

The Scout



Week ending 13th January 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d



All entries to competitions must be sent to Col, c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1., before the end of next week.

Project 26: The Unfinished Story

In Some Training Ideas for Scouts (Scouter's Book No. 12) it is suggested that one week Skip (or a P.L. if you like) should begin a story and ask the P.L.s (or other P.L.s) to provide a possible and plausible ending the week following. One of the examples given in the book reads as follows:

There are many small pleasant Squares in London with trees and gardens in the middle, and surrounding these, fine old houses which once held prosperous families but which now have become offices. During the day these Squares are busy enough but in the early evening the offices become closed and except for an odd caretaker only pedestrians seeking a short-cut pass across them. They are quiet and pleasant oases in London's noise and clamour.

One spring night such a small Square, however, did receive visitors.

It should be pointed out that there were four entrances to the Square, one almost directly North and the others East, South and West.

It was about two minutes to midnight on this particular evening when a man from the Northern entrance came slowly into the Square. Within two or three minutes three other men arrived, one coming from each corner. When they stopped and for a moment there was silence. Then the first man said: 'I have kept my word, you see', and the man from the East corner said: 'So have I'.

And the man from the West corner said: 'All four of us'.

And the other man merely nodded and smiled.

"And now let me tell you why these four men came in this way, into this Square, on that spring night . . ."

Now a few weeks ago a certain Troop (the Marist College) in Hull tried this game and this was the story produced as a continuation by David McNamara, and it's nice of him to let me use it

"I am here just as I said I would be," said Sid.

The next Joe, nodded his head.

"Me too," said Dennis.

"I am here also," said Jacobus.

"Well, read the will," exclaimed Sid. Jacobus opened it.

It read:

"For the person who can say the most nonsensical thing the treasure will be his."

The treasure, in a large box, stood in the middle of the Square.

"Well!" said Joe, "Here's mine. Once upon a time there was a rich married man."

"Sid said, "Once upon a time there was a silent woman."

"Jacobus said, "Once upon a time there was a Scoutmaster who didn't bully his Scouts."

"Then Dennis set too with a "will".

"Once upon a time I had been on a journey to Heaven when the bridge that I had come up on was washed away. I wondered how I could get back to earth when I remembered that I had long hair. It is so long that when I stand up it reaches to the floor and when I sit down it reaches to my ears." So I pulled out all my hair and tied it together and threw it off a cloud so that I could climb down.

When I was half-way down I decided to sleep until morning, but how could I sleep without a fire? I had some matches, but what could I do for fuel? Then I remembered that in my pocket was an uffle-break so I split it with my pocket uffle-break splitter and made a fire in this way.

I went to sleep, but in the night the flame from the split uffle-break burned through the hair and I fell head over heels to the earth and sank into the ground.

"I could not get out of the hole so I ran home and got a spade. When I had dug myself out I set off for home. On the way home I saw some men working in a field and it was such a hot day that I feared they would burn to death.

My father, who had just been born, gave me a jug to fetch them some water. On account of the heat, however, the water in the well was frozen over. So I took off my head and smashed the ice with it. I filled the jug and took it to the men in the field. When they saw me they asked me where my head was. I was surprised to find that it was not on my shoulders and then I remembered that I had left it at the well. I retraced my steps and on the way I met a beggar with no legs cleaning his shoes.

"He asked me for charity and I gave him my favourite button. He thanked me with tears in his eyes and he told me that in return for my gift he would tell me a secret he had learnt from a witch.

'Water is wet.'

Terrified at this strange news I hurried to the well where I found a fox eating my head. I gave him a kick and in great fear he dropped a book he had been reading. In it were wise and wonderful words.

"The whole of the treasure is for thee."

"The others were so shinned by this torrent of nonsense they let Dennis walk away in triumph with the treasure."

Now can any of you better that? Any Scout book (in print!) you like for any good ones I receive and use. Same beginning you see but your idea of what happened. Before the end of next week!

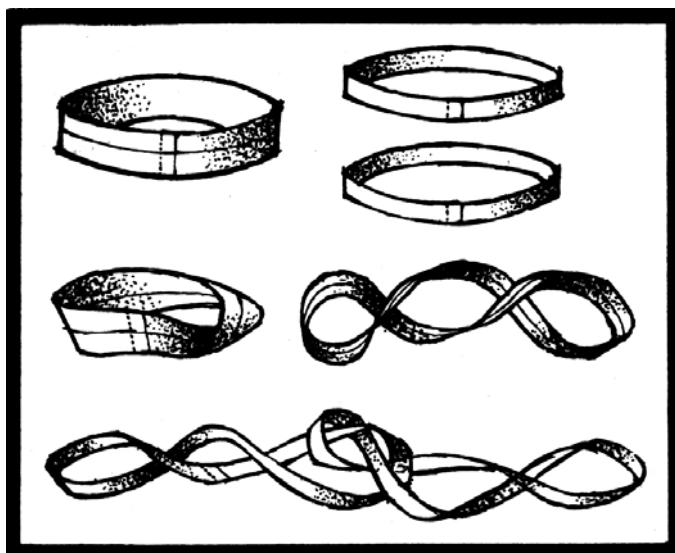
Competitions

Owing to the need to go to press with this issue before Christmas the results and winners of Projects 24 and 25 and What is it? (51) will appear in next month's Cal's Club.

Afghan Bands

Have you come across these? - sometimes called Mobius bands, and nothing to do with music?

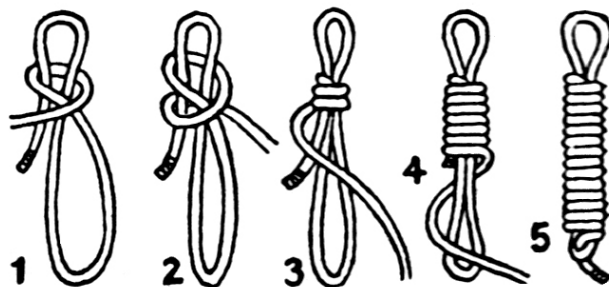
How about making one? Cut a strip of paper about 1½ in. wide and 18in. long. Now, if you paste the ends of this strip together, you get an ordinary circular band, with an upper and lower edge and an inside and an outside and to get from the outside to the inside (or vice versa) an insect would have to cross over the edge at some point (you may as well paste one up like this). But supposing you take another strip and give one of the ends a half turn before you paste the ends together, you get an Afghan Band, and now you will find that starting at any point, you can draw an unbroken pencil line returning from where you started *without ever crossing an edge*.



You can do other things, too. If you take your first ordinary band and cut it along a line drawn round it you'll get two ordinary bands each half as wide as the one you started with. But cut your Afghan band along a centre line and you'll still at the end have *one* band.

Now repeat this first with your two ordinary small bands - cutting down the centre line and of course you'll get just four narrow bands. But if you cut your long Afghan band down a centre line you'll get (or you *should* get) two narrow bands linked together like a chain!

This month's reminder



Games for your Patrol (4)

1. *Cork through Cork*. Here's something for a party. Hold a cork in the fork of each thumb and forefinger. Bring the hands together, right cork vertical and left horizontal, with the thumb and forefinger of each hand grasping the ends of the opposite cork. Now when you pull the hands apart, the corks seem to pass through each other.

Here is the secret: the left finger and thumb grasp the right-hand cork naturally, finger on top and thumb underneath. The trick is done with the right forefinger and thumb. The right thumb reaches back to the *rear end* of the left cork. Then the right forefinger swings down and underneath grasping the near end of the left-hand cork. Thus it slips out easily, towards you. I hope. Try it anyway.

2. *Hot Air, or Blow the Candle*. Place a lighted candle on a table at the end of a room. A Scout stands in front of it and is blindfolded. Then he must take three steps backwards, turn around three times, and then advance three steps - and try to blow out the candle. He can have three tries. Use this as a Patrol competition.

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EMERGENCIES

by

DON GRISBROOK

and

JOHN S. LEIGH

No. 1 GENERAL

EACH WINTER, the newspapers report cases of people dying on moors and mountains. There is a pattern to these accidents - inexperienced walkers, badly prepared, losing their way - panicking and separating. In case after case, the party splits up and people wander off alone. Simple injuries on mountain tops can be dangerous; many deaths are due to exposure rather than to injuries.

Every summer, the newspapers report cases of people drowning in shallow waters, within easy reach of the shore - and with people watching. In April, there must have been about forty people lining the banks; most of them could not swim. In June, "fifty or sixty people watched the incident and none of them sent for help.

In August, there were fifty spectators who were unable to help in any way.

All the year round, fires and accidents in homes cause deaths that could easily be avoided. Many of the deaths are caused by carelessness or ignorance of the basic principles of first aid. Unguarded fires, burning fat, boiling water, faulty electrical fittings, are all causes of emergencies in the home. Every day, deaths occur on the roads. In the past, they have received more publicity than deaths on mountains, in the water or in homes. Yet many avoidable accidents still occur. And many accidents are made much worse by a lack of knowledge of first aid.

It is interesting to look at the figures for accidents in Britain. The latest full figures are for 1959

Road deaths	6,250
Water deaths	1,194
Home deaths	8,157
Railway deaths	334
Aircraft deaths	81
Mountain deaths	23

It is difficult to say which is the most dangerous occupation because no one can calculate with accuracy the number of miles swum or sailed or walked in one year. But the relative figures for road, railway and aircraft accidents are available: - For every 100 million miles travelled there are:

- 27.9 deaths amongst motor cycle riders.
- 20.4 deaths amongst moped riders.
- 16.6 deaths amongst motor scooter riders.
- 8.6 deaths amongst pedal cyclists.
- 1.5 deaths amongst car riders.

By comparison, the number of passengers killed per 100 million miles travelled in aircraft is 1.0 and in trains 0.14. So it is safer to fly in an aircraft than ride in a car. A sobering thought!

This series is concerned, in the main, with the four types of emergency already mentioned - mountain, water, home and road accidents. The aim is to tell you how to avoid such accidents and how to deal with them if they should happen to you - through no fault of your own - or to others.

The series is not concerned solely with first aid. Nevertheless, the different skills of first aid will be referred to frequently. You can do little in an emergency if you know no first aid. It is of the utmost importance that you, as a responsible Senior Scout, are well qualified as a first aider. You must know how to apply artificial respiration, to stop bleeding, to deal with fractures and to treat for shock. These four skills are absolutely vital. Lives are saved or lost at the scene of the accident by the competence or incompetence of the first person on the scene.

According to a recent medical lecture on the military operations in Cyprus, there were five common faults in first aid. The last one need not concern you because you will not be in a position to give sedatives - except perhaps in an extreme mountain emergency. They were

1. Failure to secure an adequate airway.
2. Allowing an unconscious patient to inhale secretions by failing to place him in the coma position.
3. Failure to obtain adequate fixation of fractures and deal with soft tissue injuries.
4. Giving fluids by the mouth.
5. Over sedating.

It is clear, therefore, that you must be competent in the four skills already listed. You must be able to apply artificial respiration correctly, to control bleeding quickly, to fix fractures properly and to treat for shock but avoid giving fluids unless the patient asks for a drink, has no internal injuries and is unlikely to be given an anaesthetic on reaching hospital.

As we have said, this series is concerned with more than first aid. It deals with all the aspects of dealing with emergencies. Knowing how to deal with a particular sort of emergency gives you confidence to deal with that sort of emergency when it occurs. There is no doubt that an elementary knowledge of first aid, coupled with common sense, would allow you to deal fairly competently with most emergencies. But having considered the different types of emergency in detail means that you can deal with them confidently and quickly when they occur - unexpectedly and suddenly.

It is this suddenness which so often unnerves the man on the spot.

He may know what to do, but he is so shocked himself that he does nothing or wastes valuable life-saving time before he does anything.

Recently, we were in an aircraft which was descending steeply and about to land. One of the passengers who had ear trouble was in great pain and became unconscious. He stopped breathing and his pulse was feeble. Artificial respiration was the only thing which could be done; it might not have been necessary, but it was the only positive thing that was possible until the aircraft touched down. So we laid the patient on the floor at the back of the aircraft and gave him artificial respiration. This was a case where knowledge, learned years ago, was suddenly and dramatically used for the first time.

* * * *

It is essential to keep calm in an emergency. If you panic, you can do nothing to help - and, furthermore, you convey your panic to the patient, making his condition worse. The patient needs reassurance not panic. The confidence which comes from being fully prepared will help to keep you calm.

One way of preparing yourself for the suddenness of emergencies is to play a game between yourselves or with yourself. As you walk along or sit in a bus, say to yourself - "An accident happens now - that cyclist falls under that car". Or "John slips and twists his ankle badly" or "Round that next boulder lies an unconscious man" or "That canoe capsizes". Then hammer out a plan of action - who would do what, and what would be the order of priorities? Don't become morbid, but do this a few times and you will get into the attitude of mind which is always prepared for emergencies.

Some years ago, one of us was about to cross a lake in a power driven boat. As he stepped aboard, he said to himself, "What would I do if this boat were to strike a rock and sink?" He decided on a course of action, starting with removing his climbing boots. By a coincidence, the boat did hit a rock in the middle of the lake and sank ! In this way, he was extra-prepared for this incident.

We hope that every incident you dream up does not happen to you!

MEMO: Principles of First Aid

1. Act quickly if the patient stopped breathing or is bleeding. Restore breathing and stop bleeding.
2. Send for help.
3. Do not move him unless it is necessary to save him from further danger. If you have to move him, fix fractures first.
4. Fix fractures.
5. Treat for shock.
6. Keep calm and reassure the patient.

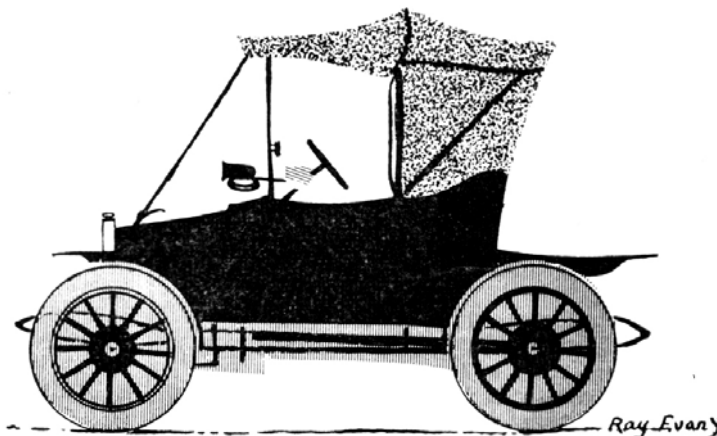
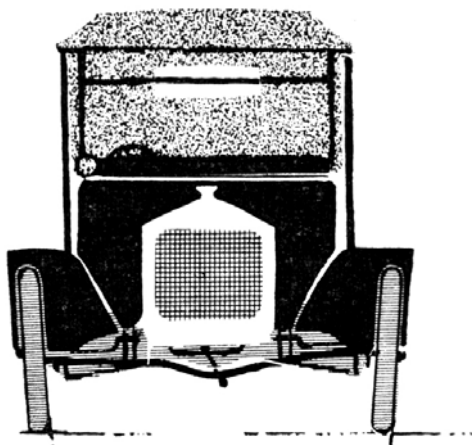
THIS WEEK'S COVER

The First Class Badge is within the reach of every Scout if he uses the various opportunities made available to him. Make sure that your Patrol gets these opportunities.

Picture by John Annandale & Robert Dewar.

Vintage Cars (1)

By Ray Evens



**AUSTIN
1910**

Austin 1910, forerunner of the famous "7" which was not actually produced until 1922. A single cylinder shaft drive, magneto ignition 7 horsepower engine with a Bore/stroke 105 × 127 mm. Internal brakes rod and cable to rear wheels.



THE STORY SO FAR: Senior Scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (know as Warby) and two of his Patrol, Tug his Second, and Bret his cousin, have set off on a hundred-mile hike across Wales. War by's uncle, an Army Major on leave, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. He boasts that it would be child's play for him and one colleague to relieve the Scouts of a certain sealed packet within a fixed time. The boast becomes a challenge, and is accepted. The Scouts are given a twenty-four hour start to their secret destination, and unknown to the Major, they are carrying portable radio transmitting and receiving sets built by Warby. The conditions of the challenge allow disguise and sabotage by either side. The Major has mystified the Scouts by telling them that if he should be recalled from leave while the hunt is still on, he will send a telegram to the post office nearest to where they happen to be spending the night, and that they should therefore enquire at each post office. The Scouts think it a bluff. To deceive the Major, who was at the station to see the Scouts off and to hand over the sealed packet (their reward if they succeed), they switch trains down the line. They eventually arrive at Pentregwyn, the start-point of their hike, and are surprised to see leaving the station a man who had boarded their train when they were seen off, and must therefore have switched trains as they had. The Scouts hold back when they suspect the man wants them to catch him up. He turns and approaches them.

CHAPTER TWO

The Telegram

As the man came within hearing distance, Warby raised his eyes from the map and painted to wards a distant mountain peak.

"If we strike out due north from here," he began in a voice loud enough to be heard by the man, we should reach Borwen in time to look around for a tamp site before dark. Then, if we head east and -" "Excuse me," the man broke in, raising his Homburg hat, "I see you have a map. Perhaps you will be kihd enough to tell me how I find Dolgarth and how many kilometers-er-miles it is to walk."

"Dolgarth?" repeated Warby, looking at the man, then at the map. "It's south of here, I think. Yes. Here it is About three miles away.

If you turn left into the lane crossing the end of this path and keep going you'll walk straight into it."

"Thank you," replied the enquirer. "It is a pity we are not going in the same direction. We could have been company together. Are you travelling far?"

"Maybe ten miles," answered Warby.

"Not more?" smiled the man, moving nearer to the map. You look too strong for only ten miles."

"Maybe we'll do more tomorrow. Maybe less," answered Warby casually. "It depends on how we feel."

The man traced his finger westward across the map to the Welsh coast, roughly over the route they had planned to follow. "You will not feel like many miles if you go this way. It looks like many mountains."

"Too many for us," answered Warby, beginning to fold the map. "This flatter country over to the northeast is more in our line."

They started walking along the path, and in the lane, the man thanked the Scouts, raised his hat in salute, and went on his way.

"What do you make of that, Warby?" asked Tug. "It looks as if your uncle's colleague has forgotten we're supposed to have a twenty-four hour start. Our train switch was a waste of time."

"It's done them no good, though," said Warby. "We've put them right off the trail now. While they're chasing around north-east of here, we'll be going northwest and getting further away from them."

"Let's he going north-west right now," suggested Tug, jerking his rucsac to a more comfortable position. "We won't do the ten miles to Brynteg much under four hours."

We'll be in Brynteg by six," answered Warby, his gaze fixed on the retreating figure of the man in the Homburg hat. "We'll be on our way as soon as our foreign friend is round the bend, and out of sight."

"He's no more foreign than we are," retorted Bret. "Must say he put up a good show, though."

"Mind what you're saying," laughed Tug. "We're on Welsh soil. We're all foreigners now!"

A few minutes later they set off, satisfied that they were not likely to be followed, or to be seen taking a north-westerly route. Keeping to the footpaths, their way turned and twisted through the mountain scenery. Narrow valleys with high waterfalls rolling noisily over craggy walls into raging torrents below, would open out to almost flat farmland with gentle slopes of pine-wood, and views of distant peaks.

"That will be Brynteg village," pointed Warby, slipping out of his rucsac as they rested at the top of a steep pass, and looked down on the open valley spread out before them.

"Looks a sure thing for a good camp site," said Bret. "Wonder if it has a post office," he added with a laugh. "I reckon old Uncle Phil backed a loser when he had the nerve to challenge us in wild country like this."

"I'd say there's hardly any chance of him finding us now," said Warby. "It's my bet that he was depending on guesswork to locate us."

"I suppose it was possible," put in Tug. "He knew our original plans, and probably expected we'd stick to them. He knew we'd average about fifteen miles a day, and he could work out roughly where we'd be each night, once he knew what direction we were heading in."

"That's it," agreed Warby. "They're allowed any kind of transport, so in a car or on a motor bike it wouldn't have been impossible to find three Scouts in uniform."

"He won't see these Scouts again, till we're back in Penstone," said Bret. "Serves old Uncle Phil right for being so clever."

"You know the Major well enough, Bret," said Warby. "He doesn't give up easily. When he finds he's drawn a blank in the north-east, he's likely to start baring around in this area."

"They could come across us by chance!" said Tug. "We're probably safe for a couple of days, but we'd better keep on the alert."

"True," agreed Warby, slinging his rucsac on. "Let's be making for Brynteg, and a cooked meal. It's down hill most of the way. Half an hour should see us there."

Just before six o'clock they were walking into Brynteg. They had a quick look round the village, noted that there were two shops: a butcher and a small general store and post office combined, then went in search of a camp site. They were given a site at the first farm they tried, and pitched their two tents on the west side of small wood so that their camp could not be seen from the mountain pass where they had earlier looked down on Brynteg. While Warby and Tug were putting the tents up, Bret went out with the folding pruning saw they had brought instead of an axe and in quick time had a fire going. Soon, the smell of sausage twists wafted across the little camp, and the three sat round the fire to enjoy their evening meal.

"You made a good job of the grub, Bret," complimented Warby, resting his mug on a log. "That creamed rice was super."

"Hear! Hear!" responded Tug. "I propose a vote of thanks to our cook and quartermaster, Mr. Bret Simmons."

"Three cheers for the can opener," responded Bret, modestly, giving the fire a poke. "I vote you two wash up."

"Agreed," grinned Warby. "As soon as the water's hot enough we'll let the fire out. May as well be careful right from the start. You never know. If we feel like a drink later on, we'll get the paraffin stove out." He turned to Tug,

"Leave the washing up to me, Tug. You be writing up your notes for the log book while it's still light enough. It'll save us having a light in the tent."

They turned in soon after dark, and by half past nine, the next morning, they had strucl'd camp and were on their way to the village, after thanking the farmer for the site, and for the eggs that had gone so well with their breakfast bacon.

Let's call at the general store before we go on," suggested Bret. "If we take some extra flour it won't matter if we can't get bread at our next stop. It looked a one-horse town on the map."

"Glyn Dedwydd," said Warby. "Maybe you're right. Anyway, flour takes up less room than loaves, and dampers are just as good."

Get a bit of fat, too," added Tug. "Flap jacks always go down well."

Warby led the way into the store, and the plump little lady standing behind the counter eyed them with interest.

"A pound of self-raising -" began Bret, but the plump lady appeared not to hear. She was making her way to the post office grill at the other end of the counter.

She held up a small envelope. "Which of you is John Warburton?" she asked.

The three Scouts looked at her in amazement.

"I am," answered Warby.

"Where are you staying?" the lady enquired, holding on to the envelope as if waiting for a password.

"We were camping on Mr. Owen's land," said Warby. "That's proof enough," she smiled, handing Warby the envelope. "A *poste restante* telegram for Master John Warburton. *Poste restante* telegrams are supposed to be asked for, young man. It's fortunate Mr. Owen was in earlier, and said he had campers. Weren't you expecting it?"

"We were, and we weren't," answered Warby, opening the envelope, as he walked to the door followed by Tug and Bret. Outside, Warby unfolded the telegram and read it out, "My colleague in Scotland till tomorrow. We now start Tuesday at eight hours. Carry on. Check at next halt. Major Warburton."

"Jumping Jellyfish!" exclaimed Bret. "How did he know we were here?"

"He must have been snooping around," said Tug. "Probably in that sports car of his. I suppose he wasn't breaking the rules if he only wanted to tell us about the delay."

"Starting tomorrow morning at eight," muttered Warby with a worried frown. "That gives us another twenty hours' start. And it looks as if we're going to need it."

"What about the bloke in the Homburg hat then?" asked Bret, puzzled.

"We can forget about him," answered Warby. "He was just a foreigner who got his trains mixed up."

"How on earth did the Major know this was our nearest post office?" queried Tug. "If he's sent telegrams to all post offices within fifteen miles of Pen-stone, it will have cost him a fortune."

"He could have narrowed the area down a bit," said Warby. Bret anxiously slipped his rucsac off. "We've still got the sealed packet, haven't we?" He began unfastening the top flap.

"Don't open it here, Bret," said Warby quietly. "Spy chasers are good at making enquiries. We don't want them to find out from one of the locals that you're carrying the packet. Anyway, there's no need for panic. They don't start looking for us till tomorrow."

"It's a bit too soon for me," grinned Brat, halfheartedly.

"You're not weakening, are you Bret?" bantered Warby. "Don't forget, it was you who said we'd give them a run for their money. And don't forget the *Penstone Reporter* and the big public splash they'll make of it if we fail, and how Uncle Phil will gloat over it."

"I'm not weakening," answered Bret, with determination. "But I'd like to know how Uncle Phil discovered we were here. And he has the nerve to tell us to check at our next halt!"

"We are the only ones who know where that is," said Warby, "and it's up to us to go all out to keep it that way."

He turned to Bret, "Better get the flour and anything else we need, and we'll be on our way."

By noon, Brynteg was seven miles behind them and, leaving the valley track for the cover of a pine-wooded slope, they stopped by a mountain stream to eat the sandwiches they had prepared earlier, and to make a drink on their paraffin stove. Four hours later, they were within a mile of Glyn Dedwydd.

"This valley," said Warby, standing with the open map in front of him, "widens round the next bend and we'll be able to see Glyn Dedwydd. I suggest we find site this side of it, so that we won't be seen in the village until tomorrow morning when we're leaving for Treffach."

They found a site on a farm surrounded by woods, and pitched their tents in a small clearing.

"I hope," laughed Tug, sitting by the fire writing his log notes, while Warby helped Bret with the washing up after their evening meal, "that this time tomorrow, I won't be reporting how we lost the sealed packet."



Outside, Warby unfolded the telegram and read it out

“What if there’s another telegram waiting for us tomorrow?” asked Bret.

“I’ve been thinking about that,” said Warby. “If telegrams are being sent to several post offices in the hope of finding us near one of them, we’ll just plod on and keep our eyes and ears open as usual. But if there’s only one telegram sent, and it’s addressed to the post office nearest to us, then we’ve got something to worry about.”

“What then?” asked Tug.

“I don’t see how they can possibly do that,” answered Warby. “There are only two of them. Anyway, if there’s a telegram tomorrow, I’ll ask them at the post office to phone the two nearest post offices to see if there’s anything for us. That should prove something, and it’ll only cost us a few pence.”

“It’s a pity we can’t by-pass the village altogether,” remarked Tug. “The Major and his colleague have only got to spend an hour or two haring from village to village in their sports car, asking who’s seen three Scouts in red scarves and they’re soon on our tails.”

“You’re right, Tug,” agreed Warby. “If we could give all villages a miss and keep to tracks where a car can’t get, they’d never lay their hands on the, sealed packet. But we’ve got our supplies to buy, and we’re supposed to contact post offices in case they have to call the hunt off.”

“I bet that’s just one of old Uncle Phil’s crafty dodges to bring us out into the open,” said Bret.

“Could be,” answered Warby. He paused thoughtfully and his face brightened. “We’ve got to go into Glyn Dedwydd tomorrow morning, but we needn’t go as Scouts. Why not give our disguise togs a try out?”

It was decided that Warby and Tug should go into the village while Bret stayed behind with the gear and that when Warby

and Tug returned they would change back into uniform and all set off for their next halt, by-passing the village.

After breakfast next morning, Warby, in crumpled blue jeans, navy corduroy jacket, and Tug in black denims and an old blazer, and both wearing caps, set out through the woods on their fifteen-minute walk to the village, leaving Bret to finish the clearing up.

In the post office, Warby made enquiries. “Yes,” answered the man behind the counter, eyeing the two suspiciously, “We have a *porte restante* telegram in this morning.” He walked behind the grill and lifted a paperweight off a buff envelope. “Yes, that’s the name, Master John Warburton.”

Warby held out his hand.

“Have you anything to prove you’re John Warburton?” asked the postmaster, holding on to the telegram.

Warby patted his pockets, empty but for his purse, and shrugged his shoulders. “I’ve nothing on me to prove it, but I did give you the name that’s on the telegram, sir,” he said hopefully. “Nobody else is likely to -”

“Sorry, sonny,” the postmaster broke in. “That isn’t good enough. Bring me something to show you are the addressee, and I’ll give it to you at once.”

“We’ll be back in a few minutes,” Warby told him, and led the way out into the street.

Warby looked anxiously at his watch.

“Nearly nine o’clock. Penstone’s about thirty-five miles away by road. If the spy-chasers started at eight as they said, and this is the only place they’ve sent a telegram, it means they know we’re here, and they’ll have made a bee-line for us. They could be here any time now.”

“We don’t know what’s in this telegram,” said Tug.

“It may be a further delay.”

“What’s in the telegram isn’t so important as knowing whet-

her this is the only place that's received one. We should be finding out right now instead of having to chase back to camp. We ought to be out of here, and away off the beaten track as soon as we can."

"Suppose I dash back to camp," volunteered Tug, "while you find out what you can here. What shall I bring?"

"You'll find my wallet in my lumber-jacket pocket, Tug."

As Tug hurried off, Warby went inside the post office, and less than twenty minutes later when Tug came panting back, Warby was idling away the time outside the inn next door, studying with envious eyes the mechanical details of one of the parked motor cycles.

"Did the postmaster get to know anything for you?" puffed Tug, handing the wallet over.

"Thanks, Tug," said Warby, taking from the wallet the telegram received at Brynteg. "He told me which were the two nearest post offices, and I telephoned them. And what's your guess?"

"That both of them have telegrams waiting for John Warburton."

"No, Tug. Neither!" answered Warby, with one foot on the post office step. "Back in a minute."

Warby was soon back, with the new telegram in his hand. "The hunt's on, Tug," he declared. "They set off at eight. Come on, let's get back to camp."

When was the telegram handed in?" asked Tug, as they turned down a lane off the main street and hurried on.

"Half past ten last night. It must have been telephoned."

"Wonder why he left it as late as that?" queried Tug.

"It might still be a lucky guess sending it here, but I don't think it will be. We can be pretty sure they'll come straight here. We may have lost the sealed packet already, for all we know."

"Cheer up, Warby, grinned Tug. "Bret's in camp."

"Uncle Phil said we wouldn't see it go," said Warby, stopping to climb a stile in the hedge. "And after the way he's kept track of us so far, I wouldn't be surprised at that. We must change our plans, Tug. We're not having them continually on our tail, playing a cat and mouse game with us. We've got to shake them off, somehow."

"Change our plans how, Warby?"

"They're sure to be around Glyn Dedwydd fairly soon, if they're not here already. If we leave for Treffach this morning as planned, they're almost sure to trail us. We'd be sitting targets. We've got to stop them seeing us leave Glyn Dedwydd,"

"We could leave disguised," suggested Tug, adjusting his cap, "but our rucsacs would surely give us away, even if we left separately. The Major won't have missed any detail when he was seeing us off at Penstone Station. If there was a farm cart or something of the sort going ill the Treffach direction -"

"We can't depend on that, Tug. The only safe way is to stop them following us for long enough to get well away from roads wide enough for their car. They're sure to have a car. Uncle Phil mentioned transport. They couldn't have given us such a start without it. We're allowed sabotage, and I think that's our best plan."

"Simply find their car," grinned Tug, "and calmly stick a spanner in the works."

"That's the idea. We turn from defence to attack. We can set up a radio observation post somewhere high up the valley side, and one of us up there with the field glasses can direct the other two down below."

"Sounds possible," responded Tug, enthusiastically. "Once we know what we're looking for. We don't want to go stick-

ing spanners in the wrong works."

They reached the wood behind the camp clearing, and Warby led the way along the narrow path. As they came through the trees into the clearing, there was a sound of running feet. Bret was racing towards the trees opposite. He glanced back. "They've been here!" he shouted, and was gone from view.

Warby and Tug darted across to the three rucsacs standing in the middle of the clearing. The flaps of Tug's and Bret's were open. Warby raised the folded groundsheet at the top of Bret's kit. There was an empty space. "They've got the packet!" he exclaimed.

Next Week:

RADIO SABOTAGE PATROL

OPPORTUNITIES ABROAD

1962

Iceland 50th Anniversary Camp **27th July-10th August, 1962**

A British Contingent of Scouts aged 15 to 18 years is being formed to attend the 50th Anniversary Camp of the Icelandic Scouting to be held at Thingvellir, 40 miles from Reykjavik. An interesting programme has been planned, -and besides, meeting Scouts from other nations there will be opportunities of seeing the fascinating country of Iceland. The Contingent will travel by charter aircraft, departing London Airport 27th July, 1962, and returning on 10th August, 1962. The inclusive cost is £45.

Swedish Mix-ist! 18th August, 1962

An invitation has been received for a party of three Senior Scouts or Rovers' aged 16-20 years, plus one leader, to attend the Swedish Mix from 1st-18th August, 1962. These events enable Scouts from European countries to study the Swedish way of life and Swedish Scouting, travelling all over southern and - central Sweden. It provides a valuable link in uniting European Scouting. The Mix fee is £10 10s. 0d. Subject to the necessary party travel arrangements being made, the cost of travel between London and Malmo, return, will be approximately £17.

'International Camporee, Connecticut, U.S.A.

The Quinnipiac Scout Council, New Haven, Connecticut, is organising an International Camporee and extends an invitation to a Group, District or County in Great Britain to send a Patrol of three to five Scouts between the ages of 15 and 18 years, plus a leader. Besides the camp there will be a period of home hospitality and sightseeing.

Under arrangements with the Council of Student Travel the party will travel by ship with Patrols from other European countries. The ship will depart from the United Kingdom on 18th June, 1962, and return on 3rd August, 1962. The inclusive cost per person is £138 but there is a scholarship available for £48.

(Continued on page 14)



your first class test in PICTURES



by **John Annandale & Robert Dewar**

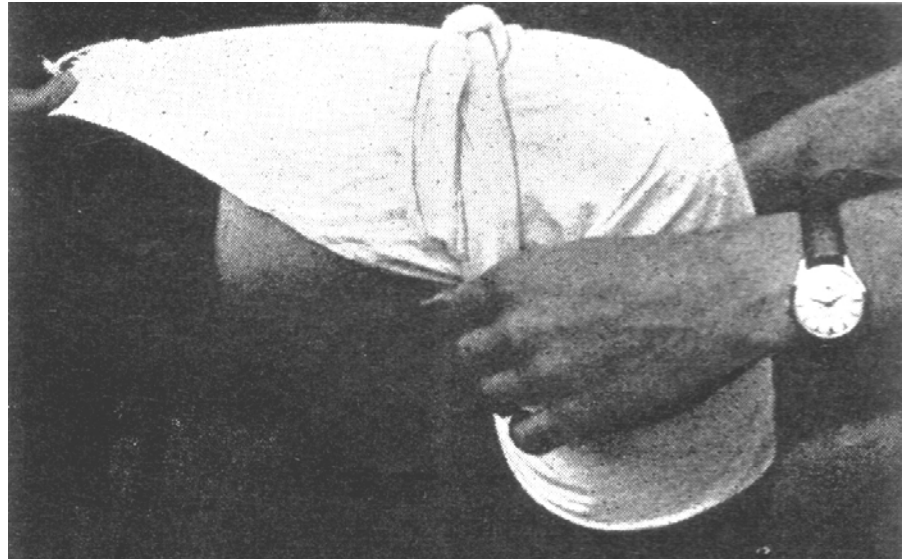
APPLYING A TRIANGULAR BANDAGE TO THE KNEE . . .

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3

1. Bend patient's knee to a right angle. Fold a narrow hem inwards along base of an open bandage. Lay point of bandage on patients thigh and middle of base below the knee.



2. Cross the ends behind the patient's knee, then round the thigh and above the knee on the front of the thigh.



3. Bring the point of the bandage over the knot and pin point to the bandage.



. . . AND TO THE ELBOW

1. Having made your hem as before lay point of bandage on back of the upper arm and middle of the base on back of forearm. Cross ends in front of elbow, then round upper arm and tie above elbow



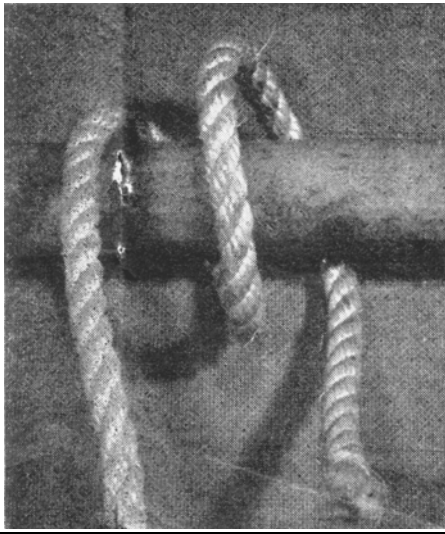
2. Bring point down over the knot and elbow and pin it to the bandage.



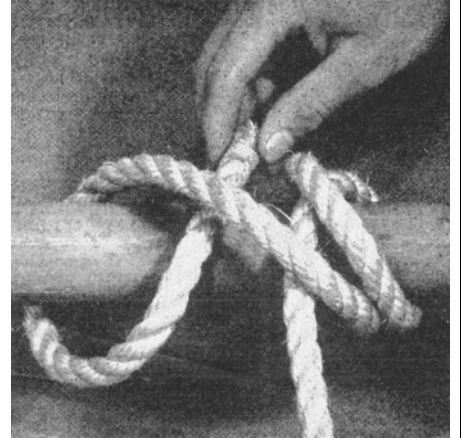
Tying a Rolling Hitch

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 4

1. Start with a round turn



2. Cross running end over standing part and complete with half-hitch



3. It is important that direction of strain is against the double strand. The knot can just as easily be tied so that the strain is on the other side.



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flap. Genuine Jacono showerproofed.
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32, 34. (Sizes 36, 38, 40 & 42 5/- extra).



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2nd WEEK

To carry out the training
for this week you need :-

- 1 Triangular Bandage
- 1 Knotting Rope
- 1 Spar or Staff

NEXT WEEK

- The Manharness Hitch
- Applying the Triangular Bandage to the Foot

JACATEX



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.

Fun and Adventure

Many of you, at some time or other, will have said to yourselves: "I joined Scouting for its fun, its adventure, but, above all, for the chances it gives for doing things, learning things outside. And what we do in our Troop Meetings, in winter, doesn't seem to have much to do with the outside at all." You have my sympathy - and, too some suggestions which might help remedy the situation in your Troop.

I grant that in winter most of the Troop Meetings must, owing to the conditions, be held indoors. Nevertheless, what you do in your Patrol Activity sessions can have everything to do with the OUT in Scouting. You, and your Patrol, can learn much in preparation for "outside" tests; you all can revise what you already know - in an interesting, active way. But you, as P.L., will have to work.

In your Court of Honour suggest that your Troop adopt - perhaps for an experimental period - a scheme which will involve all Patrols participating in a series of activities designed to last for half an hour each and deliberately chosen because they have everything to do with outside. Now, the scheme will last for the same number of weeks as there are Patrols, that is, five weeks for a Troop of five Patrols. Each week the activities will rotate so that at the end of five weeks, each Patrol will have completed all the activities.

Before I give you some practical ideas - which I would prefer you to use only as a guide - remember that your activities should be only those which will keep everybody busy, interested and from which everybody will learn something. And remember, too, that you will probably need some advice from your Scoutmaster on how to put these activities into practice. Ask him to spend some time after the Court of Honour or arrange a special evening, if possible.

Some suggestions:-

Observation: Birds. Pass photographs of birds round and ask each Scout to study each picture for a short time. Then test each Scout on the outstanding features of each bird. Alternatively, pin the pictures to the wall and ask each Scout (a) to identify each bird, and (b) state why he knows it belongs to that species.

Trees. Pass round your Patrol a number of twigs. Ask the Scouts to describe the outstanding features of each kind. Or, collect bundles of oak twigs, ash twigs, etc., taking care not to mix the twigs. Then, on biscuit tin lids, estimate the burning qualities of each kind. Compile a chart listing the merits of each kind under such headings as "kindling", "heat given off", "duration of burning", etc. After you have completed the chart, hang it in the Patrol Corner.

Learn the silhouettes of common leaves by cutting out of green paper the shapes and mounting these shapes on a suitable background.

Pioneering. Take out the equipment for an aerial runway and with it demonstrate the making of the carrying chair (with the bosun's chair knot), the cats-paw, how to reeve a pulley system. When the summer comes round, your Patrol will be proficient in all they need to know in order to make a real runway.

Build, in your Troop Room many of the simpler pioneering projects like the Scout - Transporter. They need very little equipment yet they test basic Scouting skills. Make these projects more exciting by forbidding the Patrol to cross a certain line or "bank" unless by the device constructed.

Mapping. Divide a large white card into nine squares. Give each Scout a piece of paper which is also similarly divided. Into any five of your squares put mapping signs. Show the card to the Patrol for a brief period (15 seconds?) and ask them to reproduce in their squares the signs as they were on the large card. Not only is this a test in mapping but also in Kim's game. Repeat the game by altering the signs and squares occupied, making the game more and more difficult.

Instead of mapping signs, use already tied knots. The Scouts must then not only remember the squares used but the name of each knot. Occasionally put in a wrongly tied knot and ask the Scouts to identify its square within two seconds. The game can again be varied by using Morse signs, with the appropriate letters beneath. Both the sign and the letter must be remembered.

Cooking. In thirty minutes flat, cook a complete meal to satisfy the requirements of the Second Class Badge. Good organisation is essential. Use two pressure stoves, put the potato water on to boil while others are preparing the potatoes. Then . . . but I'll leave the rest to you. If you organise everybody well, you will get tremendous satisfaction out of the result.

Try something unusual, too. Toffee, for instance. It is surprisingly easy to make - sugar, margarine, syrup and water . . . ask your mother. In twenty minutes from "go" you can be enjoying it.

And so you can go on. The secret is, as you will have gathered, to choose those activities which have not only some obvious interest, but those which you yourself will find not too difficult to put into practice. Too difficult a project can result in failure and your Scouts saying:

"Didn't think much of that, did you?" In your time as a P.L. you will hope that your Scouts will learn a lot of useful things from you. See that they do.

HEROES

ALL



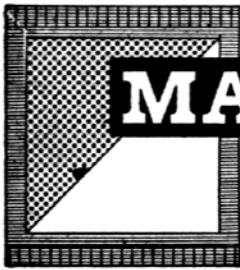
DRAWN BY
RAY EVANS
STORY BY
TED SEWARD



WILLIAM TAYLOR, SCOUT, 1ST. MERROW & HIS FRIEND MARTIN WERE COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL WHEN MARTIN RAN ONTO THE ICE OF MERROW STREET POND, THROUGH WHICH HE FELL UP TO HIS NECK. HE CLUNG TO THE EDGE BUT WAS FAST LOSING HIS GRIP. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS HE WOULD HAVE GONE UNDER, BUT BILLY TAYLOR QUICKLY SIZED THE SITUATION, RAN OUT TO HIM AND GRABBED HIM BY THE SHOULDER OF HIS COAT.



SOMEHOW, HOW WE SHALL NEVER KNOW, BILLY DRAGGED MARTIN OUT OF THE WATER TO SAFETY. BILLY IS NOT A BIG BOY AND THE EFFORT MUST HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLE. AWARD :- GILT CROSS



The Diary of a P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

Troop Night. Andy's leg is out of plaster now so he's in circulation once more. Discussed arrangements for the Christmas Good Turn, when the Mallorys are helping at the Stanstead Place home for cripples. We must all turn out in strength. We're also expected to help with the Group Christmas Party on 6th January by running a few games and things.

The rest of the time was taken up with plans for the New Year Camp with the 3rd Millbridge. Graham Lee, their P.L., came along half-way through the meeting. He suggests we hike to the Log Cabin in Netley Forest (which the Forestry Commission have kindly let us use) and if it's a fine night, see in the New Year from the top of Dunley Hill.

Christmas Day

Pleased to report that the entire Mallory Patrol turned up in force (*and* full uniform) for the Christmas Good Turn. We were given the job of taking some of the patients in their wheelchairs to the Christmas Service at the Parish Church, and back again in time for their Christmas Dinner.

Monday, 1st January

The New Year Camp was a great success.

We were lucky in having a fine night although there was a sharp frost.

We spent the hours before midnight on the top of Dunley Hill singing seasonal songs and running about as it was so cold.

We couldn't light a fire as it was Forestry Commission land and with pine needles underfoot a fire could easily have got out of control. We duly celebrated the New Year and returned to our Log Cabin for the rest of the night.

Saturday

Group Christmas Party, traditionally a fun and games evening in which the Cubs, Scouts, Seniors and Rovers all join in. Roger, Ken and Andy ran a few games and later on, after the "eats", the rest of us did a few camp fire stunts.

Sunday

Church Parade. Afterwards, Brian showed us a letter he had received from the 10th Melford Seniors, inviting us, and other Senior Troops in the Ashcombe and Melford Districts, to take part in a Cycle Rally they've arranged for 13th January. It's rather short notice, but I think with Christmas and the New Year Brian had mislaid the letter somewhere. Anyway this looks like another Six Hills Hike, but on bikes

The Mallory Patrol	
1st Ashcombe Group	
WHO'S WHO	
P.L(s)	David Norrington (17 ¾)
2.	Roger Banfield (17)
3.	Gordon Kelly (16 ¾)
4.	Ian Simpson (Dizzy) (16 ¾)
5.	Kenneth Hamilton (16 ¼)
6.	James Miller (16)
7.	Amfrew Turner (15 ¼)
8.	John Allen (15 ¼)
A.S.A.L. Brian Hudson	

this time, and it seems that Roger, Gordon, Andy and Ken will be able to enter as a team.

Brian offered to run a surprise stunt next Thursday, and ask a volunteer to help him. Jim said he'd help, so it'd better be good!

Arrangements for the Group Social and Dance on Saturday week are well in hand. It's to be held in the Church Hall and should be a roaring (as well as a financial) success.

Monday

Brian called round to say that "Skip" Thomas, S.M. of the Scout Troop, had asked the Mallory Patrol to lend a hand with arranging a Competition for the Troop on 3rd February. It appears they have a monthly Inter-Patrol Competition for the Patrol Challenge Trophy and the February one is to deal with the subject of map and compass. Brian said we'd manage something, and asked me if I had any ideas. I suggested this would be right up Ken's street as mapping is one of his strong points. We phoned him up from my place and he said he'd think something out.

Dave Norrington.
P.L.(S)

Notice Board

LONGRIDGE Training Courses

1962

31st March/1st April Oarsman Badge; Scouts over 13, 12s. 6d. 7th/8th April & 14th/15th April Coxwain Badge (2 week-ends); Scouts over 13, 25s.

5th/6th May & 12th/13th May Helmsman Badge (2 week-ends); Scouts over 14, 25s.

1963

1st-6th January Boatswain Badge; Scouts over 14, 60s. With the exception of the Boatswain Badge Course, all courses will commence at 4.00 p.m. on the first day and disperse at 6.00 p.m. on the second day. The Boatswain Badge Course will commence at 4.00 p.m. on the first day and disperse at 2.00 p.m. on the sixth day. The cost includes food and accommodation. Those attending week-end courses may join on the Friday evening or Saturday forenoon if they so desire, and a small charge will be made for the extra messing.

Annual Regatta

The annual Regatta will be held over the weekend 8th/9th September, 1962.

* * *

Full particulars about these events and application forms may be obtained from: The Bailiff, Longridge Scout Camp, Quarry Wood Road, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.

OPPORTUNITIES ABROAD - 1962

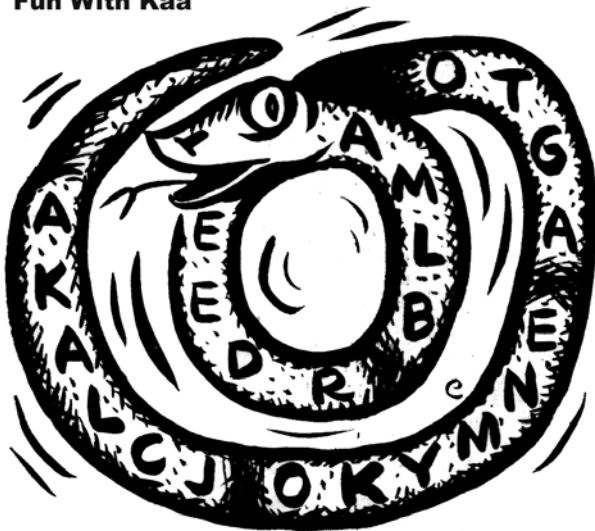
Events In Kandersteg, 1962

For details of the Ski Course and Climbing Courses at the International Scout Chalet, Kandersteg, see the 9th December, 1961, issue of "The Scout".

(Further information, including the necessary qualifications for Scouts wishing to be considered for these events, are available from your County International Representative, where appointed, or from the International Dept., Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1).



Fun With Kaa



I expect you all know that the python is a nonpoisonous snake. It kills its prey by crushing it to death between the huge coils of its body and then swallows its prey whole.

Kaa here, has just had his dinner. Can you find out the names of the five animals he has swallowed?

Game - Kaa's Dinner

First make a cloth Kaa. Stuff firmly the foot of large sock or stocking. Stitch end, to keep in the stuffing and stitch on buttons and felt for eyes and mouth. Stitch onto head a long woollen stocking, or similar piece of material, to form body, with tail end open. Now get Akela or Mum to fill up Kaa with his dinner, (vegetables, fruit, toys - in fact anything that can be pushed inside him) and tie a piece of string, round, his tail. Cubs take it in turn to feel Kaa's tummy and then write down all the things you think he has eaten for his dinner. Please don't try and be too realistic by pushing in one of your pets!

I hope you have many hours of fun with Kaa; I will give you another jungle animal next time.

DID YOU KNOW that the yellow, brown and black reticulated python is the longest of all snakes. It is found in Malaya, Burma and Indo-China and has been known to attain an extreme length of 33 feet.

Sweet Recipes

I wonder if any of you tried your hand at cooking after reading my last Bran Tub. To encourage the beginners here are two simple recipes for your *sweet making*.

Chocolate Truffles

4 oz. block plain chocolate.

2 oz. Icing sugar.

½ teasp. vanilla essence.

1 tablespoons evaporated milk.

Melt chocolate (do not allow to get hot). Stir in sieved icing sugar; add evap. milk. Add essence and work all together well. Shape into balls and roll in dessicated coconut.

Marzipan Potatoes

4 oz. ground almond.

8 oz. castor sugar.

Whisked white of 1 egg.

Few drops of vanilla essence.

Mix the above ingredients together until a firm paste is formed. Roll small quantities into little "potatoes" and roll them in cocoa to make them brown.

Traditional Rhymes Concerning Books

I recently came across some traditional rhymes concerning books, which you may like to use inside your dust covers. I give the date of the book in which the rhyme was originally found.

*Small is the Wren,
Black is the rook,
Great is the sinner,
That steals this book.
This book is one thing,
My fist is another,
Touch this one thing,
You'll sure feel the other.*

*If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study - not to lend,
But to return to me.*

*I put my name for to betray
The thief that steals this book away. (1769)
This is book,
You may just within it look,
But you'd better do no more,
For the devil's at the door,
And will snatch at fingering hands;
Look behind you - there he stands. (1850)*

IF YOU MISSED LAST WEEK'S ISSUE OF "THE SCOUT", COPIES MAY BE OBTAINED FOR 6d. EACH PLUS 2 ½ d. POSTAGE FROM THE EDITOR, 25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

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

by Arthur Catherall

FOR NEW READERS: *Young B.-P. - "Ste" to his family - unable to sleep creeps downstairs to see what was going on at a dinner given by his mother. He is seen by William Aakepeace Thackeray who is a guest. This great man gives him a shilling and Ste returns to bed. The shilling becomes one of B.-P.'s prized possessions. He loses it the following summer when staying with his Grandfather. Thinking the coin may be on the terrace, B.-P. retraces his steps and is prepared to risk the wrath of interrupting his busy Grandfather to find his precious coin.*

CHAPTER ONE

A Boy Meets Adventure (Continued)

Whistling to keep up his courage he walked slowly but steadily across to the terrace, hoping that his grandfather would hear the whistle and look round; but the old man's thoughts were on other things than grandsons. Back and forth, back and forth, busy marshalling his thoughts until suddenly there was a tug at one of his coat tails. Jerked back to the present he stopped and stared down at Ste, perhaps his favourite grandson.

'Here, what - oh ho, I thought you were off to the house with Agnes and young Baden.'

'Yes, I was - we were; but I had to come back. I have lost something, something very important,' and the boy looked up anxiously. He was much too perturbed to notice the sudden twinkle in the old man's eyes, and went on: 'I am sure I had it when we were here with you - and now I can't find it. Grandfather, have you - you haven't seen a shilling, have you?'

'A shilling! Hm!' And Admiral Smyth stroked his chin. 'Now tell me what you mean exactly. First you say "Have you" and then "You haven't" seen a shilling.'

Young Ste gulped, and his grandfather taking pity on him thrust a hand into his trousers' pocket, brought out some change, and picking out a shilling gave it to the boy.

'Yes, I *did* find your shilling, Ste. There it is. You must be more careful with your pocket money, or one day - Well, what's the matter?' and he took back the coin the boy was holding out to him.

'That isn't my shilling, Grandfather.'

'But it is a shilling, isn't it? 'Pon my word, what is the difference?'

'Mine was a special shilling,' Ste said earnestly. 'It - you see it was given to me by Mr Thackeray - the great Mr Thackeray.'

'The writer Thackeray. Hm!' Again the Admiral rubbed his chin, then fished in his pocket once more to bring out all the small change he had. He was shaking his head a little dubiously as he mused: 'Well, Ste, I don't know what we can do. There are four more shillings. Here. It could be any of them.'

He removed the other coins, leaving Ste to look at the four shillings left there. After a moment the anxiety vanished from the small boy's face and he picked out the coin he wanted.

'And that is the one?' his grandfather asked. 'How do you know? Come on, we'll sit on the wall. How can you be sure that you've got the right one? Mind you, sir, I know you have - but I want to know how you can be sure?'

Young Ste placed the coin in his grandfather's hand, then turned his head away.

'Two of the little nicks on the edge of the shilling have been broken,' he said. 'As if something sharp had hit it.'

The Admiral studied the shilling for a moment, then nodded:

'Hm! Yes, that's right. But almost any shilling might have that,' he pointed out. 'There is also the date,' and Ste told him the date on the coin. 'And there's a small scratch on the head - on the bridge of the nose.'

Again the Admiral studied the coin. The boy was right, absolutely right. As he handed over the coin, he said jokingly:

'I see you are very observant, Ste. Now tell me, on the back of which of my fingers is there a scar?'

'A scar? But there are no scars on your fingers. At least I have never seen one.'

The reply came without hesitation, much to the old man's astonishment.

'How can you be sure?' he asked.

'Oh, that's easy,' Ste said, laughing. 'Haven't I held your hands many a time when we've been walking in the garden? If there had been a scar I would have seen it.'

At this Admiral Smyth's bushy eyebrows went up a little.

'Tell me,' he said after a moment, 'did Mr Thackeray give the others a shilling? He must have been in generous mood.' Ste laughed.

'No, I was the only one there, when he gave me this. You see - and this is a secret.' He paused and looked up expectantly.

His grandfather nodded.

'I can keep secrets, Ste. Go on.'

'Well, one night when Mother was having guests to dinner I could not go to sleep. I could hear the hansom cabs and the broughams coming to the door. And I could just hear people talking.

I wondered what they did when we were fast asleep. Agnes and Baden were asleep, so I got up and opened the door. I could hear the gaslight hissing on the landing. It seemed to be saying: Ssssssh! Ssssssh!' and Ste's voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. 'It made it exciting.'

'I can see it would be,' his grandfather whispered. 'Just like being a spy!'

'That's what I thought,' Ste agreed. 'I tiptoed down the stairs. I could hear the voices more clearly, and I thought I could hear the sound of plates in the kitchen. No one was about, but through the partly open door of the drawing room I could see a man's legs. He had his hands clasped behind his back. Grandfather - it was you.'

'It was, was it? Are you sure?'

'Yes. You see, when you have your hands clasped behind you always stand with your feet apart, but your left foot keeps coming up a little and you tap with your heel.'

Admiral Smyth's lips twitched in a suppressed chuckle. The boy was right. He had been told more than once by his wife about that little habit of his.

'Go on, Ste, and what did you do after you got downstairs?'

'When I got almost to the last stair Mr Thackeray suddenly appeared. I don't know where from. He stared at me and I stared at him.'

He asked me if I knew him, and when I said I did, he put his hand in his pocket and gave me this shilling. He said: "Here's a shilling. Off you go back to bed before your mama sees you. Off you go and I won't say a word."

'And you did?'

'Yes,' Ste confessed, with a hint of regret in his voice. 'Being a spy is not very much fun when you've been caught, is it?'

'No, it isn't,' his grandfather confessed. 'Still, I shouldn't worry. Spies don't usually begin their careers as young as you. And even grown up spies get caught. Do you know, Ste, one of your great great grandfathers was a sort of spy. He was a wonderful man, but he was caught, and by Red Indians—real Red Indians.'

'A spy! My great great grandfather!' Young Ste's eyes were round as saucers as he gazed up at the Admiral. Not for one moment did he doubt the old man's words. That was one thing about Grandfather Smyth, he always talked to his grandchildren as if they were his equals.

'Yes, and — oh, dear, they're calling us for lunch.' Admiral Smyth took the boy's arm and turned him towards the house. 'Look, Ste, this afternoon we'll come back here, and I'll tell you about Captain John Smith.'

That afternoon Ste listened for the first time to the story of Captain John Smith, one of the great Elizabethan adventurers; a man who helped to colonize Virginia.

Completely enthralled he heard the story of the soldier - sailor - explorer

adventurer, who captured French ships, and fighting against the Turks took on, in single-handed combat, three Turkish champions, and defeated each one in turn.

It was the story of Captain John Smith's adventures with the Indians which really held the future B-P spellbound. Time after time he would ask his grandfather to repeat the story of how Captain John Smith, while out exploring the wild country of the Chickahominy, was captured by Indians and brought captive before Powhatan their chief.

Bound, so that he could move neither hand nor foot, the Elizabethan adventurer faced the red men with the same cool bravery with which he had met other foes. Nor did he show any sign of fear when Powhatan decided he must die. He would be clubbed to death by the young braves.

It was then that Powhatan's young daughter Pocohantas, having pleaded for the life of the white man, and having her plea refused, took John Smith's head in her arms.

Laying her head on the head of the white prisoner she calmly told her father to give the order to the waiting braves. The Admiral paused, and for a few moments the eyes of the young and the old met in a steady, searching gaze. Young Ste, however, was not seeing his grandfather. In imagination he was with that circle of Redskins.

Hideously daubed with paint they were waiting for a command which would mean not only the death of the white man, but also the death of Pocohantas.

In the eyes of Ste the white man standing in the Virginian glade was exactly like Grandfather Smyth. He stood there with head erect, his eyes steady and his lips firm. There was not a sign of fear about him as he faced the threat of a hideous death. The freckle-faced boy was so taken out of himself by the mental picture that he was startled when his grandfather said: 'Pocohantas won, and Captain John Smith's life was saved. Two years later the Indian girl saved him a second time when her father was plotting an ambush which would have led to a massacre of settlers, and the captain's death as well.' 'He could have gone away, couldn't he?' Ste suggested. 'He had his ship —'

'Oh, but Captain John Smith was not a man like that,' the old Admiral said warmly. 'He had determined to try and make Virginia safe for settlers, so someone had to explore the place. He knew there was danger, but he had faced danger before, many a time. When he began a job he saw it through. He was that kind of man.'

And Ste used to lie and think about 'that kind of man' before he went to sleep at night. Earlier his ambition had been to become a great engineer like his godfather Robert Stephenson, but now he wanted to be another John Smith. It thrilled him to think how the Elizabethan adventurer had taught himself woodcraft, and become so clever that he could even outwit the Indians. He had learned how to read trail signs, how to distinguish between the calls of real birds and the birdcalls the Indians made as signals to one another.

Grandfather Smyth had made it clear in his stories about Captain John Smith that the great man owed his safety many times to the fact that he was always one jump ahead of his enemies.

He taught himself to think as they did, so he could imagine what they would do next.

Interest in plants, animals and birds was part of the Baden-Powell scheme of education, and Ste's mother used to take her family out into the nearby Hyde Park as often as possible so that they could learn about Nature.

The story of Captain John Smith spurred Ste on even more. In the park he used to pretend that he was in Redskin country, and concentrated on learning the songs of birds, to note the different kinds of barks that different breeds of dogs made.



It was all training for the days later on when his own life would depend on quick thinking, memory of little things seen – which few others saw, and the ability to be ‘one jump ahead’ of the other side. One day, he was sure, he would be another Captain John Smith.

There was quietness in the house in Hyde Park Gate when Mr John Ruskin’s cab pulled up at the door, and the great man was amazed when Mrs Henrietta Baden-Powell smiled and shook her head when asked if the children were not at home.

‘You would not have asked that, Mr Ruskin,’ she said, ‘if you had been here half an hour ago.’

One of the things which always delights me is their return from a walk. If they were not so courteous to one another I could almost imagine them fighting to have first turn at telling me what they have been doing and what they have seen.’

‘But where are they now?’ Mr Ruskin asked. ‘It is not often one enters a house where there are children without hearing something.’

‘Come upstairs,’ and Mrs Baden-Powell led the way to the room where her children played and worked. Very quietly she opened the door, and led her guest in.

Still carrying his top hat, the great art critic looked from one child to another. The youngest, Baden Fletcher Powell was only three years old, and as was the custom in those days he still wore a frock so it was hard to decide whether he was a boy or a girl. Agnes, who was five, was seated with her younger brother patiently showing him how to make a daisy chain. John, who was eleven, was immersed in a book on astronomy.

Ruskin’s interest was immediately taken by the other boy, seven year old Ste. Sitting at a small table he was busy painting. With Mrs Baden-Powell at his elbow Ruskin tiptoed across, and they stood behind the painter for a few moments before he became aware of them.

Ruskin, with a wave of his hand, and raised eyebrows, indicated how the boy was painting with the brush in his left hand. Yet he had scarcely indicated that Ste was left handed than the brush was transferred to the right hand, the work going on just as easily and as smoothly as before.

(To Be Continued)

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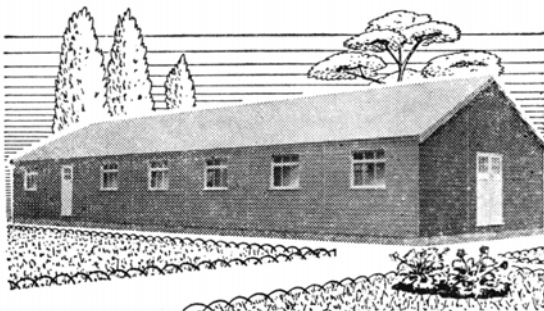
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