant of Scotland, while the pennant at the Masthead bears the Saltire of St. Andrew.

The original Renfrewshire Scout badge was an attempt to reproduce the complete crest of the county in yellow thread on a navy field. This badge was forbidden by the Lord Lyon some time before 1933, so was replaced by a badge similar to the present one, but with a blue border. The present badge was introduced after World War II.

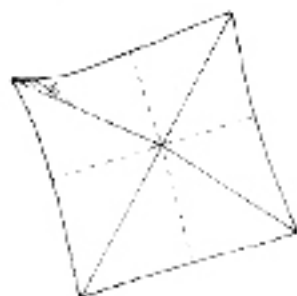
TRY YOUR HAND AT THIS FASCINATING ART

ORIGAMI PAPER FOLDING.

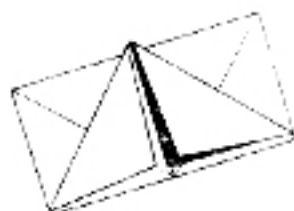
The first fold we have for you is a SALT CELLAR or CRUET. For this you require a piece of paper—good stiff note paper will do very well—6 to 8 inches square.



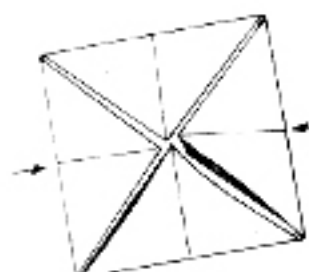
1. Fold the square of paper from corner to corner diagonally. Unfold and repeat with the other two corners. Unfold.



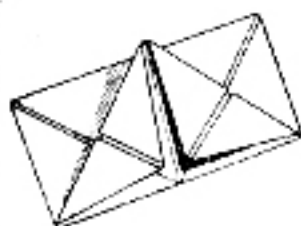
2. Turn over and fold from side to side in both directions. Leave folded the second time.



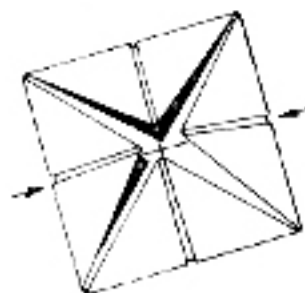
3. From the position arrived at fold the corners down to the centre of the base. Turn over and repeat with the other corners.



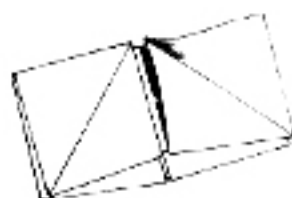
4. Open and fold in half at the arrows with the flaps inside.



5. Repeat the fold as at 3 above but the paper is now double.



6. Open and fold as at 4 above. Turn so that the "pocket" is at the bottom.



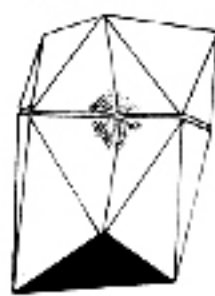
7. Hold the two upper corners by the first finger and thumb of each hand. Push downwards and inwards.



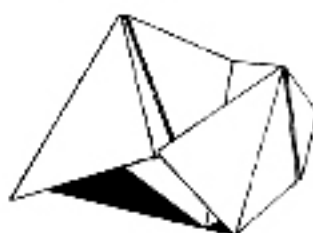
8. The "pocket" will open and the rest close in to give you this.



9. Pull each of the single flaps out at the corners and you have your CRUET with four compartments for condiments.

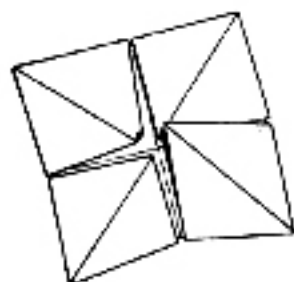


10. Now put the finger and thumb of one hand in adjacent compartments and the first finger and thumb of the other hand in the other two compartments.

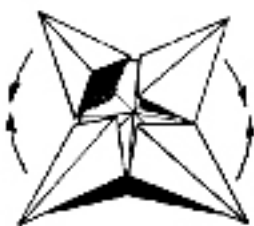


11. Turn the whole thing upside down and you will have Fig 10 & 11—two views of the same thing. If you press each thumb and finger together and then move

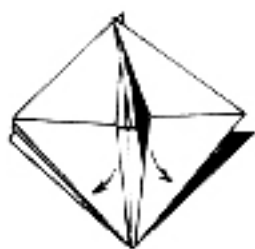
continued:
them so that the two thumbs press together and the fingers also press each other, the model changes to another which appears to be identical. Hold in the first position and paint the inside red. Change to the other position and paint the inside yellow. Now, with rapid movements of the fingers, you can make a MAGIC COLOUR CHANGE.



12. Fold another square of paper up to fig. 6 and turn over. Pinch up the four single corner pieces, by pressing equally



13. on the middle of each side, you will get the above result. Continue pressing, bringing the corners together to give fig. 14.



14. Put the tip of the thumb in the pockets formed by the corners and pull down to the base, as shown in fig. 15.



15. Turn over and repeat on the other side.

DEAR EDITOR

A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

Enough Badges to Make a Shirt

Dear Editor,

Three cheers for Senior Scout Turner (10th June)! I am in complete agreement with him. There are many of our badges which do not pertain to Scouting at all. If we must have these subjects for badges, why not combine them into a Hobbies Badge?

In reply to P.L. Robert's letter (28th October) if there were any more Proficiency Badges they would narrow our interests instead of broadening them as he suggests. We would tend to choose, even more than we do now, the badges we knew we could pass without working for them.

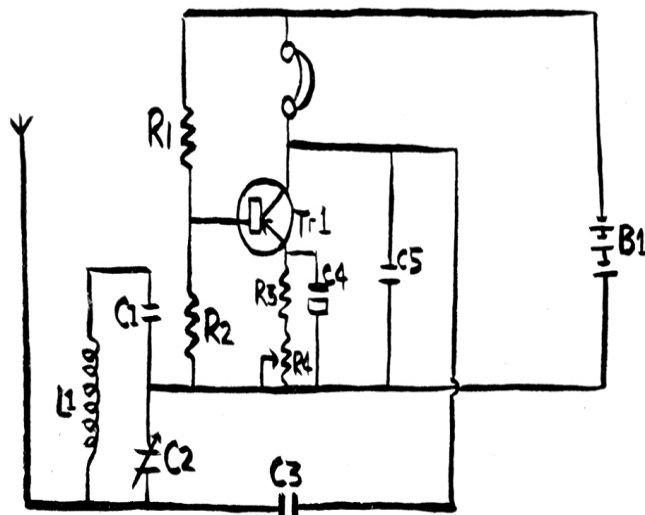
He also mentions an Historian's Badge. Surely he does not want to bring the schoolroom into the Troop Den? He states that there are 100 Proficiency Badges in America. Has he ever stopped to count the numbers we have got? There are about 108 badges covering a total of 67 subjects. If any Scout passed all these badges, he would not need a shirt, he could just sew them all together and wear them like that!

P.L. T. M. Keegan,
Brentwood School Troop,

Radio Circuits

Dear Editor,

I have always looked for wireless circuits in "The Scout" ever since I started having it. I consider a great deal of fun can be obtained from a first class single transistor circuit. I recommend this circuit especially to unsuccessful beginners; the transistor should be an OC44 to maintain high quality although a surplus transistor is adequate. The tuning coil (L1) is medium wave in mine but other coils may be used. One of the many advantages of this receiver is that the 4½ volt battery will last at least a year with normal usage of the receiver. It does not have an earth, in fact it must not have one.



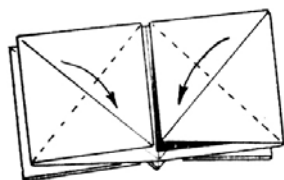
RESISTORS — 1/8 watt

- R1 33 k.ohms
- R2 8.2 k.ohms
- R3 470 ohms
- (variable) R4 3 k.ohms (reactance)

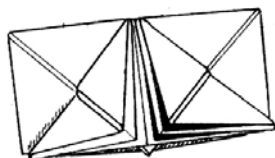
CONDENSERS — 9 v. working

- C1 2,000 pF.
- (variable) C2 500 pF. (tuning)
- C3 25 pF.
- (electrolytic) C4 100 mfd.
- C5 820 pF.

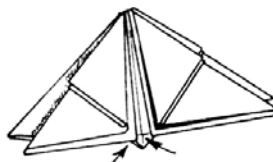
P.L. D. Buckmaster,
Chafyn Grove School.



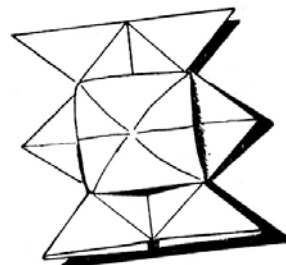
16. Fold each of the corners down to the middle of the base.



17. Turn over and fold down the remaining two corners similarly.



18. Insert the thumbs either side of the point at the base and, pinching with the fingers on the outside, carefully open out.



19. Flatten out and you have awarded yourself a first class MEDAL. This fold is also called the LOVER'S KNOT.

This is the end of our first venture into paper folding. Further models will follow in subsequent issues, including lifelike birds and animals. I hope you will look forward to them.

Solo Flying in Gliders

Dear Editor,

In your issue of the 21st October you mention Scout Stephen Clark of Wallington as being probably the youngest glider pilot in this country.

My son Michael, who is 15 years old and has been in the Movement since a Cub, has already been approved for solo flying in gliders. However, he cannot obtain a licence under British Gliding Association regulations until he is 16. Consequently he is impatiently awaiting his 16th birthday at the end of January, when he hopes to receive his A and B certificates.

Michael first flew in a glider when only a few months old, this being in a Swiss two-seater glider which I was flying, Michael being on his mother's lap in the rear cockpit. He has flown regularly ever since in two-seater gliders and must have now accumulated a good number of hours of soaring flight. I might add that his mother is also a qualified glider pilot, although she gave up solo flying some years ago.

Michael is at present a Senior Scout in the 8th Buxton (College) Troop, and is as keen as ever on Scouting which seems to combine very well with his gliding activities.

J. S. Armstrong,
Buxton, Derbys.

50th Anniversary Celebrations

Dear Editor,

Our Group recently held its 50th Anniversary Celebrations. During the week the Cub and Scout Meetings were open to parents, also an exhibition of Scoutcraft and photographs, dating back to the early days of the Group, were at the local library.

On the Saturday afternoon displays were given by the Cubs, Scouts and Seniors. In the evening there was a reunion of old Scouts, which was attended by many members dating back to the beginning of the Group in 1911. The reunion was ended by a Camp Fire which was a great success.

On the Sunday a thanksgiving service was held at the Church where the Group originally started.

The anniversary celebrations were enjoyed by all, and many old friends were reunited.

Thanks for a smashing magazine.

P.L. David Williams,
1st Withington.

A Baffling Business

Dear Editor,

I have always been interested in codes and ciphers although I have never been a success at solving them as even your simple ones in Col's Club have always had me baffled. Recently, however, I came across a cipher which I thought quite simple, but also clever:-

You make two alphabets.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

(The second is numbered 101-126).

MESSAGE TO BE CODED: THE SCOUT MAGAZINE

KEY WORD: WOODCRAFT

KEYWORD	W	O	O	D	C	R	A	F	T	W	O	O	D	C	R	A
2nd ALPHABET	123	115	115	104	103	118	101	106	120	123	115	115	104	103	118	101
MESSAGE	T	H	E	S	C	O	U	T	M	A	G	A	Z	I	N	E
1st ALPHABET	20	8	5	19	3	15	21	20	13	1	7	1	26	9	14	5
2nd-1st ALPHABET	103	107	110	85	100	103	80	86	107	122	108	114	78	94	104	96

THE SCOUT MAGAZINE = 103/107/110/085/100/103/080/086/107/112/108/114/078/094/104/096.

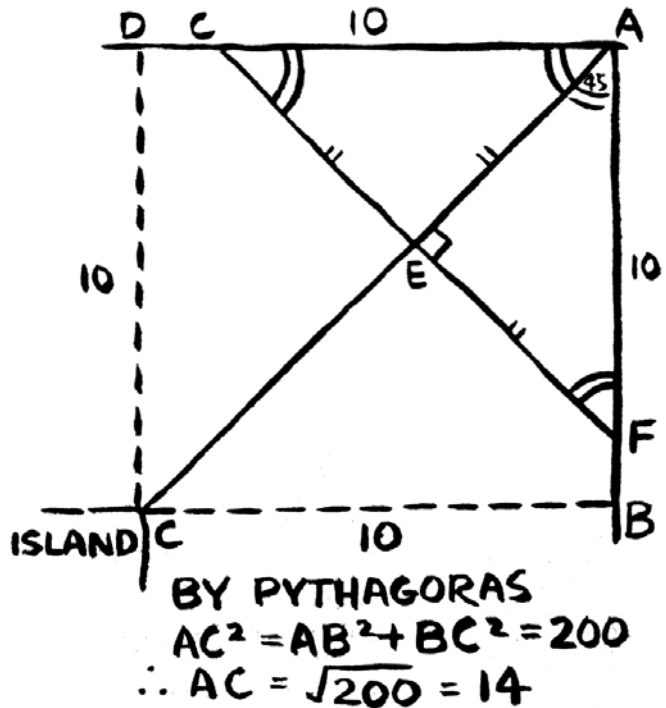
This can be decoded by subtracting the criptomogram from the values of the key word and the results will be the numbers in the first alphabet.

P/2nd R. J. Upton, 26th Bristol.

The Greeks have a name for it.

Dear Editor,

With reference to the problem set by P.L. Robert Forbes, 21st October, I think it is impossible. After a certain amount of puzzling at it, I found that one plank would have to be at least 12ft. long, providing the other was at least 8ft. This I did with the help of Pythagoras (an ancient Greek).



Thus, there is one plank stretched from the nearest point of the Island C outwards 8ft., its end being at E. The other plank must also pass through E for the given answer to work.

Let us now presume the second plank runs from G to F passing through E, if this is correct, as it must be, half this plank must be equal to AE=6ft. Thus the plank GF=2AE=2 x 6=12ft. long. The planks must thus be 12ft. and 8ft. at least for this to work in theory. P.L. A. Roebuck,

3rd Redcar (Coatham School).



GREAT NEW CLUB FOR BIRD-SPOTTERS THE SWOOPERS CLUB

For all keen-eyed boys and girls—here's a new way for you to enjoy your spotting: outings to see wild birds and animals, your questions personally answered by Maxwell Knight, exciting and useful prizes to be won! And it's easy to join.



Maxwell Knight,
famous naturalist,
organises
Swoopers Club
for YOU

What Swoopers will be doing You can enter competitions: win prizes like binoculars and bird books to help you in your spotting.

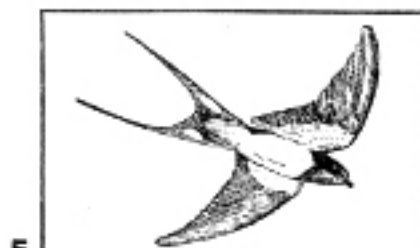
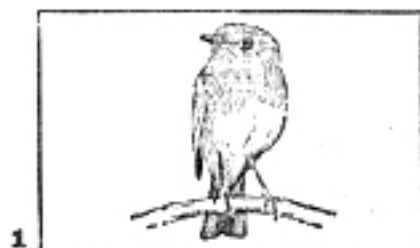
Maxwell Knight is anxious to help you become a full-fledged spotter. He will send you a regular news-letter, packed with the kind of information bird-spothers need. Send him your questions—he'll answer them individually!

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Birds not to scale



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1 2 3

4 5 6

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

From the book published by Max Parrish
& Co. Ltd. © Arthur Catherall, 1961

by Arthur Catherall

CHAPTER ONE

A Boy Meets Adventure

In the big bedroom at 1 Hyde Park Gate it was very quiet. Although the house was quite close to a main road, and not far from the heart of London, there was no sound of bustling traffic. The year was 1861 and there were no motor cars. Even electric trams had not come to disturb the peace of the London streets.

Lying in bed, and for some reason unable to drop off to sleep, Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell turned restlessly from side to side. When he lay on his right side he could just see the faint line of light under the bedroom door. That told him the gas lamp on the landing was still burning.

From away downstairs he thought he heard the occasional murmur of voices, and twice he heard the clippety-clop of horses' hoofs, and the jingle of harness as a cab drew up at their front door. Finally, unable to lie in bed any longer, the four year old boy, 'Ste' to his family, but one day to be known throughout the world as 'B-P', slid out of bed.

Very quietly he tiptoed across to the window and carefully drew back the heavy curtains.

Peering down he saw a man paying the driver. A few moments later he heard the cabby chirrup to his horse, then call: 'C'mon, Rosie, come on, then.'

There was a hesitant clip-clop of hoofs as the horse slowly turned the cab round. A bell jangled somewhere in the house, followed by the sound of the front door opening and closing as the visitor entered. Then the clip-clop of hoofs speeded up as the cab drove away.

For a moment Ste had a glimpse of the twin oil lamps on each side of the driver. The single street lamp below lit up the slow moving vehicle, showing the cabby's tall hat and the whip standing upright in its socket. Then he was lost to sight and the clip-clop of hoofs died away.

About to allow the curtain to drop into place again Ste paused as he saw a light flash for a moment on a basement. Then the light went out as the policeman switched the cover over his bulls-eye oil lamp. Ste watched the policeman walk slowly past the street lamp, step down to a basement door and try the handle. His light shone on the woodwork for a moment, then was gone again.

A moment later Ste allowed the curtain to drop into place, and felt his way back to his bed.

He paused there. It was unusual for him not to drop off to sleep; but he did feel completely wide awake. Then the sound of a distant laugh turned his thoughts to what was happening downstairs.

His mother was having visitors to dinner. Ste could hardly remember his father, who had died earlier. He wondered who the visitors were, and what they did at a 'dinner'. Finally he moved across to the door and very gently turned the handle.

The shaft of pale light from the small gas lamp seemed tremendously bright after the darkness of the bedroom, and Ste hesitated. He was wearing nothing more than his nightgown, which came just below his knees. About to turn back he was stopped by a deep laugh.

He recognised the voice immediately. That was Grand-father Smyth, the Admiral! Like the rest of the Baden-Powell family, Ste loved his grandfather, and reckoned a visit to Langton House, near Tunbridge Wells, one of the glories of life.

'If Grandfather is down there, he won't be annoyed with me,' Ste decided, and on the spur of the moment stepped out into the landing. From there he could see down the stairway. A shaft of light from the drawing room partly lit up the passage leading to the kitchen, and also lit up the stairs.

Again Ste hesitated. He had never done anything like this before. Yet he knew a strange excitement at the thought of creeping downstairs, just to see what grownups did when the children had gone to bed. There was a good smell which he recognised as oxtail soup.

There was a murmur of voices, but no

sign of anyone, as Ste went down the stairs, keeping close to the bannisters so that he could huddle down and perhaps hide against them if someone should come in sight. Six stairs from the bottom he halted, and now his heart was pounding a little. He was not afraid. It was just that his heart usually began to pound when they were playing games of hide and-seek, and he knew someone was near.

Yet there was no sign of anyone.

He went down the next three steps, and then a fourth, and sank down too late as a man came out of the drawing room. He looked towards the stairs, for Ste's light blue nightdress had caught his eyes immediately.

One of the celebrities of the literary world at that time was William Makepeace Thackeray, and he it was who 'caught' the young B-P in time to prevent him walking into the drawing room where a number of eminent men and women were chatting as they waited for dinner to be served.

'Well,' Mr Thackeray said quietly, coming over and taking one of Ste's hands in his, 'what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be fast asleep?'

'Yes, Mr Thackeray,' Ste said soberly, looking the great man full in the face. 'But I could not sleep, so I thought I would come down to see what happened when Mama gave a dinner.'

'So you know me,' Thackeray said, rather pleased at the thought. 'And which of the Powell children are you?'

'I'm Ste!'

'Ste! Hm! Ah, yes-er-now let me see. Ste-Ste. Yes, I have it. You are Robert Stephenson Baden-Powell - Robert Stephenson after your well known godfather, the engineer and bridge builder.'

'Yes, Mr Thackeray.' Ste's eyes lit up, for Robert Stephenson was his idol just then, and he had already decided that when he was a man he, too, would be a famous engineer.

A moment later Thackeray was pressing a shilling into his palm.

'Here is a little present for you, Ste, and I want you to slip quietly back to bed, for I'm sure your mother would not like to see you just now. You are not quite dressed for visitors, are you?'

Ste whispered his thanks and tiptoed quickly back to the bedroom landing. He looked down for a moment, and the novelist waved a hand then turned to the drawing room.

Sitting up in bed, with the shilling pressed between his two hands, Ste pondered for a moment what he should do with it. Pocket money was not abundant in the family, and each member kept accounts rigidly. There were several things Ste would have liked, not least of which was a pocket knife.

Then, as he thought of the dark haired, smiling Thackeray, he decided to keep the shilling. In a vague sort of way he knew Mr Thackeray was a famous man. A shilling from a man like that was not to be spent. The coin went under the pillow, and was just a treasured memento until some months later when it was lost; then it became a key which unlocked for young B-P a door to a magic world of adventure.

The winter passed happily enough. Though she had so recently lost her husband, and had a large family to bring up on modest means, Henrietta Powell was a woman of great courage. She possessed the most cheerful of dispositions, and from her learned and talented father, Admiral William H. Smyth, had inherited many gifts.

She had her own ideas on how children should be taught, and was educating the younger members of her family at home with the help of a governess. Part of that education consisted of walks through nearby Hyde Park, and the many interesting streets and roads in the neighbourhood.

When the walk for the day ended she would ask the children what they had seen. Had they noticed that the muffin man had a new bell. Or that the flower 'girl' who sold violets, and with whom they got on quite friendly terms, had at long last lost her loose front tooth.

Sometimes the children went out into the park alone, and came back to crowd excitedly round her to tell her what they had seen. Perhaps some strange ducks on the pond; riders whom they recognised; perhaps the first hint of spring in the tips of crocus pushing through the brown earth.

It was all part of a training which was to make not only the future B-P an acute observer, and a man with a wonderful memory for detail, but his sister and brothers too.

It was in the following summer, however, that for young B-P it seemed as if the sun had suddenly gone out of the sky. The family had moved to the home of their grandparents at Langton House, always a wonderful occasion,

and the first morning had been spent as usual exploring the gardens.

Then, just before lunch, B-P's face suddenly clouded. He had dropped his hand into the pocket where he kept his precious Thackeray shilling, and it was no longer there. Agnes, his younger sister, turned back to see what was delaying her brother - the youngest member of the family, Baden Fletcher, protesting at being dragged back.

'What's the matter, Ste? Are you ill? You've gone quite pale. Shall I tell Mama?'

'No-no, I'm not feeling ill.' For a moment B-P hesitated, wondering whether he ought to confess that he had very foolishly brought his most precious coin along with him. Then, because in the Powell family the children had few secrets from one another, he broke the news.

'Oh, poor Ste,' and Agnes looked as if she might burst into tears. It was that which stiffened the boy.

'Don't worry, Agnes,' he said. 'I think I know where it must be. I think it will be on the

"Quarterdeck." I'm sure it will be there.'

'Well, Ste, you can't go now,' Agnes protested. 'Mama said that we had to keep away from the "Quarterdeck" until after lunch. Grandfather is busy there.'

'Yes,' B-P agreed. The 'Quarterdeck' was actually a terrace overlooking the sunken part of the garden, and it was there that the Admiral paced back and forth when he was working out some problem associated with the books he wrote.

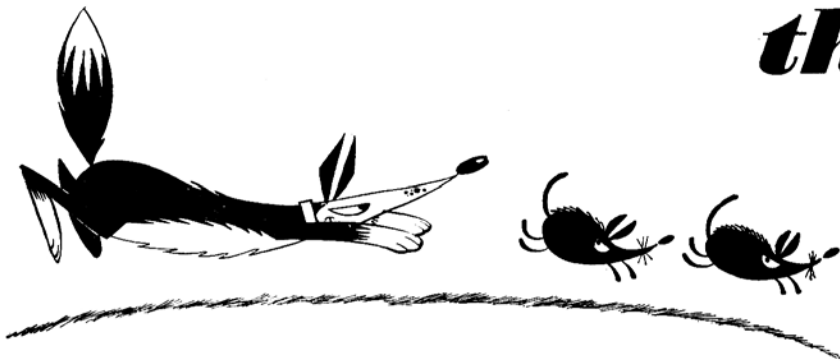
'You could look after lunch,' Agnes suggested. 'No one will find it. If the gardener picked it up -'

'I must go now,' B-P said firmly. 'I know Grandfather will understand. After all - it is very important, very.' He turned and began to walk back towards the terrace, while Agnes and young Baden Fletcher watched in silence. Grandfather Smyth was a wonderful man, but she had heard that he could be angry if his orders were disobeyed.

B-P walked on until he was looking across at the 'Quarterdeck' from the shelter of a flowering currant. The Admiral was pacing to and fro, hands clasped behind his back, his face lifted as if he might be studying the summer sky. The look of intense concentration on his face made him appear to be almost scowling, and B-P watched and wondered if he dare go across. The thought of his precious shilling finally forced him to step out into the open.

(to be continued)





the rock council

by

MAO

HUGH'S FATHER was a farmer, and like many farmers he always had something to grumble about. If it wasn't the weather it was the rats and very often both. When, one day, he saw a dog chasing his sheep in the meadow, he really did have something to complain about. He shouted at the dog, and he shouted at Hugh to fetch his gun. Hugh couldn't make himself hurry very much, because he loved dogs, and when he did take the gun out luckily the dog had gone.

"It's that black-and-white stray dog," said Mr. Mills. "I heard last week it had been after some sheep over at Wilsons. It'll have to be shot, Hugh, it's no good looking like that."

"Perhaps it's hungry, if it's a stray," said Hugh.

"That's no reason why it should eat my best mutton. Once a dog starts worrying sheep there's no curing him. He's a regular pirate, that dog!"

The sheep were frightened, and Hugh was worried. He was a Cub, and he knew the 6th Scout Law was "A Scout is a friend to animals". If he had hidden his father's cartridges, which was the first thing he thought of, it wouldn't have been kind to the sheep. He talked it over with his friend Jerry, who was in the same Six.

"Dad's keeping a watch out for that dog, now. He's sure to shoot him, sooner or later. Unless . . ." They talked about that "Unless . . ." for quite a long time.

The Mills always had plenty to eat, and Hugh was always hungry, but next day he put a big chunk of meat from his dinner plate into a bit of paper and slipped it into his pocket. After school he met Jerry, who had got a sausage in his school bag. "Sorry there's only one," he said. "I was awfully hungry and couldn't spare any more."

They went down the lane behind the sheep meadow, and searched along the hedge. Presently, they found a hole, and, hunting carefully, they discovered two or three black-and-white hairs stuck to the quickthorn.

"This is where the Pirate must have got in!"

They hid close by and waited and waited, though Jerry kept whispering that he was getting awfully hungry again and it did seem a waste of a good banger, but Hugh told him to shut up. Suddenly they saw the dog trotting along the lane towards them.

"That's him! That's the Pirate!"

The dog stopped and stared at them as they rose to their feet. When they called him, he growled and backed away. Hugh held out his meat, and the dog's nose twitched, but he wouldn't come. Jerry threw his precious sausage towards the dog, and it crept forward and 'wolfed it, all in one gulp.

"I said it was hungry," said Hugh. "Here boy! Here, Pirate!" This time the dog crept up and snatched the meat from Hugh's hand. He kept talking to it and patting it, and Pirate licked his hand and ate the bit of paper because it had some gravy on it.

"I'm going to take him home," said Hugh. "He's nice."

"Your Dad won't think he's nice.

"He won't know," said Hugh. "Not exactly. Not yet." He tied a bit of cord round Pirate's neck, leading him home by the back way and tying him up in an outhouse where nobody was likely to go. They could see Mr. Mills standing in a corner of the meadow with his gun, but he didn't see them. Hugh often took Jerry home to tea, and today they were both given a big plate of cold corned beef. They each ate a little piece and put the rest in their pockets.

"You have been quick!" said Mrs. Mills. "Are you still hungry?"

"Starving!" said both the boys, truthfully, so they had a little bit more for themselves and a lot more for Pirate, who greeted them with a wagging tail.

For several days they kept him hidden away and fed him well. He didn't grow, any more and didn't seem to want to escape. Hugh got up early every morning, to take him for a run and to give him the milk the cats didn't want, and every morning he found one or two dead rats in the shed. One evening he took Pirate into the barn where the pig food was kept and the dog killed six rats. Another evening, when Mr. Mills was out, the Cubs took Pirate into the field where the sheep were, and made him walk quietly among them. Pirate was only interested in the bits of chocolate they kept producing from their pockets.

That evening Hugh asked his father: "What would you give, Dad, to have all the rats in the barn killed?"

"Anything I've got," said Mr. Mills. "At least I'll give you sixpence a tail."

"Then you owe me 5/6d. already!" said Hugh. "But I don't want the money. I want a dog."

"I wouldn't mind you having a dog, if he's a good one for rats and if you'll look after him yourself."

"He is! And I will!" said Hugh. "In fact I have!"

"What on earth -?" But Hugh had gone, racing out to the shed to fetch Pirate, and presently they came bounding into the house together.

"Why.. it's that miserable stray! It's that horrible. .

"No, he's not, not now!" said Hugh. "He won't look at sheep now he's not so hungry, will you Pirate?"

Pirate wagged his tail and tried to look like an angel. "He's a lovely dog," said Mrs. Mills. "Do you think he's hungry now?"

"I'm certain he is," said Hugh. "And so am I!"

When he had told them the story, Mr. Mills agreed to give him a try. "But if ever I catch him going after my sheep .

"He won't," said Hugh. And he never did.

Hugh is a Scout now; and he's still a bit worried because he and Pirate aren't being "friends" to the rats. Otherwise he's doing pretty well with the 6th Scout Law: "A Scout is a friend to animals."

Good Hunting!

(And that doesn't mean hunting animals, but hunting for a chance to befriend them!)


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