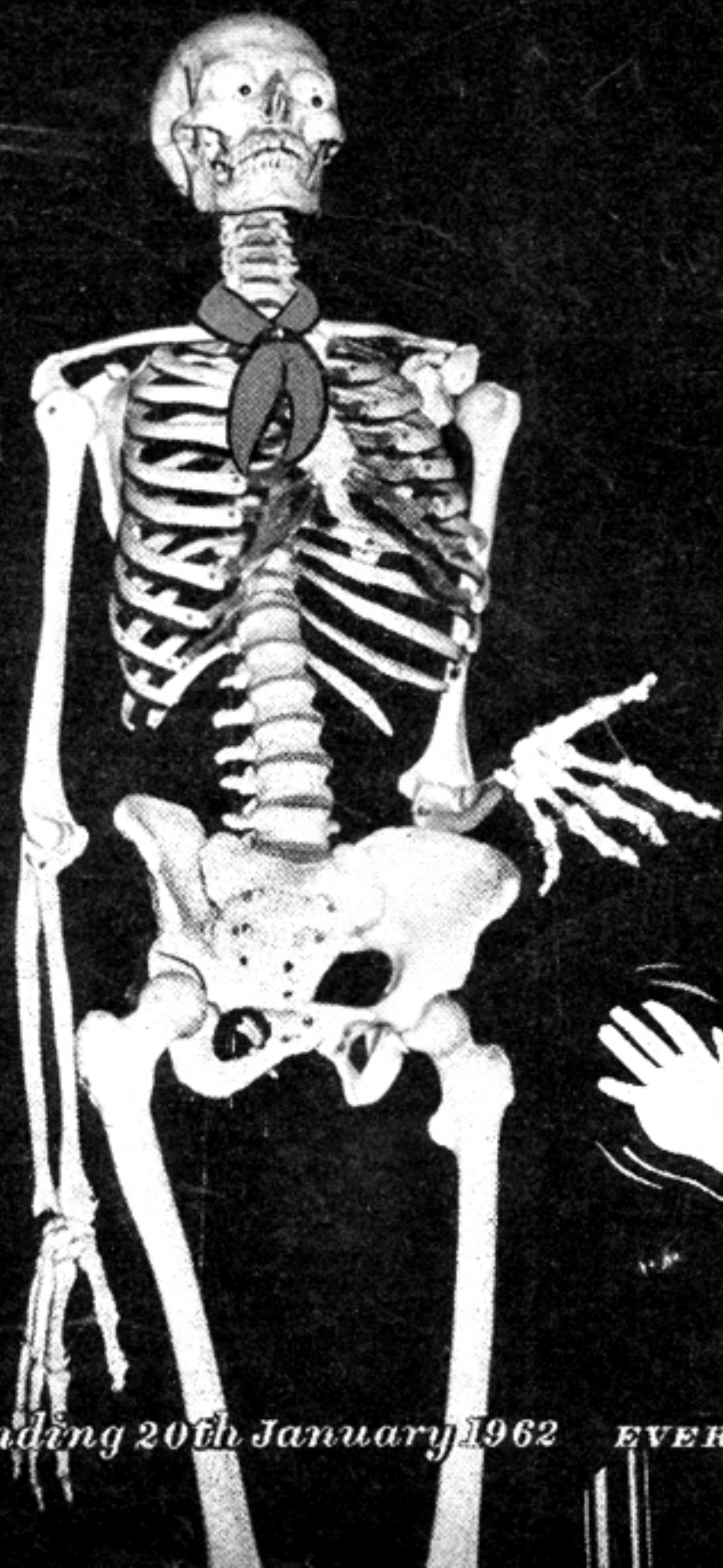


The Scout



Week ending 20th January 1962

EVERY FRIDAY 6d



Dear Editor
 Challenge Hike
 N.E.W.S.
 Skipper Simpson's Diary
 First Class Test in Pictured
 Council of Thirteen
 Hobbies Club
 Bran Tub
 The Young Baden-Powell

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Checking a Soldering Iron

Dear Editor,

With respect to Scout P. Fayer's letter on the 18th November, 1961, it is unnecessary to go to so much trouble to determine the temperature of a soldering iron. All that is needed to do is to turn the iron in the fire. if the iron is hot enough it will change colour to a reddish blue tinge; this applies to all forms of soldering irons, electric or not.

P.L. R. Ryan,
 68th S.W. Herts.

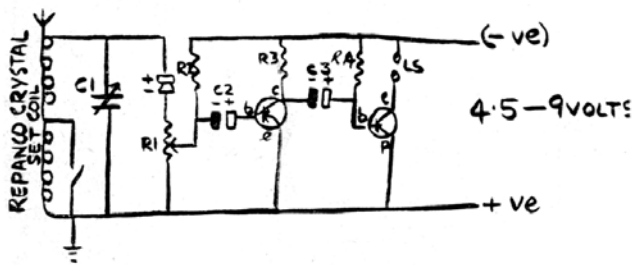
Transistor Radios

Dear Editor,

Thank you for "The Scout" and all its contents, of which I enjoy "Dear Editor" most.

In reply to the three transistor radios in the issue of "The Scout" of 4th November, I should like to say that my friend told me that it would not work unless there was an input of five volts, i.e. living right under the transmitter!

However, he suggested this circuit, which I have found to be very good:-



- C1 = .0005 mfd variable condenser
- C2 = 2 mfd electrolytic condenser
- C3 = 8 mfd electrolytic condenser
- R1 = 10k variable (potentiometer)
- R2 = 470k R3 = 100k R4 = 700k
- 2 Audio transistors, i.e. OC71

P.L. R. Edwoods,
 24th Wolverhampton.

Clearing Things Up

Dear Editor,

I do hope that P.L.(S) Les Hunter, as a Scot. did not spell "the Trossachs" with an -acks ending, since this is only the phonetic spelling.

To all interested in the origins of names the word "Trossachs" means "place of the rocks".

Not far from the Trossachs is Loch Drunkie. a rather unusual name for a loch, but the following story will help to clarify the position.

The story goes that around the time of the 1745 rebellion there were many illicit stills at work in the district, making the now famous Scotch whisky.

The warning went around that the Redcoats were coming. All the stills were disposed of in Loch Drunkie, where they are still at work.

Therefore the bottom half of Loch Drunkie is whisky, the top half water.

I liked your series on architecture.

T.L. C. T. Elliot,
 75th File.

Gas Stoves have their uses, but . . .

Dear Editor.

I read with interest the letter in *The Scout* of 18th November, 1961, from Michael Bartle in which he mentioned cooking on gas. During the summer I camped in Jersey where we could not get wood, and we used gas to cook on. We could not, therefore, have Patrol cooking, but we found gas very convenient to use. I would, however, prefer to cook on wood if a good supply is available.

Small gas stoves are obtainable and I have one which I use for hiking, and it is lighter and initially less expensive than the equivalent size paraffin stove. I find it needs a windshield if used in anything of a breeze, and a suitable shield can be made with aluminium foil and two metal tent pegs.

I have a small lamp which will fit on it and, when tied to the pole of my single pole tent, it is an efficient source of heat and light. The running cost of using it as a stove is higher than that of a paraffin stove, but I consider it well worth it.

S.S. J. Glithero,
 3rd Oundle.

(More letters appear on page 00)



THE STORY SO FAR: Senior Scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (known as Warby) and two of his Patrol, Tug his Second, and Bret his cousin, are on a hundred-mile hike across Wales. Warby's uncle, an Army Major on leave, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. He has boasted 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 became a challenge and was accepted. The Scouts were 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. In spite of all efforts to conceal their route from the Major, a telegram awaits them at their first stop, telling them their start is extended by twenty hours because the Major is delayed. Further attempts to hide their tracks do not prevent their receiving a telegram at their next stop. It says the Major and his colleague have started. Warby and Tug, returning to camp from the village find Bret chasing after somebody, and the sealed packet gone from his rucksac.

CHAPTER THREE

Radio Sabotage Patrol

WARBY and Tug started in the direction Bret had gone, but stopped at the sound of returning footsteps.

"What happened?" called Warby in despair, as Bret approached, still out of breath.

"I was in the wood, I'd just hidden the sealed packet -"

"What!" interrupted Warby, a look of relief on his face, "we've still got it? Thank goodness for that! Hearing your shout and seeing your rucksac flap open and finding the packet missing gave us a scare."

After Tug had left here with your wallet for you to collect the telegram, I decided that as I was on my own here, I'd put the packet in a safer place till you came 'back.'

"Good idea," said Tug. "We thought the hunt was up almost before it had started. I had visions of the Penstone Reporter' front-paging our bad news."

"How on earth have they managed to find us here?" queried Warby. "That's what I'd like to know."

"That's what puzzles me," said Tug. "Wood smoke's the only thing I can put it down to."

"Wood smoke?" echoed Warby.

"Our Indian-tracking Major having somehow managed to trail us to Glyn Dedwydd," Tug went on, "no doubt started looking for signs of campers. I suppose ours was the only fire for miles around."

"Could be," said Bret. "There's been no wind. The smoke was going straight up."

"It's the last smoke signal we'll send them," declared Warby. "We'll use the stove for the rest of this trip."

"Or until we lose the sealed packet," grinned Bret.

"Getting back to the packet, Bret," said Warby. "What happened?"

"I'd hidden it, and was coming back to the clearing.

I hadn't heard sound, but they must have heard me.

I saw two men dressed in slacks and sports jackets and wearing caps, just disappearing through the trees towards the lane. I was chasing after them to see whether they had a car, when you two came into the clearing."

"Had they a car?" asked Warby.

"Before I got to the lane, I heard two motor bikes starting up."

"Motor bikes!" exclaimed Warby. "Did you get a look at them?"

"They were driving off when I got there. They hardly made any noise. One was dark green and the other was black with panniers."

"Black with panniers!" repeated Warby. "Did you notice its number?"

"The figures were 222, but I'm not sure about the letters. There was a Q in the middle. The other letters were D's or O's."

"Tug!" exclaimed Warby. "That's the very bike you found me having a close look at outside the inn, next to the post office. The number's DQD 222. They must have set off for here soon after we did."

"That makes my smoke signal theory look a bit weak" said Tug. "Still it's possible."

"Even now," said Warby, "we can't be absolutely dead sure it was them. Could either of them have been Uncle Phil, Bret?"

"Either could have been. They were both big."

Tug walked across to his rucksac standing with the others in the middle of the clearing, and lifted up the unfastened flap. Warby and Bret joined him.

"They don't seem to have been through my kit," he said.

"Maybe they didn't have time."

Bret's gaze was suddenly fixed on the inside of Tug's rucksac flap. "What's that?" he said. "Was it there before?" He lifted his own. "Same here, too. Black chalk marks."

Warby and Tug looked closer. "It's the sign that's on the seals of the packet!" exclaimed Warby. "A 'W' in a circle.

They've given us all the proof we need."

"They're being a bit too sure of themselves," said Bret, scornfully. "That's just like old Uncle Cocksure."

Warby unfastened the flap of his own rucsac. There was no chalk mark.

"They didn't get as far as opening mine up," said Warby. "They'll probably suppose I'm the one carrying the sealed packet."

"Good thing they didn't see it wasn't in yours, Warby," said Tug, "or they'd have discovered we've started hiding it outside. Why not do that at each stop in future? It'll certainly be safer hidden outside."

"The safest way," answered Warby, "is to stop them trailing us. It's the only way. If we don't they'll be on our tail as soon as we set our noses towards Treffach. At least, we must delay them long enough for us to get clear of Glyn Dedwydd and take a route they can't follow on motor bikes. And the answer is sabotage. They won't leave here until we do, and that gives us our chance."

"The Major included sabotage in the rules," said Tug, "so he can't complain."

"Maybe that's why they've got two bikes instead of one car," said Bret. "It doubles their chances. Anyway, Warby, how do we go about the sabotage without getting sabotaged ourselves?"

Warby explained the plan he had earlier outlined to Tug: to set up a radio observation post high up on the valley side overlooking the village and as much of the surrounding country as possible. Warby, with radio transmitter and receiver and field glasses, was to man the post and direct the movements of Tug and Bret, the saboteurs.

The sealed packet was to remain in the wood where Bret had hidden it, and he, being the only one of the three still in uniform, was to seek the farmer's consent to leave their rucsacs with him for an hour or two.

"We'll show them," added Warby, "that this isn't a one-sided game. It'll mean getting into Treffach an hour or two late, but at least we'll stand a better chance of still having the packet when we get there. The next thing is to test the sets."

They set up stations at opposite sides of the clearing, and after a few small adjustments, Warby was satisfied that they would do their job.

"As the transmitters and receivers are separate, we can talk and listen without changing over," explained Warby. "And it will save time and batteries if I call you on each quarter hour until we get sight of our hunters. As soon as I spot them, I'll direct you to them."

"What then?" asked Bret.

"Watch for any chance to stop them trailing us. Put their bikes out of action, or out of their reach, if only for an hour or so. We only want time enough to get clear of here. You know something about motor bikes, Tug. If we can stop them without doing any damage, so much the better."

"We'll do the best we can," answered Tug. "I don't know what we can expect if we get caught."

"Uncle Phil would be sure to think up something pretty nasty," said Bret. "He'd probably turn us over to the local police, and say he'd never seen us before in his life."

"The answer to that one, Tug, is don't get caught," grinned Warby picking up his transmitter. "It's time I was moving." He turned to Bret, "By the way, how are you going to be dressed? Let's see your togs. I'd better know what sort of a tramp you're going to look like."

"Tramp!" exclaimed Bret, indignantly. "Wait till you see my get-up. It'll make you two look like tramps." He groped into the lower depths of his rucsac.

"I was just going to fetch them out, anyway. I'm changing into them after I've left the kits with the farmer."

"What about your uniform?" asked Tug.

"I'm leaving my groundsheet out, as well. I'll wrap it up in that, and stick it somewhere out of sight till we come back."

Warby and Tug watched Bret bring out a tight green roll that he shook out into a pair of whipcord trousers, then a green shirt wrapped in a fawn cotton jacket. Next he pulled out a crumpled Robin Hood hat, placed it on his head, and with his hand on his hip and his elbow well out, he turned slowly round like a fashion model.

"Where did you get that hat?" chanted Warby and Tug, and burst into hysterics.

"With that on" laughed Warby, "you ought to be on one of the high crags yodelling across the valley."

It's to give me height," said Bret, ignoring the laughter. "All part of the disguise."

And you can't say you don't need a few more inches," retorted Tug.

"I bought it specially for this trip," Bret went on. "Got it at bargain price. It's going to be my camp hat when we get to High Top Farm."

"I shouldn't have thought it a bargain at any price," remarked Warby, "but if it helps us to reach High Top Farm with the sealed packet still in one of our rucsacs, it will have been worth whatever price you paid for it."

Hear, hear!" agreed Tug.

Warby slipped the transmitter sling over his shoulder, and pulled the peak of his cap down. "Time I was away from here. Set up your listening post here till I've got my own position fixed. It's two minutes to eleven by my watch. I won't be across the valley and up above the village much under half an hour, so be on listening watch for my first call at 11.30 and every quarter hour after that. Now, I'm off. See you later."

With the field-glasses and miniature radio receiver in his jacket pockets, Warby left Tug and Bret checking their watches, and set off at a brisk pace through the woods. Prompt at 11.30, Warby was transmitting his first signals.

"Hello, Tug ! Hello, Tug! Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

"Loud and clear, Warby. Can you hear me?" replied Tug, sitting under cover of the trees, a few yards from the clearing, with Bret in his changed clothes beside him.

"Loud and clear. Over."

Where are you, Warby?"

I'm on a broad, grassy ledge just below the skyline. At a guess, a bit more than half a mile north-west of you, as the crow flies. I have a clear view of most of the village high street and the lanes that run into it, but there's nothing to report yet. I suggest you now station yourselves somewhere about half-way between camp and the village. Over."

"Message understood, Warby. Moving station. Over."

"Signing off, Tug, till 11.45."

Tug pulled their aerial in from over the low bough above them, and got ready to move, while Bret checked that their camp site was properly cleared and tidy. They then made their way hurriedly through the woods and into the open. A few hundred yards towards the village they halted in a small copse of spruce trees, and began setting up station. Hardly had they settled down and switched on when Warby's excited voice came over the air.

"Hello, Tug! Can you hear me?"

"Loud and clear, Warby."

"What's your position, Tug? I've spotted the enemy,"

"We're about six hundred yards south of camp, Warby."

“Five minutes ago the black bike with panniers pulled up outside the inn. I can see it now. The rider went inside. Then another came out and went off on a dark green bike. Must have been the same bike Bret saw. He went in the direction of our camp. Looks as if they’re taking it in turns to patrol the area. Over.”

“Hello, Warby. Things don’t sound so good. We can’t sabotage a bike in the high stieet. And we can’t do anything about the green one while the other chap’s sitting on it, even if we could catch up with it. It’s no use stopping only one of them, anyway. They could both ride the other. Wish they’d brought a car instead. Over.”

“Hello, Tug. Look’s as if the only time you’ll have the bikes together is when they change over at the inn. I suggest you make for the village, and keep the inn under observation. You might get a chance to do something. If you do, you’ll have to move mighty fast. You won’t be able to use the transmitter in the village high street, but keep on continuous listening watch with your receiver, and I’ll warn you as soon as I see the green bike coming back. Over.”

“Hello, Warby. What about grub? Over.”

Hello, Tug. If nothing’s happetted by one o’clock, we’ll return to camp and fix a meal. Over.”

“Hello, Warby. Message understood. Moving station. Signing off.”

Tug and Bret packed the transmitter up, and started for the village. The only visible sign that they were in radio contact with the observation post high

up the valley side on the grassy ledge overlooking the village, was a thin wire leading round the back of Tug’s left ear and down into an inside pocket of his blazer.

Ten minutes later, they were entering the village high street. They walked along at a steady pace and crossed over to the post office side.

“The black bike with panniers!” whispered Bret as they passed the inn. “That’s the one I saw outside camp, and no doubt about it.”

They carried on along the street until the shops and houses ended, turned into a lane for a few yards and stopped. Bret pointed further up the lane.

“Looks like a path running back again. Maybe we can get back to the inn that way and save parading the high street again. I noticed a passage up the side of the inn into the high street. We can wait there till we hear from Warby.”

They took the path and made their way back.

“What do you think of our chances, Tug?” asked Bret.

“Chances of putting the bikes out of action?” asked Tug. Bret nodded.

“Not much now that they are operating singly.” answered Tug.

“Unless we can think of some way of keeping them inside the inn long enough for us to get at their bikes.”



almost at once a woman’s voice was on the line

I’ve got an idea,” said Bret, brightly. “Why not get the telephone number of the inn, and as soon as the green bike returns we go into the post office and ask for Major Warburton to be brought to the phone. Then we leave the receiver off the hook, and while he’s hanging on, we push the bikes down the passage and round the back of the inn, then get busy.”

“Not a bad idea, Bret, but it could too easily go wrong.”

“Why so?”

“To start with, the post office phone might be engaged just when we want it. Another thing, suppose it’s the Major who’s out on the green bike. If he goes to the phone as soon as he returns, it won’t stop his colleague coming outside at once and jumping on his bike.”

“Hadn’t thought of that” admitted Bret.

“It might work if we alter it a bit, though” said Tug keenly. “Suppose we phone right away and try to find out which one is in, then leave a message for the other one. That should keep them both inside for the few seconds it’ll take to wheel the bikes out of sight.”

“It’s worth trying,” agreed Bret. “But what message can we give?”

“It needn’t be a message. We can ask for him to ring a certain number as soon as he comes in. Any number will do.”



Will your entry be done in time for our Scout Artist Competition?

They came to a halt at the back door of a whitewashed building.

"This is the inn, all right" announced Tug, walking on to the passage. "Come on, Bret. We'd better do the post office job together. Let's see if I've enough coppers."

"What about keeping watch?" queried Bret.

"That's a wonderful hat you've got on Bret," grinned Tug, "but it's too much of a landmark to have you standing too long in one place. Anyway, we'll get a warning. Warby will come on the air as soon as he has anything to report."

In the post office, they both squeezed into the kiosk, and Tug began thumbing through the directory.

"Red Dragon, Glyn Dedwydd. Here we are: Conwyn 14."

They asked the operator for the number, and almost at once a woman's voice was on the line.

"Hello! This is Conwyn one-four. The Red Dragon."

"Can you tell me," began Tug, with the receiver at his right ear, "if there's a Major Warburton and his friend staying at The Red Dragon?"

"There is not," replied the woman. "No rooms booked, that is. Just a moment, I will enquire. I know that two gentlemen have booked luncheon for today. I think one of them is in at the moment. Major Warburton, you say you want?"

"No," began Tug, "I only -" but the voice at the other end had gone.

Within a minute or two a man's voice was on the line.

"Hello! What can I do for you?" boomed the voice. Tug gulped, then in a gruff voice asked, "Are you Major Warburton?"

"This is Captain Lakin. Major Warburton is out. He should be -"

Suddenly Tug placed his hand over the mouthpiece.

"Bret! Warby's on the air. Take my earphone. Quick!"

"Hello! Hello! boomed the Captain's voice. "Are you there?"

"Sorry," answered Tug. "You were saying -"

"I was saying," resumed the Captain, "that the Major's out, but he should be back any moment now. Can I give him a message?"

Bret began beckoning urgently to Tug.

"Please ask Major Warburton to ring Aberddulas 73 as soon as he returns," continued Tug, hurriedly.

"The name is White. Thank you."

"It's the green bike," blurted Bret, handing Tug the earphone "It's approaching the high street, Warby says. We'll have to move fast."

They hurried out of the post office, and crossed the street as casually as they could, and stood looking in a butcher's shop window reflecting the inn opposite

"Whose telephone number did you give?" asked Bret. "It was on one of the advertisements in the kiosk - The Snowdrop Laundry -" Tug suddenly broke off. "Here he comes!"

A dark green motor cycle swung round and pulled up facing the front door of the inn.

"Certainly a silent job," commented Tug. "Looks powerful, too."

"And heavy," added Bret. "How long are we giving him, once he's inside?"

"We'll go straight over," said Tug "Have you ever walked a motor bike before?" Bret shook his head.

"Give it a good strong push off its stand. We're lucky there's no kerb on the other side. Keep the bike upright. Don't let it lie over too much when you turn into the passage, or you'll finish up with it on top of you"

"Which do I take, Tug?" asked Bret, lowering his voice as the man behind the shop counter glared at him.

"The black one," whispered Tug, taking the hint. "I'll take the Major's. It'll still be a bit hot."

With an upward jerk, the Major pulled his motor cycle on to its stand, crossed the cobbled footway in a stride, and stepped briskly into the inn.

"Now Bret, come on!"

Next Week:
NEW TACTICS

NATIONAL SCOUT CANOE CRUISE, 1962

The fourteenth National Scout Canoe Cruise will be on the Rivers Avon and Severn during the week 25th August - 1st September, 1962. The leader will again be Percy W. Blandford (A.C.C. Sea Scouts. Warwick-shire) and he looks forward to meeting many new canoeists as well as some who have been with him on previous cruises. To take part you must be 14 or over, able to swim, and have your own camping kit and canoe, or arrange to share.

The cruise will start near Stratford-on-Avon on the Avon and will finish near Gloucester on the River Severn. One day will be spent cruising up-river from Stratford, before starting down-river, making a total distance covered in the week of about 65 miles.

The water is mainly placid, although the Avon offers several exciting places. Expert canoeists will be there to show you the way. Some interesting places are passed, and time will be allowed for exploration.

Full details and application forms may be obtained from the Training Department, Headquarters, Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.



...from here and there

I'm wearing sack-cloth and ashes this month On this page in December I wrote about a Group attached to the Royal Sussex Regiment and of it being the only one on the strength of a military unit. How wrong I was!

My colleague, Mr. Cyril Good-hind, Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, had to remind me of the fact that quite a number of such Groups exist, particularly among the British Forces in Western Europe.

I got my facts from a newspaper. which just goes to prove once again that one shouldn't believe EVERYTHING one reads in the papers.

SCOUT SAVES FACTORY

Patrol Leader Robin Duke (14) of Callington, Devon, had been taking a fire-fighting course at the local Fire Station. When on his way to his sixth visit he saw smoke pouring from a local factory. Rushing over to his Granddad's grocery shop nearby he asked his Grandfather to notify the factory owner and then ran off to 'phone the Fire Brigade who, on arrival, soon had the flames under control. Robin's instructor, the Station Officer, expressed great pleasure on his pupil's behaviour.

ENDURANCE

This is a story of another P.L. Stuart Barnes is his name and he comes from Wells, Somerset.

After spending a long time in the Bath Orthopaedic Hospital, where he had several operations, he volunteered to go on a caving expedition organised by a Wells school.

The Headmaster reported:

"Stuart showed a tremendous amount of courage and endurance in going round Goatchureb Cavern with the minimum of help." (It was the lad's first attempt). "When one considers that only eighteen months ago he had a number of operations his performance becomes even more astonishing."

CROW'S NEST

Second David Hillyer (he also comes from Wells) has a tame crow. Found abandoned in a nest, it was hand reared and has become remarkably tame.

Among its "party pieces" are such feats as winding a clock and flying off with assorted objects. Smart bird, but it made a bad mistake when it tried to fly through a shut window knocking itself out cold for twenty-four hours. Devoted nursing and a visit to an astonished vet eventually brought it round and it's as chirpy as ever again.

SOCCER SCOUTER

Phil Robinson, outside-right for Doncaster Rovers F.C., is also an A.S.M. in the 5th Doncaster (Woodlands) Group. For some time he has been on the "shopping list" of several of the big clubs, but Phil doesn't want to leave his home town and his Scouts.

Two years ago he transferred to Huddersfield Town but soon found he missed his friends, particularly the boys of his old Group. He got his release and returned to Doncaster. The last we heard he was still there.

SPECTACULAR

The Scouts and Cubs of the 1st Bournemouth Group heard there was a crying need for spectacles among people in poverty-stricken areas of India. So they decided to do something about it and over a period of twelve months they collected a thousand spectacles from friends and relatives who no longer wanted them. A Scouter of the Group said "When we started we expected that we might get two or three pairs per boy. In fact one boy collected over 250 pairs.



Here are Cubs Andrew Bond and Alan Cuff looking through part of the fine collection.

UBIQUITOUS

Broadly speaking this means getting around plenty. And that is just what Lord Montgomery does. Taking time out from his many travels in the beginning of December Monty (as he is affectionately known) paid a visit to

Aberdeen and to the 52nd Annual Conference of Scottish Scouts where he gave one of his lively talks.



Here we see the hero Of Alamein among some of the Scouts who gathered at the Music Hall for the conference.

CAN YOU SKI?

A growing number of Scouts are taking up the exhilarating sport of skiing, particularly in Scotland. Many week-ends during the winter find parties of Scouts from Edinburgh setting out for the snow slopes on the Cairngorms to learn the art of keeping upright! Those who have seen the HQ. film "Accent on Adventure" will have witnessed some of their efforts.

Comes the news that a new badge is likely to be introduced . . . the Skier Badge. Get out those skis and give 'em a rub up!

SCOUT GLOBE-TROTTERS

Over the past ten years the numbers of U.K. Scouts travelling abroad each summer have steadily increased. Comparisons between last year and 1951 make this clear. In 1951, three hundred and nine parties made up from 7,240 Scouts, visited 16 countries. In 1960 six hundred and fifty-seven parties consisting of 11,044 Scouts visited 24 countries including the U.S.A., Israel, Iceland, Corsica and Morocco as well as a large number on the Continent.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

At the presentation of the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award held at St. James's Palace just before Christmas 720 representatives from many youth organisations and clubs were present to receive their hard-won badges. Of these no less than 188 were Scouts, over 25 per cent of the whole.

Up to the end of 1961 the total number of Gold awards to Scouts since we came into the scheme amounted to 375 with a further 1,070 Scouts reaching Silver standard. Pretty good going in just two years, don't you think?

'Bye Now!

TED WOOD.



I tried a ball on the billiards table and it drifted off course

Monday Evening:

P.L. Mike the Menace called round with his Second, Silvester, this evening, and lectured me for about an hour about the deficiencies of our Games Room. We have a lovely big Headquarters, a converted coach-house and stables, and when we moved in about a couple of years ago we decided to use the second-largest room for games; billiards and table-tennis, etc. After we had paid for decorating the H.Q. there was very little cash left, so for the time being we made do with a very rickety old quarter-size billiards-table, with no pockets, so that you had to run round and catch the balls when you potted them; and an ancient table-tennis table that was less than regulation size. Several times since then the Court of Honour have wanted to replace these antiques with something better, but I have always vetoed the suggestion, saying that our money was needed for camping-gear.

Tonight Mike chided me about this.

“Camping is the most important thing in Scouting,” he said, “but a well-equipped club-room helps to keep a Troop together in winter. You can’t just do badge-work all the time. If we’re not careful we’ll have half the chaps leaving and joining the Community Youth Club, now that it has become so posh. Sir Joshua Jenks has just given them £1,000 to thoroughly re-equip the place, new billiards and table-tennis tables, a soft-drink bar, and all sorts of other delights. Our scruffy old clubroom can’t compete with it.”

I had a sneaking idea that there was a good deal of truth in what he said, but he was so cocky about it that I could not tell him so.

“Any chap who can’t see that Scouting offers something better than billiards and table-tennis,” I said, “is welcome to leave. What do *you* think, Silvester?”

Silvester is a modest, sensible chap, and his reply rather shook me.

“It’s true Scouting gives us something extra,” he said, “but I don’t see why we shouldn’t do things decently, even on the games side. We shan’t lose the really keen chaps, of course, but if we’re not careful we shall lose quite a lot of the younger ones, who haven’t, yet developed the full Scout Spirit.”

Friday Evening:

I suppose it is good for everybody to have a shock sometimes, but I never want another like the one I got tonight. I had been brooding all the week about what Mike and Silvester said, and as tonight is the grand opening night of the newly-equipped Community Youth Club, when new members will be accepted, I quite expected to find a few faces missing from our parade.

Skipper Simpson’s Diary

by D. H. Barber

THE MISSING TROOP

Only two or three, perhaps, but it would be a blow, and others might follow their example later. Our Troop Meeting starts officially at 7:45 but a lot of Scouts usually arrive early, and warm themselves up with a game of handball or something. Tonight I arrived myself at 7.35, and found the place absolutely deserted. Even my A.S.M. was not there, although he is supposed to get there at 7.15 just to keep an eye on things until the meeting officially starts.

It was quite depressing, having the Troop Room to myself, so I wandered into the Games Room and found that more depressing still. I had not realised before what a very shoddy effort it was. I tried a ball on the billiards-table, and it drifted off course. The top of the table-tennis table was leaning against the wall, and had dust on it. Little wonder if boys keen on games were attracted to the Community Club, which even before they received the £1,000 was reasonably well-equipped.

It was 7.45 when I went back to the Troop Room. One Scout had turned up, a Tenderfoot named Gilkes, whom I rather dislike because his nose always seems to be running and he does not use his handkerchief often enough.

It seemed pretty hard that after spending years building up the Troop I should be left with only Gilkes, all the others having, presumably, gone off to join the Community Youth Club. It was almost unbelievable, but what other explanation could there be?

“Well, Gilkes” I said with hollow cheerfulness, “It seems that you and I are the sole survivors!”

He looked at me blankly. He has a naturally blank sort of face, but now it looked blanker than ever.

“I only came, sir,” he said, “to say I couldn’t come tonight. Got to baby-sit with my sister Celia.”

He passed into the night, leaving me flat.

It was 8.5 when the Troop arrived, the whole lot of them, on two trucks, bringing with them a fine assortment of Games Equipment, including a quite good billiards-table, quarter-size but in fine condition, two table-tennis tables, dart-boards and all sorts of other things.

“I’d told my Dad about our rotten Games Room,” Mike explained, “so he got on to Sir Joshua Jenks, and offered to buy the old Community Youth Club equipment. Sir Joshua said we could have it for nothing if we collected it tonight, so I rounded up the Troop to help load it. I ‘phoned to tell you, but you were out.”

Just for once we scrapped Troop Night and spent the time getting the Games Room ship-shape. I played Mike at billiards to teach him a lesson, and he won with a most shocking fluke.

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your first class test in PICTURES



by **John Annandale & Robert Dewar**



TYING THE MANHARNESS KNOT

FIRST CLASS TEST No. 8

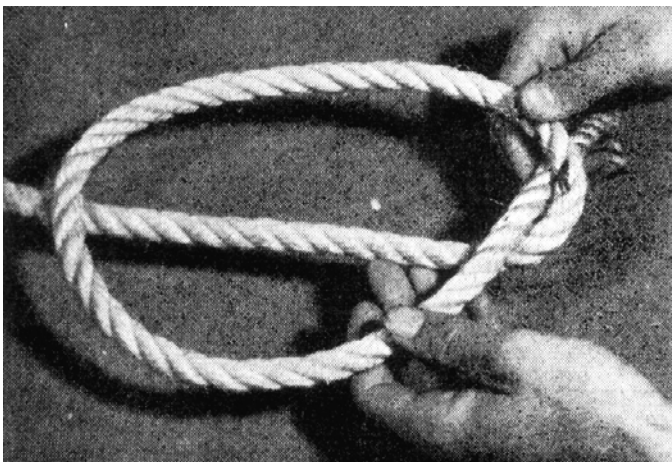
1. Place the running end of the rope on the standing part to form the size of loop required



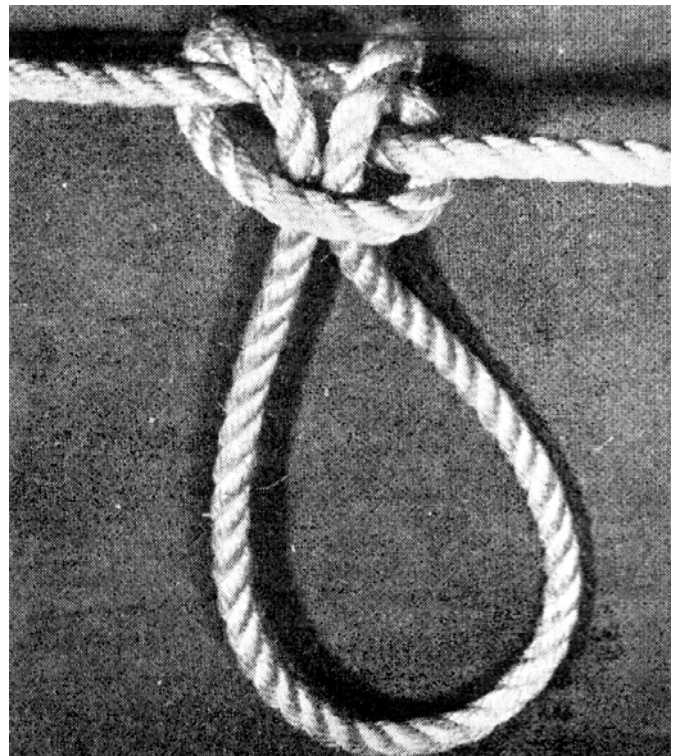
3. Pull outer edge of loop under standing part and over other edge of loop



2. Fold loop over on the standing part at point where rope crosses



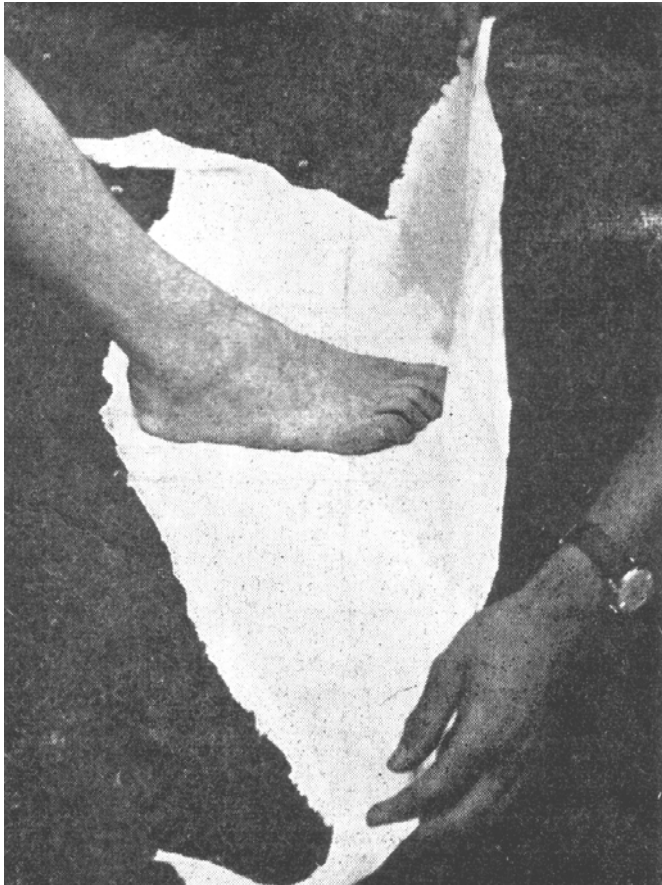
4. This knot may be used for making a loop in the middle of a tow-rope so that a Scout towing may put his shoulder through the loop and add his weight



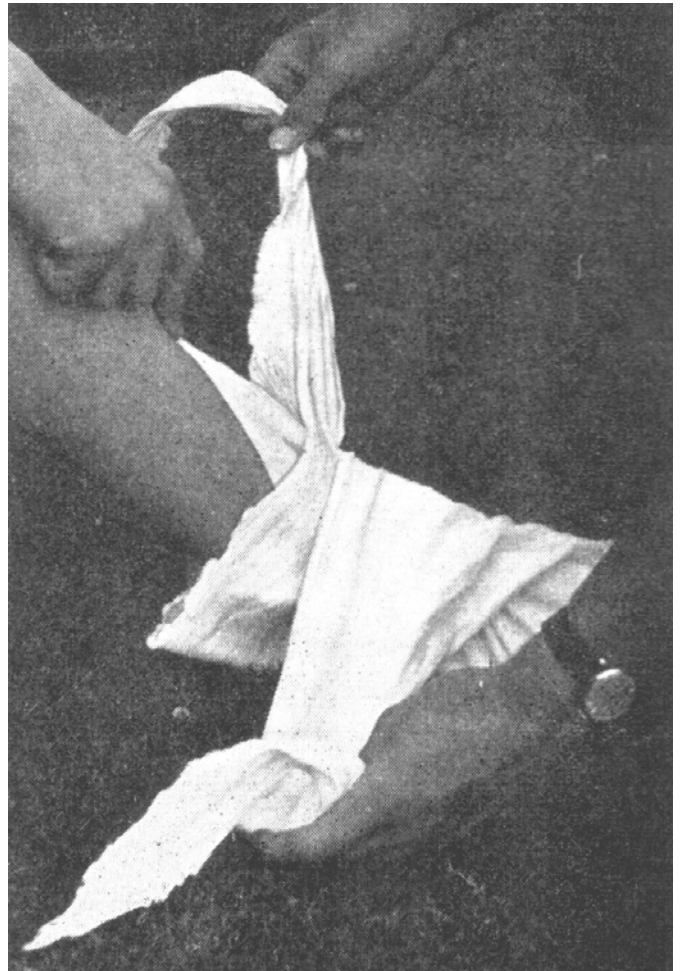
APPLYING THE TRIANGULAR BANDAGE TO THE FOOT—



FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3

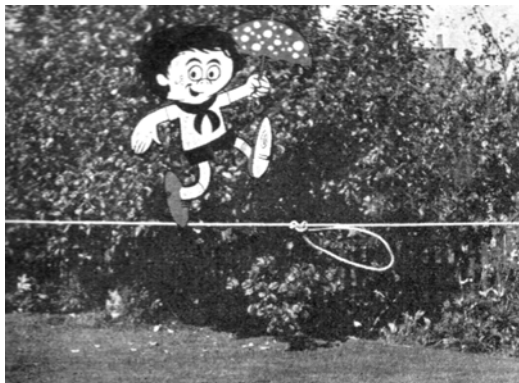


1. Place the patient's foot in the center of the open bandage with his toes towards the point



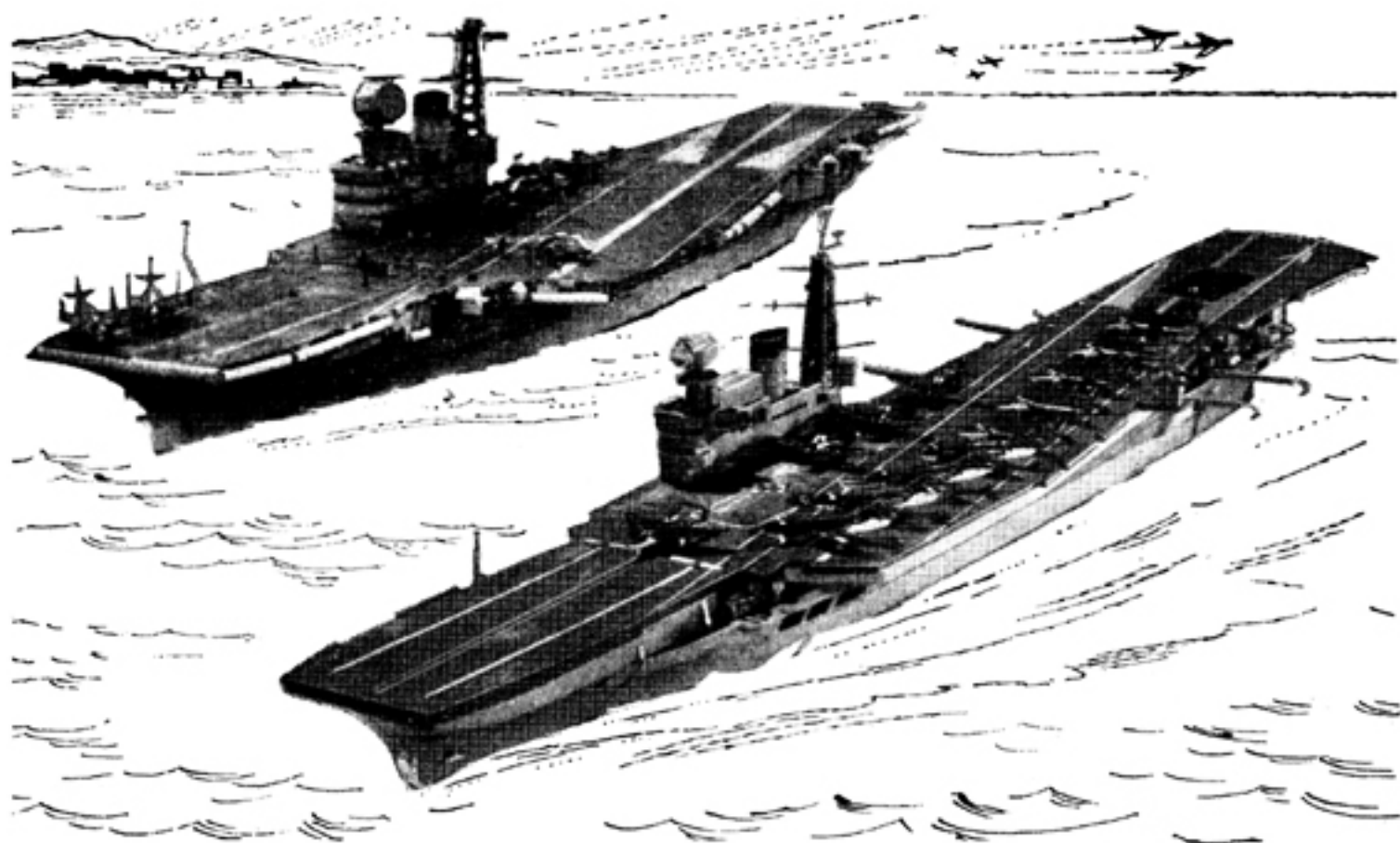
2. Draw up the point over his instep; bring the ends forward so that his heel is covered and cross them

3. (Below) Pass ends round the ankle, cross at back and then tie in front. Draw point forward and then pin it to bandage over the instep



NEXT WEEK

**Fireman's Chair Knot
Applying the Triangular Bandage to
the Hand**



Just like the real thing!

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

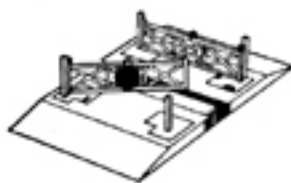
That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because they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

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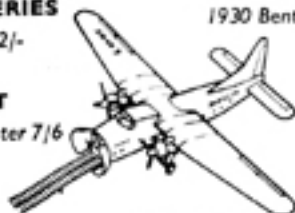


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MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-

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Bristol Superfreighter 7/6



STOP PRESS!

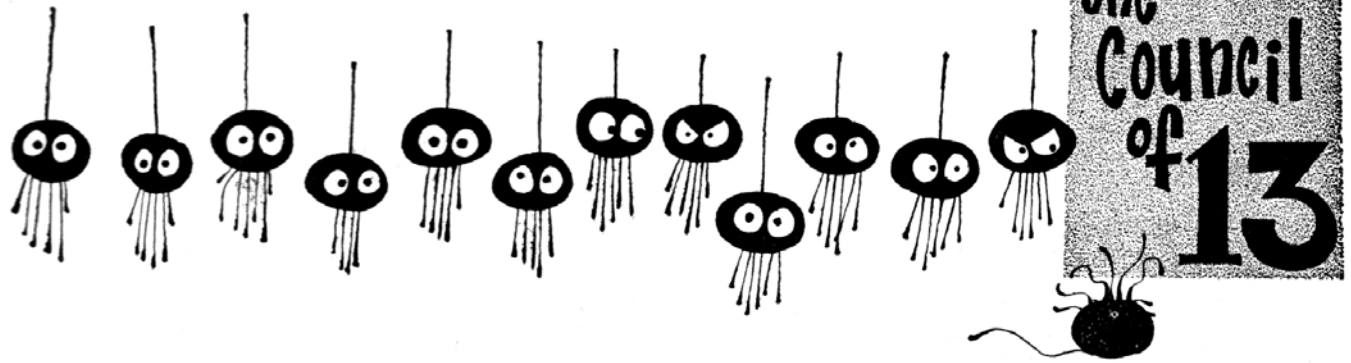
Latest Airfix Production



SHERMAN Mk 1 TANK

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

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



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.

Opportunity Knocks

It's been raining all day so it was a wonderful chance to clean up all those odd jobs which are put aside for just such a day.

All those little fiddling jobs like splicing on a new guy rope or sewing a patch on the tent or whipping the ends of the Patrol lines.

For a long time I have been meaning to make a new knife which would do for all the jobs in camp. The one I have is just an ordinary heavy sheath knife which is useful only for cutting. So, as it was still coming down in buckets I stoked up the fire and put on a good big fire-back log and got to work.

In my junk box there was an old hacksaw blade of the heavy duty type used in machine shops. Keep a good look out for these as they are usually thrown away after use and really, they make a smashing knife. The blade is about an inch wide and twelve inches long with a hole in each end for the clip. It is made of high tensile steel and is very strong lengthways though it is rather brittle across the piece.

The teeth are faced towards one end so I used the other for the handle part. Two pieces of three ply were cut about four inches long and slightly wider and a hole bored through both opposite the hole on the blade to take a small brass screw. Using plenty of waterproof glue I set the pieces on each side, screwed them up tight and put them in the clamp for the glue to set.

Meanwhile I took a piece of that very old friend, No. 8 wire, bent it in half and then at right angles to form a guard.

When the glue was dry the guard was slipped on the blade with the long ends down the back of the handle and a piece of light copper wire was bound round, under the guard, for extra strength. The sharp edges of the wood were sandpapered off and a long strip of strong brown paper, an inch wide, was gummed round the handle overlapping each turn to make a solid base for decoration by fancy knotting.

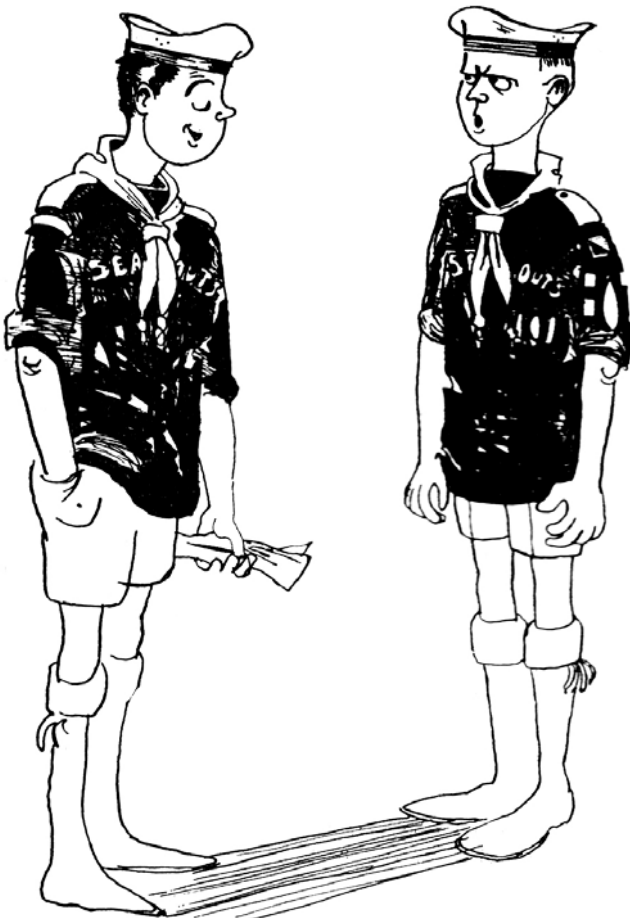
The knife was then put aside to dry thoroughly and next week I will grind an edge on the back and bring up the end to a fine point.

This grinding must be done slowly and in little bits as the blade gets hot and must be dipped in water, frequently, to preserve the temper. Finish up to a fine edge on a stone and there is a fine utility knife, the edge for cutting and carving, the saw for bones and saplings up to two inches thick, but the blade will snap if used as a lever.

For a sheath I used two pieces of three ply about half an inch wider than the blade and glued them together with a quarter inch strip between each edge. This, after drying was wrapped also with gummed paper and a scrap of leather glued on for a belt loop.


When this is quite dry it will be covered with crown and wall knotting and I will have a knife which will give wonderful service and will be the envy of all of you.

Try it for yourselves and see.



"I thought our Patrol was named after Charlie, not this Sir Francis Fellow!"

BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE



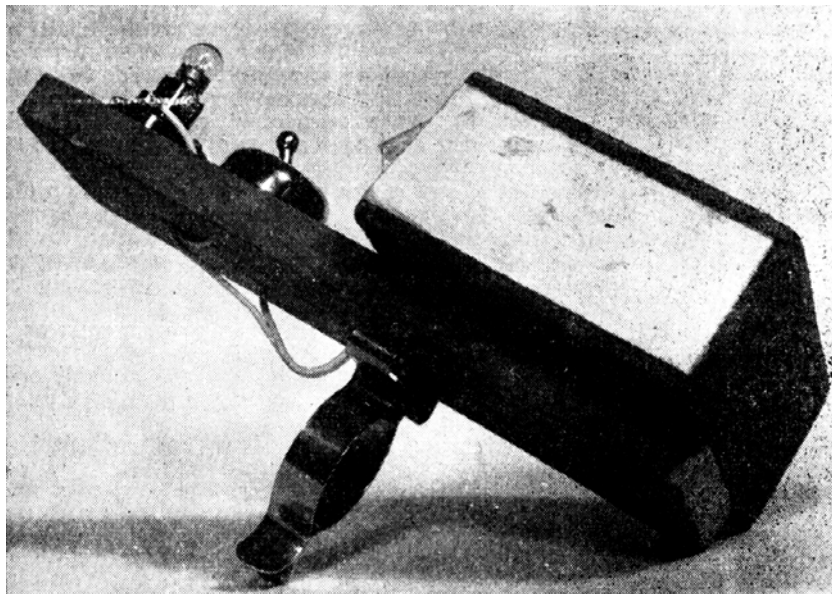
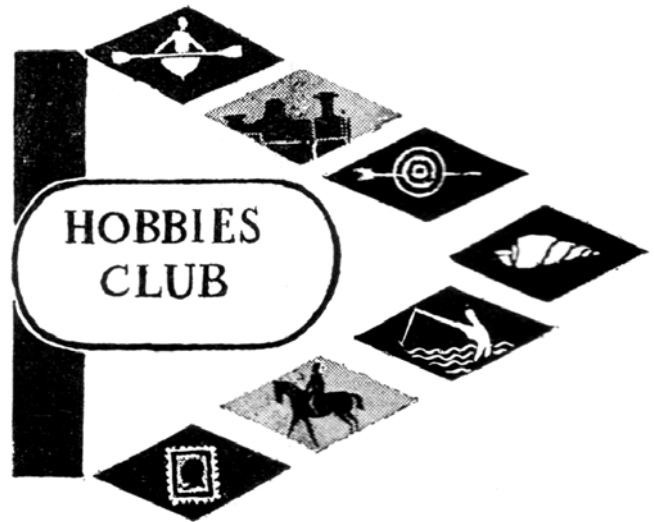
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FOR THE PATROL HANDYMAN

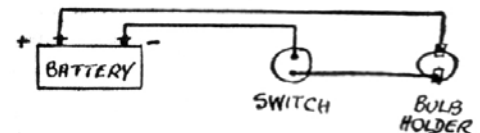
MAKING PATROL TENT-LIGHTS

MANY OF YOU have put forward a number of excellent ideas on this subject in "Letters to the Editor". For this reason we were very interested to learn about the lamp we now illustrate. While not suggesting that this may be any better than your pet idea, having received a made-up example produced by members of the 1st Penzance Group, we can certainly commend this lamp to you. It is simply but soundly constructed and a completely self-contained unit. Our only comment, and it is in no way a criticism, is that perhaps some form of reflector could be introduced behind the bulb which would give greater benefit to the light when it is switched on.



The actual construction of this light should be easy to follow from the photograph. The size of the box on the front holding the battery will, of course, depend upon the battery of your choice. In the example shown, a 4.5 volt bell battery is used. The important point to remember about this box is that it should be fixed to the backboard holding the bulb-holder and switch before the front of the box is pinned in place.

The wiring of the electrical circuit is very simple and in diagrammatic form is as follows:-



If your Patrol or personal tent is not equipped with some safe form of lighting, this type of fitmeni can be just the sort of thing you can use - and now is the time of the year to make such a lamp.



SCOUT STAMPS

Those of you who collect Scouts and Guides on stamps - and they make a most interesting collection both from the Stamp and the Scouting points of view - will be interested to know that next month we hope to announce details of two new First Day Covers

1. Ceylon (to be issued on 26th February to mark Ceylon's 50th Scouting birthday; one stamp and the details we don't yet know).

2. Thailand (issued recently, also to commemorate the Jubilee of Scouting, three stamps value 50 Stang, 1 Baht and 2 Baht respectively).

The price of these we hope to announce to you next month and members of the Stamp Club get first offer.

Meanwhile - we still have a few sets of Scout stamps recently issued in Togo, six stamps at a cost of 7s. and a few First Day Covers from Surinam (5 stamps) at 7s. 6d. If you want them, write at once.

LUCKY DIP WINNERS

Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are:-

1239	1300	1417
1562	1694	2000

D. Bridgeman-Sutton writes for Senior Scouts and invites them to...

LEARN TO RIDE WELL

AS THOSE who have seen the new film about Senior Scouting, "Accent on Adventure" will know, motor-cycling is an activity which some Troops and Patrols are developing. In the film, it will be remembered, a Senior Scout motor-cycle patrol was shown in action finding a small girl who had become lost. Even if such dramatic events are, not likely to be met with frequently, Senior Scouts who own motor-cycles will find them to be of considerable use.

Like all worth-while activities, motor-cycling - if you do it properly - is not easy, and the competent rider has to be as skilful as the yachtsman, the pot-holer. or the mountaineer, It is the large number of incompetent riders who are responsible for the bad reputation which the motor-cycle has gained in some quarters, in spite of the fact that this is one of the safest forms of transport, if properly used. All Senior Scouts will naturally wish to be properly trained, whether they ride for their own pleasure or in a patrol. The RAC/ACU Scheme exists especially to give the necessary instruction, and it is open to all learner-riders of motor-cycles, scooters and mopeds. Experienced and enthusiastic instructors give a complete course of training on special grounds, which are

A R.A.C./A.C.U. instruction course in progress at one of the many centres in the country.

(Photo R.A.C.)

being set up in ever-increasing numbers throughout the country. These grounds are laid out like ordinary roads, with crossings, signs and traffic lights, but with no traffic, and on them the learner is given 24 lessons on the theory and practice of riding.

Maintenance plays an important part, so that students under the scheme will be able to ensure that as their skill grows, so does their experience. Incidentally, each centre has machines of its own available for training, so that pupils do not have to ride their own bikes or scooters to the centre until they are competent to do so. Some learners prefer to pass their M.O.T. test before they buy their own machine, and this is possible under the Scheme.

The course culminates in its own test, and those who tackle this successfully are awarded the Certificate of Proficiency which entitles them to certain insurance concessions with some Companies.



For many, however, this test is only the beginning, as they return to the centre as Instructors, after they have had sufficient experience on the road.

If you are thinking of pensioning off your bicycle and buying a motorcycle, scooter or moped, start off on the right road to becoming a really expert rider by joining the Scheme. You will find that your parents will be much happier about your riding if you are trained properly first.

The cost, at the most, will be 36s. for the whole course, and in some areas even less. If you want to visit your nearest centre to find out more, you can obtain the address from your Town Hall or Council Offices, your Local Road Safety Officer, or from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, Terminal House, 52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

HOBBY CHAT....

• The building and flying of model aircraft has long been a favourite hobby in this country. Thus the addition of "Aeromodelling" by Ray Malmstrom, in the Arco Handybook series (12s. 6d.) is indeed a well worthwhile investment for the enthusiast in this type of hobby.

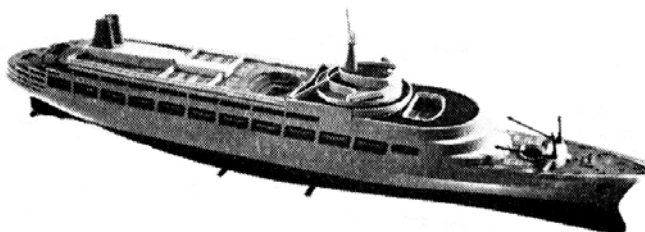
Containing many tips and well illustrated by easy-to-follow drawings, this book has much useful data over a wide range from a chuck-glider to a radio-controlled model, all of which is of great value to both beginners and practising modellers.

• Although swimming is essentially a matter of getting into the water and "having a go", learners, and perhaps some of the more advanced swimmers also, may welcome the tips available in the revised edition of "Swimming" obtainable in the "Know the Game" series (2s. 6d.). Produced by Educational Publications Ltd., this book is well illustrated and is published in collaboration with the Amateur Swimming Association.

• Again on the subject of sport, Educational Productions Ltd. have also recently brought out another book in their Soccer series "Positional Skills and Play" (2s. 6d.). This addition to the series covers the position of "Wing Half". Written by Walter Winterbottom, and using many illustrations, to the

keen soccer player wishing to improve his tactics on the football field, this book sets out in simple terms how a Wing Half should conduct his training and the game he has to play.

• Our photograph shows a model of "S.S. Canberra". This will be of special interest to plastic modellers for it is one of the several new kits recently issued by Airfix.



Another ship kit "just off the stocks" is a model of "H.M.S. Campbelltown", In the historical figures department a kit of Oliver Cromwell is now available, and sets of 48 made-up figures depicting the 8th Army and/or the Foreign Legion can now be obtained.

Dear Editor (Continued from page 2)

They're Coming at you, Michael Bartle

Dear Editor,

I read with some amusement the letter submitted by S.S. Michael Bartle (18th November, 1961) defending the growing band of reformers.

May I add a few suggestions to help Michael enjoy his camp? Carrying water from the farm to the camp is an irksome duty and could be saved by laying a temporary plastic pipe-line. Water would thus be instantly available in all weathers. It would be continuous and would save valuable time for useful things.



Once obtained it would be comparatively cheap to run. Cutlery washers, showers, gas washing machines and small bathrooms could easily be provided.

Unfortunately it is bulky and therefore of no use on hike camps.

Recently, at one of our Troop Camps an enormous amount of time was saved by one fellow washing ten times daily. This left the other nine free for useful things.

I have become convinced that some sort of wooden hut would facilitate a good night's sleep much better than a draughty, flimsy canvas tent.

Perhaps some sort of everlasting, imitation, plastic cigarette could be designed to tone with oily jeans.

I seriously hope that Michael will take down from his shelf that antique, outdated volume called *Scouting for Boys*. If he blows the dust off it, and reads what B.-P. had to say about the subject, he will certainly need a good night's sleep.

I was sorely tempted to read the end of Michael's letter as "Soft Scout Michael Bartle"

S.S. G. S. C. Porter,
220th Birmingham (St. Mary's).

Dear Editor,

In reply to S.S. Michael Bartle's letter about the benefits of camp beds, narrow jeans and gas stoves, I should like to say that I think that this attitude destroys the very essence of Scouting.

Surely the lighting of a fire in wet weather at camp is one of camping's greatest joys, giving one a great sense of achievement.

If he wishes to "camp in luxury", there are plenty of holiday camps which would provide him with excellent facilities for such a pastime.

S.S. Paul Haycock,
3rd Hertford.

Dear Editor.

I have read *The Scout* for about five years, and so think that I am well qualified to answer P.L. Ken Strudwick (*The Scout*, 11th November, 1961).

In "Catch Me a Peewit" the convict and the wardens looking for him, together with the gipsies, etc., all added to the excitement of the story by throwing uncertainty on several things which happened, e.g. the mauled bird by the side of the path.

I must agree with his choice of "Luck of the Ravens" as the best recent serial. I have been waiting hopefully ever since for such another one, for the informative incidents were so exciting that it almost became a thriller because of them.

May I now reply to S.S. Michael Bartle writing in the edition of 18th November.

Firstly I agree that jeans are more sensible than khaki longs but how much more sensible than jeans are shorts. It is one of my greatest delights to throw off my every-day "longs" and clamber into shorts, to feel the healthy breezes around my knees, and to feel unshackled - free.

I wonder if Michael Bartle has really slept on a camp bed. In my opinion they do not ensure a comfortable night's sleep. They are extremely uncomfortable - just as hard as the ground, and far colder than sleeping on the ground because of the cold air circulating all round them.

Getting comfortable on the ground is an easily acquired technique - I have always been most comfortable even on floor boards, and on the floor of a truck.

At our last Troop Camp we proved that experience is not necessary to have Patrol Cooking. Out of five Patrols, two of them from a neighbouring Troop who were camping with us, had never used Patrol Cooking before, and had never been to more than a few days' camp before. Yet by about the third day they were producing apple crumbles from their ovens which - dare I say it - were better than those of the Seniors and Scouters, and by the end of the week a slew was considered a straightforward matter of course task.

As to collecting and chopping wood, surely that is one of the most delightful tasks in camp' and ensuring evenly cooked food on an open fire is a most self-satisfying art. The fire offers a challenge which has to be met by understanding - if not cunning.

Finally a plea for a change in the "Musician" Badge, Can the part -" Recognise four out of six popular tunes played by the examiner" not be abolished? Somebody may be an excellent musician in every way but be stopped from taking the badge because of this clause. Is "musician" synonymous with knowing this "nauseous cant" which is today's popular music?

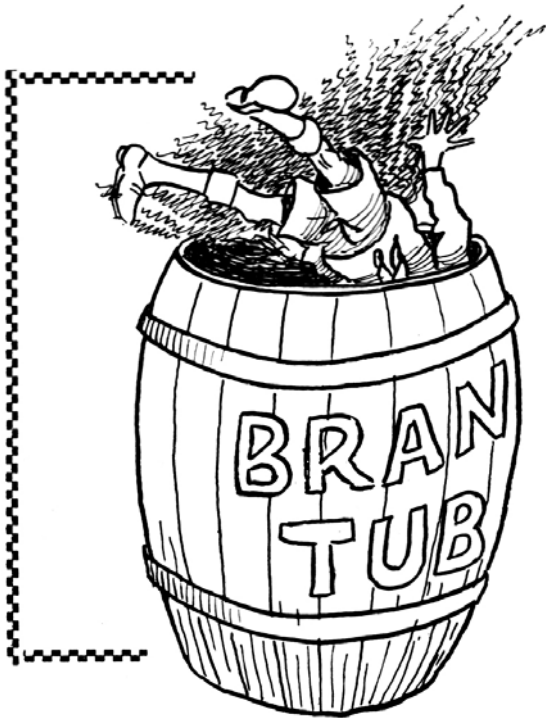
Q.S. Ronald T. Johnson,
1st Belford.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Remember this is to be a year of ambition, activity and achievement. At the end of it don't let it be said that you or your Patrol is "a skeleton in the cupboard".

Picture by John Annandale & Robert Dewar.

No. 321 by The Hamsters



PACK PACK PACK

Gather once more round the Bran Tub and dip into the gifts we have for you.

Riddle-me-ree

My first is in chum but not in Cub,
My second in bath but not in tub,
And my third letter you will see
Is not in you but is in me.
My fourth is in this but not in that,
My fifth in tea-time talk and chat.
My last two letters, very prim,
Are always in her but not in him.
I hope the answer you will get
Because I am a little pet. What am I?
(Answer below)

Make Your Own Compass

Have you ever tried to make your own compass? It is very easy. Here is one way.

All you need is a needle, a magnet, a cork and a saucer of water. First of all magnetise the needle by drawing the magnet several times along it always in the same direction. When this is done push the needle through the cork and float it on the surface of the water in the saucer. The needle will now turn until it points North - South.

Tongue Twisters

Tongue Twisters can be fun. See how many times you can say:-

- (a) Slim Sam shaved six slippery chins in six seconds.
- (b) Little Boy Blue a big blue bubble blew.

Answer to Riddle-me-ree: **HAMSTER**

What is a cub?

The other day as we were cleaning out our hutch we came across the following poem sent to us by our great uncle Ham. It concerns Wolf Cubs and we thought you would like to read it.

The Cubmaster says I'm a Wolf Cub,
The Scoutmaster says so, too.
But nobody else seems to think the same
So, whatever am I to do?

Now father says I'm a bull-pup
And uncle says so, too.
But mother will say I'm still her lamb
So, whatever am I to do?

My brother wrote down from college
To ask if it was true
That I'd joined up with monkey folk
And gone to live at the zoo.

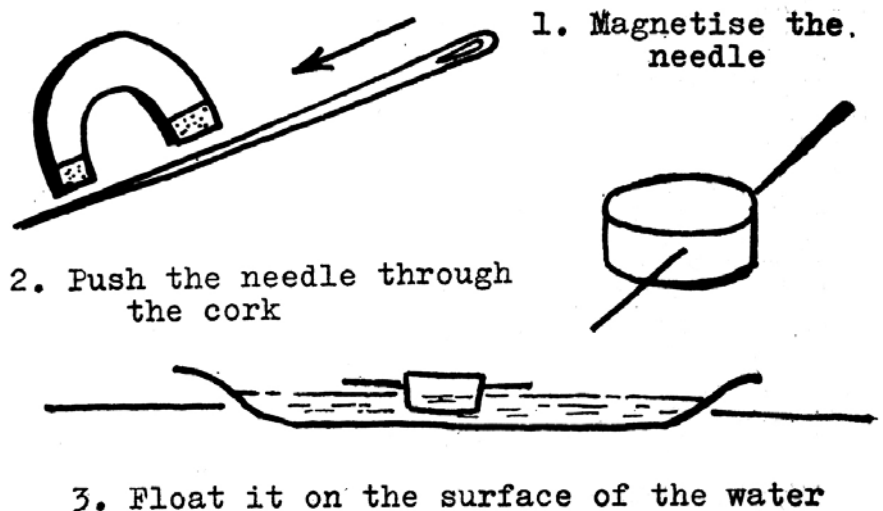
Do you think it will really be very long
Before they all find out
That the monkey, bull-pup, Wolf Cub,
Is a junior kind of Scout?

* * * *

Hamster

Do any of you keep Hamsters as pets? If so we would be pleased to hear from you. Write to us care of the Editor and tell us all about our namesakes.

GOOD HUNTING!



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 - creeps downstairs during a dinner given by his mother. He is seen by William Make peace Thackeray who gives him a shilling. The shilling becomes one of B-P.s prized possessions. He loses it the following summer, when staying at his Grandfather's home. His Grandfather finds a shilling 'which Ste claims as his and proves his ownership by detailing various marks on the coin. His Grandfather tells B.-P. of the adventurous life of Captain John Smith and Ste is determined to be like his distinguished great, great grandfather. One day John Raskin calls on Mrs. BadenPowell and is amazed to discover Ste paints with the same ease using either hand.

CHAPTER ONE A Boy Meets Adventure

(continued)

It was then that Ste became aware of the two scrutineers, and he rose to his feet at once, giving Mr Ruskin a little bow; a courtesy which brought a smile and an approving nod from the great man.

'Do you think he shows any promise, Mr Ruskin?' Ste's mother asked, pointing to the painting. 'I should greatly value any hint you might be able to give me.' She knew well enough that her visitor was perhaps the greatest art critic of the day, and any advice from him would certainly be well worth having.

'I think he is at least worth a lesson, Ma'am,' Ruskin said, and laying his top hat on the table he bent over to take a sheet of drawing paper from the folder by the boy's paints. 'What is his name?'

'We call him Ste,' was the quick retort, and with a smile added: 'In honour of his godfather, the renowned Mr. Robert Stephenson. You will, of course, have met him.'

'I have indeed,' Ruskin said, taking a clean brush and beginning to paint over the drawing paper with clean water. 'So you are Robert Stephenson Baden-Powell, eh?'

And you want to learn to paint?'

'Yes, sir,' Ste agreed, 'but my full name is Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell.'

'Ah yes, of course,' Ruskin agreed, smiling. 'Smyth is your famous grandfather's name, isn't it?'

'And my great great great-' there Ste hesitated, not quite knowing how far removed was the late Captain John Smith. His mother helped him out, a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

'Mr Ruskin, I am afraid we do not really know how many "greats" there should be to the name of Captain John Smith, but we do claim to have that great *Elizabethan* adventurer in our lineage. It is to him Ste is referring. I am afraid his grandfather's stories of the great Captain John Smith have made Ste decide to become an adventurer like him.'

Ruskin shook his head as he washed the drawing paper with more clean water.

'I think it will have to be some other kind of adventurous life for you, Ste,' he said. 'By the time you go out into the world all the Redskins will have been civilised. The day will come when there will be railways stretching right across the continent of America, and where the railway goes civilisation swamps everything else.'

He sat silent for a few moments then dipped his clean brush into one of the paints, and within a matter of minutes had outlined a vase and coloured it.

'You see how the paint spreads evenly,' he said. 'That is because the paper is damp. When the paper is dry it soaks up the water-colour paint at once, and we get little patches of colour which we cannot shade exactly right with the next piece.'

He went on to shade the painting, and when he finally rose had produced a quite beautiful painting of a vase. Laying the brush down he took up his top hat, and holding it towards the boy so that he could remove the sheet of paper lying on it, said,

'Perhaps you will be able to paint some flowers in the vase. And if you can remember that the paper must be damp when you are using water colours, you will find painting much easier.'

'Thank you, sir,' and Ste stood spellbound by Mr Ruskin's work until that man had left the room. Then Agnes came across and even his elder brother John. Young Baden Fletcher sitting on a rug, was too engrossed in daisy-chain making to bother about what the famous Mr Ruskin had been doing.

Downstairs, Ste's mother was confiding to her visitor a little worry she had over the boy.

'You noticed that he painted first with his right hand, then with his left. I am afraid I do not know what to do about that. When his father was alive he tried to break Ste of the habit. It seems so unnatural for him to want to use his left hand when he is just as good as any other person with his right hand. I wonder if you have any views on the matter?'

'I should certainly not worry about it, Ma'am,' Ruskin urged. 'I can see no harm or danger in it at all. In fact, quite the reverse. At the least it could become quite an amusing parlour trick. How many of us, for instance, but would rather watch a two-handed artist, drawing with both hands at once, than listen to some pigeon-chested young man who fancies himself as a baritone - when in fact he has no tone at all.'

They both laughed, and it was decided there and then that Ste's habit of drawing with either hand should not be discouraged. It was a 'parlour trick' he kept to the end of his days, and passed on to his own son Peter.

CHAPTER TWO

Head Cook and Dish Washer

'Now you'll take care of Ste, won't you?' Mrs Baden-Powell said, looking across at the smallest of the four brothers who were ready for the first weekend outing of the holidays. 'He has been living for this day - and you know he thinks there is no one quite like you, Warrington.'

Ten years older than Ste, Warrington was already a husky young man, with valuable sailing experience gained aboard the training ship *Conway*.

He, too, had inherited a love for the open air, and in addition to being a good sailor was also an expert in the woods. He had taken his brothers George and Frank on a number of outings, but until now Ste had been considered too young.

With knapsacks on their backs, containing waterproofs, some bread and butter, a few simple cooking utensils, and home made snares, they were bound for a weekend in the open.

Throughout the day Ste tried to behave as if this was something he was well accustomed to.

When they stopped in a secluded wood he could hardly contain his excitement when his three elder brothers prepared to catch something for supper. They had eaten a light meal of bread and butter, washed down by water from a spring, but now it was time for the meal of the day and Ste was agog with excitement.

'You go with George and catch some fish,' Warington ordered, as if catching fish was as simple as telling Hawksworth, the grocer, to deliver a pound of sugar. 'Frank and I will see if we can bag a rabbit, or a pheasant.'

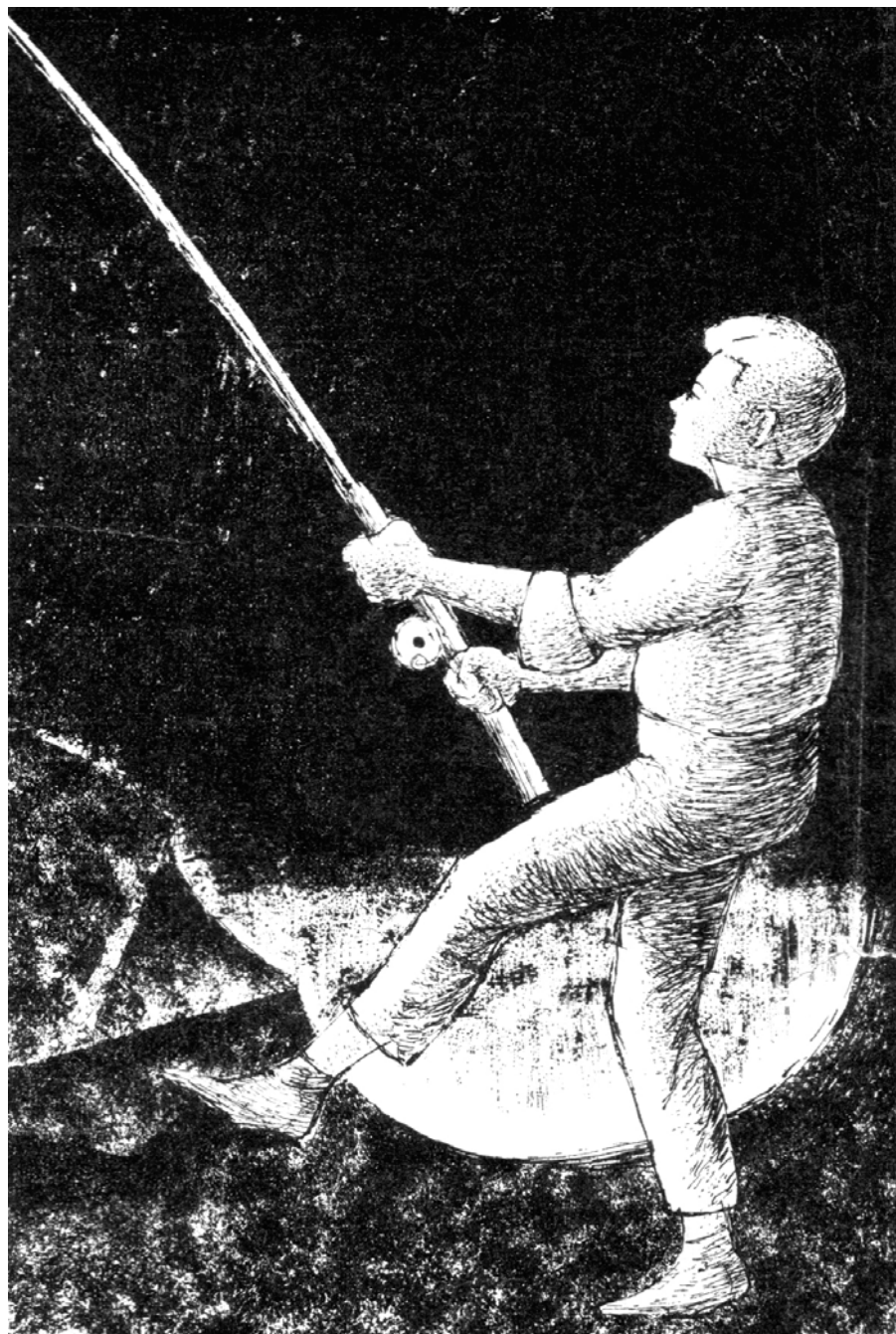
The sun was beginning to sink towards the west as Ste and George found what seemed a likely spot on the banks of a quiet flowing stream. Alders shaded the water. Gnats danced in smoky looking columns, and somewhere a late cuckoo was calling like a lost soul.

George baited two lines and they made their casts. The floats sat quietly on the water, watched by Ste with anxious eyes. He was hungry, and there was a lurking anxiety at the back of his mind that they might not catch anything. That would be a double misfortune, for then there would be no supper, or if there was, it would be a supper provided by Warington and Frank. Ste was desperately anxious to show his eldest brother that he was a fit person to take out on a weekend jaunt.

Suddenly a float bobbed.

'Strike, Ste,' George said swiftly, but the command was not necessary. The first movement of the little white and red painted float had been like the triggering-off of a gun. Eyes flashing with excitement the younger boy 'struck', and within thirty seconds the first of nearly a dozen fish was on the bank.

Before they finally coiled their lines they had eleven fish on the grass, and Ste could hardly wait to get back to their chosen camping spot. He had decided he would not say anything, but would leave it to his elder brother George to recount the fact that of the eleven fish he had caught seven!



Back in the little glade, with the rays of the setting sun throwing long shadows, George put down his knapsack and turning to Ste said:

'You'd better gut the fish. Bury the heads and the rest of the stuff – we don't want to burn them, they make too much smell. I'll light a fire. After-well, what are you waiting for?'

'Nothing,' Ste said, and slipping his hand into his pocket he brought out the magnificent pocket knife Warington had given him as a present. It was so beautiful that Ste pulled a wry face at the thought of cutting into the fish with it.

As George moved off into the undergrowth to collect dead twigs, and thicker branches blown down in the previous winter, Ste knelt down and gingerly picked up the first fish.

In the past he had listened enthralled

when his three brothers had returned from such a weekend as this, and had recounted to their mother, and the rest of the family, how they had caught fish, or birds, or rabbits, and after skinning and gutting them, had roasted them over a campfire.

To Ste the interesting things had been the catching and the cooking. He had never given much thought to the preparation of fish, fowl or animals for the pot. He pushed back his cap and the reddening light of the sun lit up his freckled, slightly sunburned face. He could hear George humming softly as he gathered sticks. In a matter of minutes his brother would be back to begin laying the fire. It would never do to let him think that their new recruit could not do such a simple thing as prepare fish for supper.

(To be continued)

UNIFORM LONG TROUSERS

In accordance with the amendment to Policy, Organisation and Rules (effective from 15th October, 1961) here are the details of trousers in the approved shade and style available from the Scout Shop.

The lovat shade for general wear is very suitable with khaki, green or grey shirts. Navy blue is mainly for Sea and Air sections, and for groups normally wearing navy blue shorts.

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