

The Scout



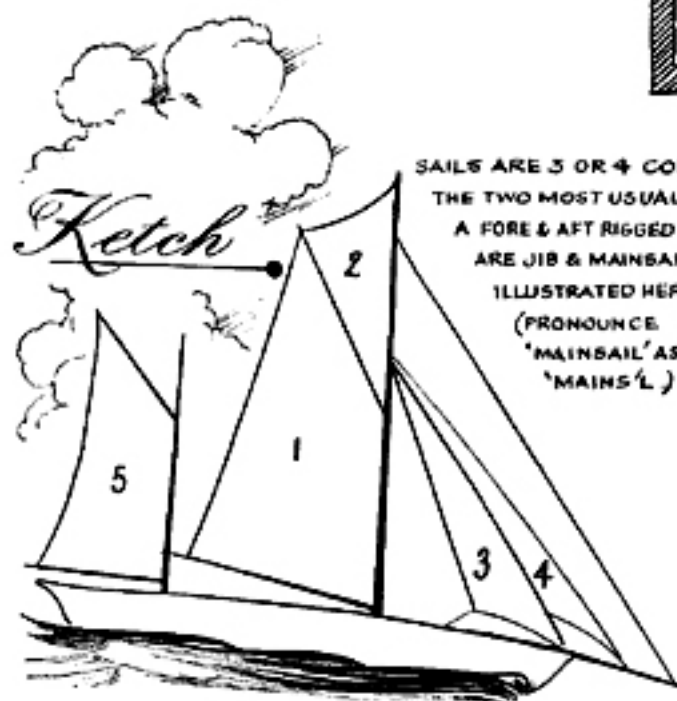
Week ending 27th January 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

INFORMATION CENTRE



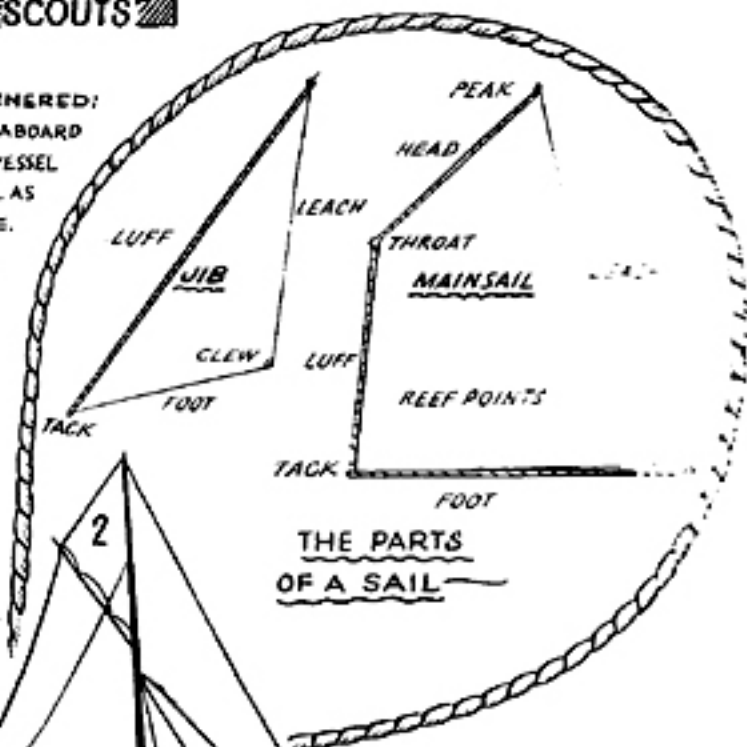
A REQUIREMENT OF THE

HELMSMAN BADGE



Ketch

SAILS ARE 3 OR 4 CORNERED:
THE TWO MOST USUAL ABOARD
A FORE & AFT RIGGED VESSEL
ARE JIB & MAINSAIL AS
ILLUSTRATED HERE.
(PRONOUNCE
'MAINSAIL' AS
'MAINS'L')



THE PARTS
OF A SAIL

SAILS OF KETCH & YAWL

- 1 MAINSAIL
- 2 TOPSAIL
- 3 MIZEN
- 4 FORESAIL
- 5 JIB

Yawl

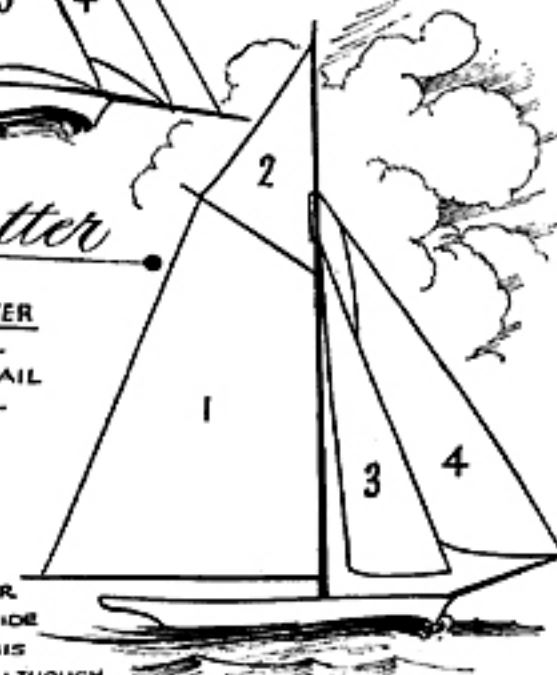
THE CUTTER IS ONE OF THE
SMALLEST SEA GOING VESSELS
(THE SLOOP IS SMALLER).



Cutter

SAILS OF CUTTER

- 1. MAINSAIL
- 2 GAFF TOPSAIL
- 3 FORESAIL
- 4 JIB



THERE ARE, OF
COURSE, SEVERAL OTHER
RIGS, BUT THEY ARE OUTSIDE
THE REQUIREMENTS OF THIS
BADGE. USEFUL TO KNOW THEM THOUGH



*The DROGUE
or Sea Anchor*

NOTE: ONLY
STERN SAIL SET



USUALLY A CONICAL CANVAS
BAG, ITS MOUTH HELD OPEN BY
A HOOP, THE DROGUE OFFERS GREAT
RESISTANCE, & HELPS A VESSEL TO
RIDE OUT A STORM, HEAD TO WIND

INSERT
METAL RING.

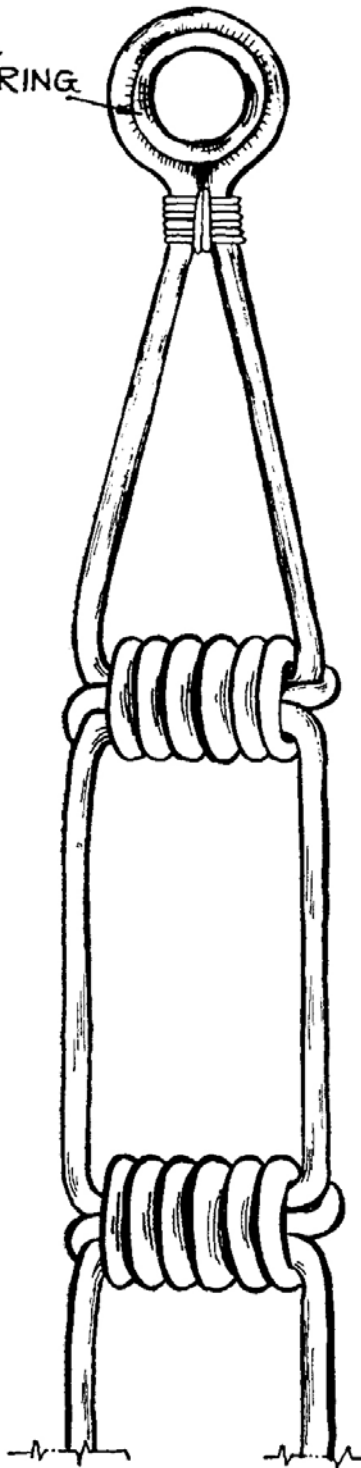


FIG: 1.

MAKE A ROPE LADDER

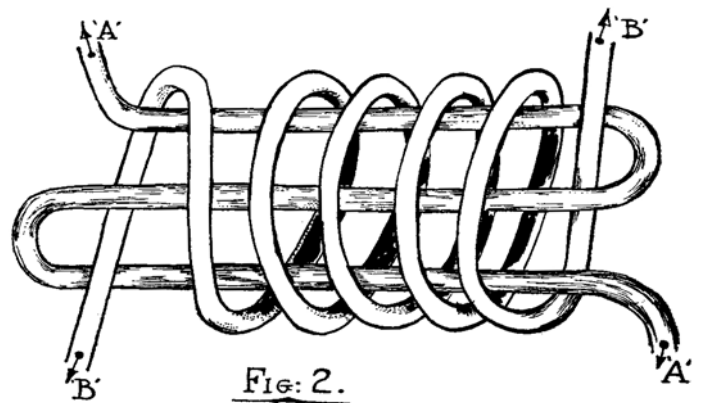
by Ron Branagan

The more conventional type of rope ladder, where wooden rungs are used is for many very difficult to climb, the steps often tend to sag to one side or the other. With the ordinary rope ladder, using rope for the steps, the knots tighten to such an extent that they are very difficult to untie and the rope is very hard on the feet. Illustrated here is slightly different method of making a rope ladder which you might like to try in preparation for use at your Easter camp.

Construction is as follows:-

Start by dividing the rope in half and at the halfway point bind a metal ring fitting as shown in Fig. 1. Then begin the first step at the desired spacing, bearing in mind that the spacing allows you to put in an even number of steps.

Fig. 2 shows in detail the rope layout for step construction and is self explanatory. Make the rung width just wide enough for one foot only, using any more is just a waste of material. After the first two rungs you should be able to construct the "rungsknot" without looking at the diagram.



Vol. LVII

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EMERGENCIES

by

DON GRISBROOK & JOHN S. LEIGH

No. 2 Mountain Emergencies

A short time ago, a lone Senior Scout was trapped on a ledge high in the Lake District. He had been there all the previous night, wearing very little, in high winds and incessant rain. He had fallen and was suffering from a double fracture of the leg. It was only by chance that passing walkers heard his shouts and went to his aid.

What a great deal that Scout had to learn about mountain craft. It was a situation that could have been avoided, and a situation for which the Scout was largely to blame.

Accidents on mountains are, of course, largely unpredictable. But there is a lot you can do beforehand to help prevent them happening to you. Before setting out on your expedition into the hills, ensure that you:-

1. Never go alone, no matter how clear the sky, how well known the route. A safe number is four.
2. Take a simple first aid kit, a whistle, torch, good compass and a 1" Ordnance Survey map of the district. You must be proficient with the last two items.
3. Are proficient at first aid.
4. Are properly equipped. If rock-climbing, know the techniques; have sound ropes. If you can't rock-climb, don't go anywhere near crags. Wear the correct clothing; only in exceptional circumstances - we would prefer to say never - is ordinary Scout uniform adequate. You will need a windproof jacket with hood, long trousers, good walking boots (shoes don't give good ankle support), a sweater and gloves. These are the minimum outer garments.

5. Leave notice of where you are going and what time you plan to arrive there. Keep to your planned route.

6. Take sufficient food.

But emergencies do happen. The following advice and rules will help you in anything you are likely to meet. In all cases, never panic. Keep calm and tell yourself that you are going to win through.

Loss of way: in daylight

As soon as you realise that you don't know where you are stop, pin point on the map your last known position. This shouldn't be far away, if you are using your map properly. Then assuming you are only a short distance from your last check point, use your compass to get off the hills by the quickest, safest route. Mist is no cause for undue alarm; if you are lost in mist, the emergency procedure is the same.

Loss of way: at night

Map reading at night is very difficult. Therefore, you should, at all costs, avoid being benighted on the hills. Give yourself sufficient time for returning to base. However, in emergencies, it is considered safer to accept your position and stay where you are, choosing a sheltered spot to wait till dawn. If it is very cold and there is a danger of exposure or frost-bite, keep moving in a small well-defined area. Divide out the food supply to last through the night. If there is no danger, don't use your whistle or torch unless someone is obviously looking for you. Use all your clothing to keep warm.

In circumstances where conditions are rapidly worsening but you are not lost, don't feel you will be considered a coward if you turn back. You will be doing the sensible thing. If convenient, go back along the route you came out.

Accidents

1. Never move a patient until you are sure there are no fractures. If there are fractures, do not move the patient any more than is necessary; and then always fix fractures first.

2. Treat for shock. For exposure, the treatment is basically the same. You must be able to recognise the symptoms. Both shock and exposure will be revealed by :- grey face, rapid and feeble pulse, a look and feeling of cold, enlargement of the eye pupils. On mountains, the emphasis must be on keeping the patient warm.

3. Injuries - these are likely to be caused by either a fall, or rocks crashing on to a climber from above. In these circumstances, one should expect bleeding fractures and possibly unconsciousness. Bleeding usually this isn't as bad as it appears at first. If it doesn't clot on its own, pressure on the wound will usually be enough to prevent serious loss. If a wound is fairly small, apply elastoplast across the wound. This will bring the sides together. Larger wounds will require a pad of lint and a bandage over the wound. Use a constrictive bandage only in the most extreme circumstances and when bleeding cannot be controlled by any other method. Fractures in all cases, whether the patient is to be moved immediately or not, immobilization of the affected limb is necessary. If you have nothing which will pass for a splint, the strapping of the fractured leg to the good leg will do adequately. A fractured arm can easily be tied to the body. In every move, observe the utmost caution.

4. The base of the skull may be fractured. This is the result of the patient either having been hit on the head by falling rocks, or landing on his feet after slipping a considerable distance, the shock being passed from his feet to his head. There will probably be bleeding from the nose and either or both ears plus unconsciousness. At all costs, don't move him.

5. If the spine is fractured, there will probably be paralysis of one or both legs. Again, don't move the patient. Careful stretcher treatment by experts is necessary.

* * * *

The patient has to be got down to an ambulance. This is one kind of emergency where the patient *has* to be moved; to leave him on the mountainside is to risk exposure and other complications. In other emergencies, where an ambulance can reach the patient, no attempt should be made to move him unless he is in danger of further injury if left where he is.

There are certain points to be remembered. If you suspect a fractured base of skull or spine you will, of course, make no attempt to move the patient until experts arrive. In cases where the patient is unconscious or cannot walk, a stretcher is required. All other cases, should be dealt with as required, either by one of the hand-carrying methods, or, if the patient is well enough, by mere escorting.

If a stretcher is necessary and you cannot provide and man one properly, you must get skilled help as quickly as possible. Remember that it needs at least six people to manage a stretcher over rough ground. Should the patient be in a dangerous position and it is getting dark, it is worth almost anything to bring him down to a safer place provided you have enough help and not too great a risk is involved.

* * * *

How do you summon help? Blow your whistle. Six blasts every minute followed by a minute's rest - then a repetition. At night, use a torch as well as a whistle. If this fails, you will have to fetch help.

Never leave a patient alone unless it is absolutely unavoidable. If you have to leave him alone, mark the spot with something conspicuous (e.g. an anorak stretched on a rock, a cairn).

The person who goes for help should note the position of the patient accurately, by grid reference is the best method, then run to the nearest farmhouse or telephone and enlist local aid or the service of the nearest mountain rescue team, a list of which can be found in a free booklet, "Mountain Rescue", published by the Mountain Rescue Committee. Address: Hill House, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport, Cheshire. Mountain Rescue Posts are now marked on 1" O.S. maps.

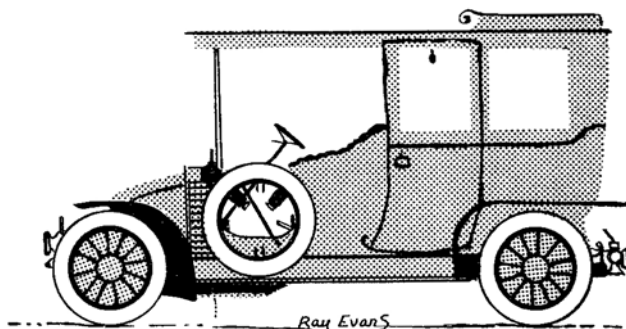
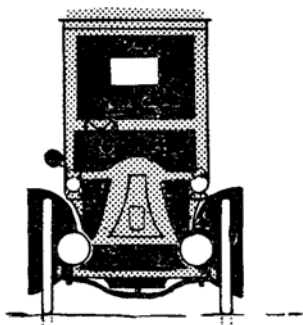
In asking for help do not fail to give the location of the accident, how it happened, the time of the accident and the nature of the injuries.

MEMO: Shock

1. Lay the patient down with his head low and turned to one side. Check the position of his tongue from time to time.
2. Loosen tight clothing, wrap him in a blanket and keep him warm.
3. Give him a drink only if he asks for one, has no internal injury and is unlikely to be operated on. More often than not he will be content merely to rinse out his mouth.
4. Do not give alcohol or apply heat with hot water bottles.

VINTAGE CARS (2)

By Ray Evans



RENAULT

1906

24.8 h.p. engine, water cooled, thermo syphon. 100 × 140 mm. bore and stroke. Reverse and four speed gear.

RESULTS OF THE RAILWAY QUIZ COMPETITION

As one competitor said, "It was a fairly difficult quiz." In fact, no one got all the answers right; but I should like to congratulate the prize winners on their knowledge and to commend the unlucky competitors for a stout effort.

I am sorry about the misprint in question 9, but I can assure you that nobody was penalised for this. But points were lost for not giving exact names of stations, e.g. Leeds, instead of Leeds (City), and so on. Very few realised that the Night Ferry includes sleeping cars for Brussels (Midi) as well as Paris (Nord). There was some misunderstanding about the "type" of B.R. diesels. These are numbered 1 to 5 and refer to the horse-power classification and not to the wheel notation or to the name of the class.

Here is the list of prize winners

N. F. Morley, Surbiton, Surrey.

P.L. D. Thornhill, 1st Wendover.

G. Mulley, 2nd Otley.

M. Haines, Swindon.

Scout M. Jones, Bath.

P/2nd G. Allison, 16th Southport.

M. J. Ford, 5th Hanwell.

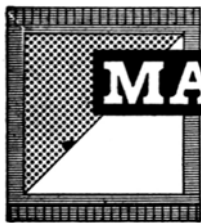
P/2nd S. Meadows, Weston-super-Mare.

Scout G. Selway, 70th Birmingham.

P.L. J. T. Markland, 2nd/1st Hurst, Ashton-under-Lyne.

P.L. A. R. Williams, 1st Portland.

P.L. R. Hawkes, 6th Finchley.



The Diary of a P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

Thursday

Troop Night. Brian and Jim between them had arranged an evening stunt. We split into pairs, and as we were one short Dizzy volunteered to go on his own. We had been told to bring a one-inch map each, and we were handed a sealed envelope and bundled into Brian's van. Jim saw that we were properly blindfolded before we moved off.

Johnny and I were the last to be dropped and immediately opened our envelope. This told us we must find a dangerous fugitive who was believed to be hiding in the middle of a wood somewhere within 100 yards of map reference 177602. We were not quite sure where we had been dropped, although we guessed it must be somewhere on Thornborough Common. After walking along the road for a few minutes we came to a signpost which gave us our bearings. We looked at the map to find we had just over a mile to go to reach the wood. We found the map reference and stopped to listen. A cracking twig somewhere over on our left suggested that one of the other parties was quite near. It was probably Dizzy as he is a bit clumsy. We heard nothing else, and it was the smell of cigarette smoke wafting through the night air that led us to our fugitive rather than the red glow or the glare from the occasional match which Brian thoughtfully struck for our benefit.

An extremely simple stunt, but very effective.

Saturday

10th Melford's Cycle Rally Competition, in which we entered a team of four (Roger, Andy, Ken and Gordon) and came third. The four of them called in at my place on the way back from Melford to explain what went on.

The Competition was really a Cycle Rally with photographic clues. Each team was given a packet of numbered photos of a dozen or so features along the roadside - a signpost, a railway bridge, an unusual gateway, an old building, and so on. On the back of each photo were two map references about a mile or so apart. Each photo had apparently been taken between the two points shown on the back, and the idea was to find these spots and give their exact position by 6-figure *map* references. Of course the photos were in no particular order and first of all the points had to be found on the map in order to work out the most convenient route. It wasn't a race - it was accuracy that was asked for, and points were deducted for each single figure of each reference that was wrong.

Luckily Gordon hit on a good idea he had seen somewhere else and called home first of all to pick up a ruler. He showed me - I didn't know before - that the scale showing sixteenths of an inch can be used to give a very accurate map reference, as there are almost exactly

ten of these divisions to one Kilometre square on the *one-inch map*. This is quite a handy tip and worth knowing!

Thursday

Troop Night. Andy gave us a talk on Geology which is one of his hobbies. He brought along some brightly coloured maps and a lot of fossils and bits of rock for us to look at. He suggests we go on a fossil-hunting expedition one Saturday, and from the way he described it, it seems that every quarry in the neighbourhood is absolutely bursting at the seams with fossils waiting to be picked up. There wasn't a great deal of enthusiasm for this, so we've dropped the idea at present, although I must say there's more in this geology lark than meets the eye. When you look at a piece of shell that's been picked out of a rock face and realise it's been there so many millions of years, it certainly makes you think.

Saturday

The Social and Dance was a great success and was attended by many parents and friends of the Group. This has given me an idea. I'm sure we could muster up sufficient Seniors, Rovers and girl friends to run our own Social in a few months' time and help boost the funds. And quite apart from the funds I'm sure it's an idea that would be appreciated, especially by some of the Rovers!

Dave Norrington.
P.L.(S)



THE STORY SO FAR: *Senior Scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (known as War by) 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 bluff. All their efforts to prevent the Major and his colleague trailing them having failed, they decide to sabotage their motor cycles. Guided by Warby from his radio observation station above the village, Tug and Bret are watching the inn reflected in a butcher's shop opposite when the second motor cycle arrives.*

CHAPTER FOUR

New Tactics

Tug cast a glance through the butcher's window. The man who had seemed interested in the Scouts earlier, was now busy at the back of the shop.

"Straight across, Bret!" said Tug, swinging his transmitter round to the back, out of his way.

A few hurried steps and they were in front of the inn. Bret grasped the carrier of the black machine, and gave it an upward and forward pull. As it rocked off its stand and bounced onto its rear wheel, the front wheel began turning inwards. Bret pulled desperately at the carrier as the machine began leaning away from him. Tug, standing between the two machines, grabbed at the turning handlebar to right it. There was a sudden loud blast from the horn as Tug's grip held the button down. The wheel straight again, and the horn silenced, Tug set off pushing as hard as he could, and beckoned Bret to follow.

They gathered speed almost to running pace along the passage and round to the back. Tug stopped his charge with the brake, quickly pulled it on to its stand, and Bret with his.

"Take the tyre valves out, Bret," said Tug, getting his fingers round a valve. "It's about all we'll have time for. Be ready to make a dash for it. We're not going to get away with this for long. Let the air out slowly. We don't want to tell them we're only round the corner."

"I'm sorry I boomed my part of the job," said Bret, pocketing a valve.

"I should have told you to have one hand on the handlebar when - Warby's on the air! He can see two men standing in the road outside the inn. A man's come out of the shop opposite."

"The butcher," said Bret.

"The man's pointing - He's walking with them towards the passage - They've entered the passage. Got both valves, Bret? Follow me!"

Tug got to the back door and tried the latch. The door opened. Bret followed him in. They closed the door quietly behind them, crossed a yard and opened another door.

"What are you doing here?" demanded a large, red-faced man with a barrel bung in his hand. "The back door isn't for the use of -"

"Sorry, sir," interrupted Tug. "We're friends of Major Warburton. Is he around?"

You'll find him out at the front," said the man, pointing the way.

"Thanks, sir" answered Tug, politely, and led Bret to the front door. Once in the street they began to move as fast as they could.

"Now, it's back to camp and some grub," said Bret, when they had turned off the high street. "Warby will have seen us coming this way."

When Warby arrived back at the clearing, Bret had already changed back into uniform and had brought the rucksacs over from the farm.

"I'm afraid we'll have to make do with chocolate and a biscuit or two," said Warby when Bret mentioned food. "We've gone to some trouble to gain a time advantage over our enemy, we'd be crazy to throw it away now."

"Suppose you're right," agreed Bret, producing two tyre valves. "We nearly didn't get away with it. Your warning, Warby, that they were coming down the passage saved us."

"I didn't do much," said Warby, picking his rucksac up. "You two took all the risk."

"Let's say it was a fairly good bit of team work," said Tug.

"By the way, Bret" grinned Warby. "I don't suppose I need ask you whether you've got the sealed packet in your pack."

"Don't worry about that, Warby," Bret assured him. "That's safe enough."

"Fine," answered Warby. "When we've had a parting word with the farmer, we'll be on our way, and this time we'll see that there are no camp followers. No motor bike will find its way by the route we're taking. And as we're going back half a mile before we take the mountain tracks, not even the great Major Warburton and his Red Indian lore will catch sight or sound of us."

At 3.30 by Warby's watch, the three Scouts were lying in the sun by a mountain stream after a welcome meal of soup, flapjacks and cream cheese and biscuits.

They had cleared and tidied up and were ready to take the road when they had had their usual after-meal rest.

"I reckon it will be around eight o'clock by the time we get to Treffach," remarked Tug, sitting up and reaching over to his rucsac and pulling his notebook out. "May as well be getting our log up to date. We'll be late turning in, tonight."

"Too late to do any shopping, too," said Warby. "What's the grub situation like, Bret?"

"We'll manage," answered Bret, lying flat on his back with his beret shading his eyes. "We've three farm eggs left. Fat and sugar are getting a bit low. So's the paraffin. Soups, tea, coffee, cocoa, cheese and biscuits should see us through till we stock up at Treffach."

"We'll be on our way there in twenty minutes precisely," declared Warby. "So make the most of it. We've nine miles to do, and the first six look pretty tough on the map."

Soon after four o'clock, the three had shouldered their rucsacs and were moving off towards Treffach. By the time the mountain stream was six miles behind them, Warby's watch registered six-thirty. An hour and a half later, they stopped within half a mile of Treffach village, and found a camp site that was completely hidden among trees.

"We're safe enough here," declared Warby, looking round at the tall pines screening the site, and the high crags showing above them, on either side of the valley.

"Safe enough to light a fire?" queried Bret, securing a grub tent guy. "Give me a fire every time."

"No, Bret," answered Warby. "We may as well make a habit of being careful till we know that packet is definitely ours. We'll hide it again as usual. It's fooled the enemy so far."

"There's shopping to be done in the village tomorrow," said Tug, taking the paraffin stove out of its tin box. "Are we risking it in uniform?"

"It would be better if red-scarved Seniors weren't seen in the village," said Warby. "The enemy might find themselves around Treffach and do a bit of local quizzing."

By the time their evening meal was over it was dark, and soon after Bret had found a safe place to hide the sealed packet, the Scouts left the starry sky to the owls, and turned in.

It was Warby's turn to be first up and make a start on the breakfast, and when the sun, had been up an hour, he crawled out of the sleeping tent with half-open eyes, and made his way to the grub tent. He rummaged around for a minute or two, then made his way back to the other tent. He took hold of Bret's shoulder and shook him vigorously.

"What did you do with the cooking gear?" he called at the still figure in the sleeping bag.

"What cooking gear?" enquired Bret, without stirring.

"It's not in the grub tent," Warby informed him. "Neither are the knives and forks."

"Dixies and eating irons?" queried Bret, sitting up. "They're in the grub tent. I put them there myself - two Gilwell nests, three sets of eating irons -"

"They're not there now," cut in Warby, backing out of the tent.

Almost as soon as Warby was back in the grub tent, he was joined by Bret in his shorts and vest, followed by Tug. It was soon clear that the missing articles were not in the grub tent, and the search was continued outside.

Warby and Bret, coming round to the back of the grub tent from opposite sides suddenly stopped and stared.

"The eating irons," shouted Bret, and was about to gather them up when Warby stopped him.

"Leave them a minute, Bret. Look at them from this side."

Bret moved round to where Warby was standing and with Tug, who had come running at Bret's shout, stood amazed.

"Them again!" exploded Bret, as he gazed at a letter "W" shaped with two knives and two forks, surrounded by a rough circle of the remaining camp cutlery.

"It beats me how they do it!" exclaimed Warby. "I believe you were right, Tug when you said the Major seemed to think getting the packet back was like taking sweets from a baby."

"You're right about them making us look like raw tenderfoots," retorted Bret, "but they still haven't got the sealed packet, and that's what old Uncle Phil boasted they would do."

"At least," added Warby with a wry smile, "we hope they still haven't got the packet."

"I'll soon find out," responded Bret, making a move. "Not now, Bret," said Warby, beginning to pick up the cutlery. "If they happen to have us under observation at this moment, and well they might, it could only be in the hope of seeing us checking whether the packet is missing, too. We'll leave it for now. If it's gone, it's gone. If it's not, it won't go while we're around."

"What about breakfast?" asked Tug. "There doesn't seem to be any sign of the dixies."

They began a thorough search, during which Bret satisfied himself that the sealed packet was safe, but there was no sign of the dixies, and they came to the conclusion that they would have to get along without them.

"The Major's having a nice little game with us," commented Tug, watching three eggs boiling in a cocoa tin. "I thought from the start that he was going to get a laugh out of this stunt. What a kick he'll get out of spinning his yarns in his Officers' Mess."

"He won't spin the one about the flat tyres, I'll bet" said Bret, buttering a damper made in a biscuit tin lid.

"I've got an idea for another one he won't spin," put in Warby, "but that can wait till the chance comes along."

"It looks as if we're in for a spell of cooking without the proper gear," predicted Bret, gloomily. "We'd better remember that when we get our supplies in. It's going to be kabob and spit cooking, and such like until we're civilized again. Hope it won't be long."

"A roll of aluminium foil would come in very handy just now," commented Tug, "but we'd need to have a fire for that."

"Doubt whether we'd get any foil in these parts," remarked Warby. "We'll have to manage as best we can. Maybe, when they've had their little joke, they'll return our stuff as quietly as they took it."

"I didn't hear a thing," said Bret.

"Nor I," put in Tug. He lowered his voice. "If, as you said, Warby, they might be hanging around to see if we check that the sealed packet's still safe, it could be they've satisfied themselves it isn't in any of our rucsacs."

"You mean they may have searched them in the night, with us in the tent!" exclaimed Bret.

"We know, if we're not supposed to, that the Major is a counter-espionage man," Tug reminded Bret. "No doubt his colleague is too. It shouldn't surprise us that they could have gone through our rucsacs while we were lying only inches away. Probably child's play to them."

Warby got up and ambled across to their sleeping tent.

A minute or two later he sauntered back.

"I've had a look through my kit. There doesn't seem to be anything missing," he reported, sitting down to his boiled egg and buttered dampers.

"There's just one queer thing though. I never fasten the straps of my centre pocket flap with the buckle prongs at different levels. One was through the first hole, and the other through the second. They missed my kit last time. Could be they knew mine and have been through it."

"Probably been through them all," said Tug. "Looks to me as if they've made a thorough search this time. What next, I wonder?"

"We'd better keep a keen eye on the rest of our stuff," said Bret. "Good thing they left us our eating irons."

"And this," added Tug, pointing his thumb at the canvas water bucket.

"If we don't get our stuff back by the time we reach High Top Farm," declared Warby, "we'll have to buy something. I don't fancy a week's standing camp without cooking utensils, unless we get some foil, and either put the stove away or get a metal plate for it."

"I suppose they consider two dixies a fair exchange for four tyre valves," said Tug, standing up to stretch his legs. "Anyway they haven't stopped us having a good breakfast, even if the tea did taste a bit tinny."

"When we've cleared up," said Warby, "we'll put our heads together and see if we can't get the better of these spy chasers. If between us we can't think of some way to shake them off our tails, we ought to rip our First Class badges off and present them to the enemy."

"Don't know what more we can do," moaned Bret. "We've switched trains, stopped lighting fires, by-passed villages, doubled back on our route, and we've put their transport out of action, and still they won't be shaken off. I think one of them must go up in a helicopter every time we set foot on the open road."

"That gives me an idea, Bret," said Warby, slapping his knee. "I do believe it'll beat them. I'll leave the clearing-up to you two. I want to look at the map."

When everything was cleared away ready for striking camp, the three gathered outside the door of the sleeping tent where Warby had spread the map out.

"Out with it, Warby," grinned Tug. "What's the master plan?"

"First, what's their method of working? Why do they always find us?" asked Warby, and went on without waiting for the answer. "My theory is that they know our direction is roughly in the western half of the compass so they scout around all the possible routes until they spot three red-scarved Scouts hobbling along. Then they keep tabs on us."

"If they spot us sooner," added Tug, "say, leaving camp or in the village, so much the better for them."

"True," agreed Warby. "And if they miss us altogether, they'll quiz people along possible routes and in likely villages. Two of them can cover some ground on those bikes of theirs."

"Then, old Uncle Phil gets his Red Indian nose to the ground," said Bret, "and he's here before we can get the Welcome mat out. I agree with all that, Warby, but where does your helicopter idea come in?"

"Well," began Warby, "they couldn't do much better than they are already doing, Bret, even with a helicopter, but if they did have one, it wouldn't be much good to them at night."

"So?" queried Bret.

"We do our next stage at night," answered Warby. "If we all agree. It's pretty certain the enemy are not sleeping in the open."



The three gathered outside the door of the sleeping tent.

They're not carrying enough kit for that. They'll be staying overnight at the nearest inn or hotel they can find. If we do our walking while they're doing their sleeping, they'll see nothing of us between here and our next stop, Capel-y-Coed, nor will anyone else."

"That's the best idea yet, Warby" said Tug. "A night hike suits me fine."

"Me, too," agreed Bret, "but what are we going to do till its dark enough to set off?"

Warby pointed to Treffach on the map and explained his plan They were to pack up and leave their site at the usual time, and go openly into the village and get what supplies they needed. Then, instead of striking out due west for Capel-y-Coed, fourteen miles away, they were to go north-west for eight miles and pitch camp as if staying the night, but move off at midnight for Capel-y-Coed now about ten miles south-west.

"We should reach Capel-y-Coed at about four or five in the morning," Warby went on. "We'll have to camp anywhere we can. Then if we sleep till about noon and get a meal, we'll be fresh enough to put a few more miles behind us."

"If that doesn't fox them," cried Bret, "nothing will."

"Let's get packed up then," said Warby, folding up the map.

By half past ten they were on their way down to the village, with extra room in their rucsacs left by the missing dixies. Warby and Tug had packed their radio transmitters inside, and Bret was still carrying the sealed packet. In the village, Bret, as quartermaster had got in all the supplies they needed, and in accordance with the rule, they had called in at the post office. No telegram awaited them. Soon after eleven o'clock the three were striding along the road to Tyddyn eight miles away. They stopped on the way for their midday meal and finally arrived on a site half a mile from Tyddyn at three o'clock.

They pitched camp, and after tea took things easy. Bret busied himself in the grub tent with his stores, Tug wrote up his log notes, while Warby sprawled out studying the map and the route they would have to follow in the dark.

When midnight came round, everything was already packed up, and they were ready to go.

"All ready to hit the trail?" called out Warby, with his lumber jacket buttoned up to the neck, as he bent over his rucsac. He straightened up. "Anyone borrowed my compass?"

"Not me," answered Tug.

"Nor me," added Bret.

Warby searched the pockets again, then other likely places in his rucsac, and finally his own pockets. "I've lost it," he muttered, still trying his pockets. "Are you sure -"

What about the centre pocket flap you thought had been tampered with?" Tug reminded him.

"I didn't keep it in that pocket," replied Warby "I - Of course!" he suddenly exclaimed. "It's gone with the dixies!"

"Good of them to leave the map," retorted Bret. "I suppose they think they'll slow us down without a compass"

"They'll be right, too," said Warby, "if the sky clouds over, it's perfect now, but will it stay like this?"

"The stars won't help us to get through the woods," said Bret,. And if I remember the map, we've a fair sized one to get through not far from here."

"There'll be paths," said Warby. "We'll have to keep our eyes open. We've open moorland on the other side of it."

The wood was a maze of paths, but by keeping themselves strung out as far as they could, and using their torches to help them keep a straight line they eventually emerged into the open under the starry sky.

"This is where we need the compass," said Warby, his torch on the map. "If we can set the map and find our direction we might be able to march on a star."

They all looked skywards.

"Can't see the Plough," said Bret. "Must be hidden by the trees. I bet the Pole Star is too."

"What about Cassiopeia? Right overhead," suggested Tug.

"There's south," announced Warby, pointing with his torch beam.

"That was quick," marvelled Bret. "How did you work that out?"

"A bit of luck," laughed Warby. "See Pegasus. That group like a big Plough with its handle turned up instead of down. See the two end stars, that would be the Pointers if it were the Plough? Well, when they're vertical, as they are now, they are due south." He looked at his map. "A mile due south-west across here will bring us to the road we want. It's easy after that."

"What star are we going to march on?" asked Bret, pointing high at a bright star. "I make that one southwest."

"So do I," answered Warby, "but if you're going to walk with your head as high as that, we'll be picking you up every few minutes." He pointed at a star about thirty degrees above the horizon. "That's our star. below the Northern Cross. Twenty minutes should see us to the road. Just long enough, without taking fresh bearings."

Their line of direction brought them to the road they wanted, and from there the going was easy. At half four, with the first streaks of dawn, they were in the valley where Capel-y-Coed nestled, and their search for a camp site began. After carefully studying the map they left the road at a point half a mile short of the Willage, and began climbing the thickly wooded slope. Above a brow, the ground levelled out before rising again, and keeping to the same level they kept going until they found a place where the trees thinned out enough to give space for their two tents to be pitched.

"This is what I call ideal for the job," commented Warby, dropping his rucsac. "We couldn't wish for better all-round solid cover."

"And we've a stream quite near, too" said Tug.

"What about an early breakfast, then turn in till about twelve?" suggested Bret.

Warby and Tug voiced their wholehearted approval. "No need for us to hide the packet now, is there Warby?" asked Bret, ready to turn in after a quickly prepared but tasty breakfast.

"We're secure enough here, but we'll hide it as usual," Warby grinned. "We mustn't get slack."

Around noon, Warby, snug in his sleeping bag, began to stir. He looked at his watch and gave his sleeping companions a shake. In less than five minutes, stripped to the Waist, all three were outside with their towels, trotting the thirty yards to the stream that babbled its way to the valley bottom.

Towelling themselves briskly after their wash down. Warby suddenly stopped and listened. He moved anxiously to where he could see the tents, and gave a cry of alarm. Both their tents were blazing end to end.

Next Week: **OVER TO THE ATTACK**

WEEK'S COVER

cold in them thar' hills, but too cold if you are adequately clothed for an activity of this nature.

Photo by Peter Burton.

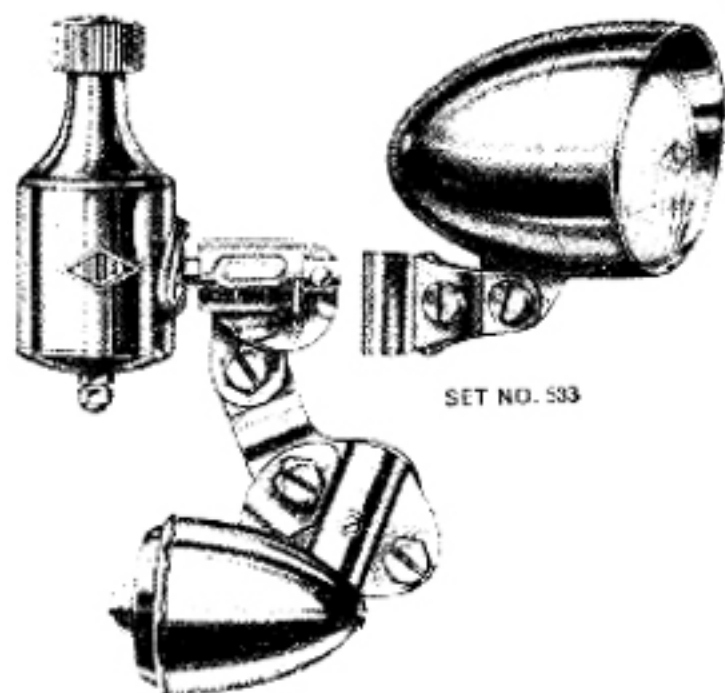
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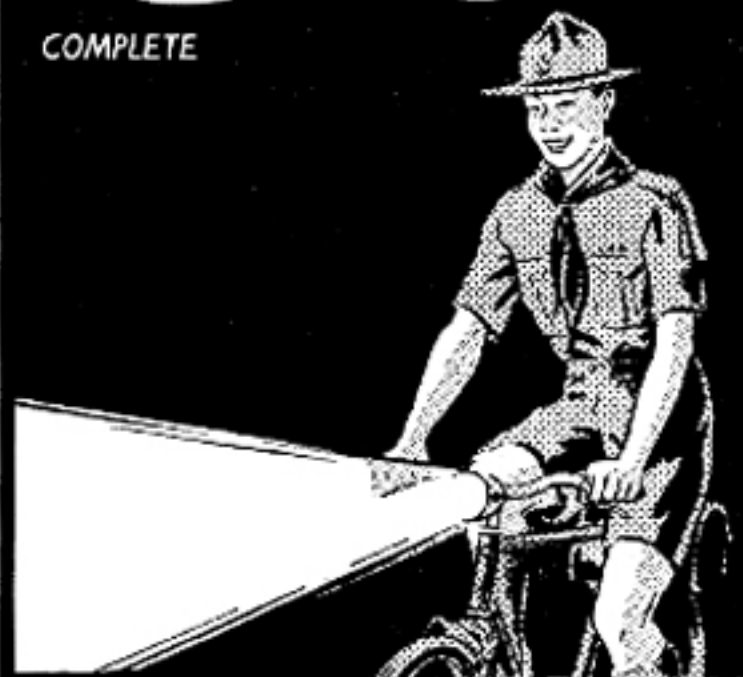


DESPATCH RIDER BADGE:-
"The bicycle must be properly fitted out with front and rear lamp".
(Note to Scouts taking this Test: Examiners appreciate the smartness and efficiency of Miller Cycle Dynamo Sets).



CYCLIST BADGE:-
"The Scout must keep on his bicycle a front lamp and tail lamp in good working order".
(Note to successful cyclists: Miller Cycle Dynamo Lighting sets give a strong white beam at all speeds).
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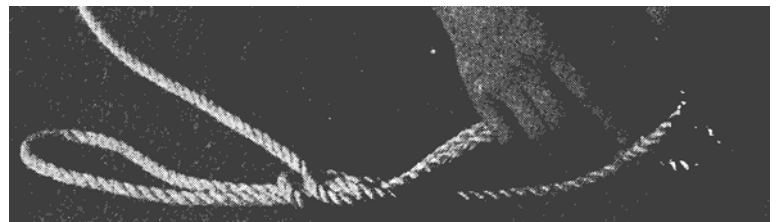
by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

TYING A FIREMAN'S CHAIR KNOT

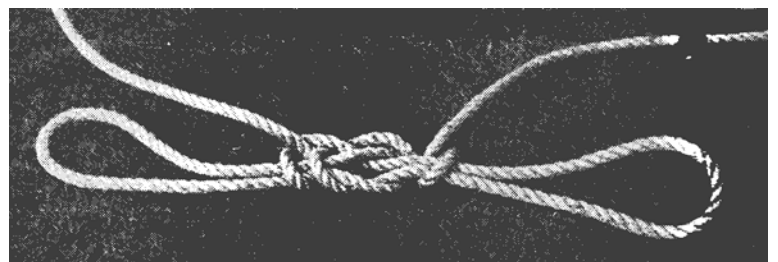
FIRST CLASS TEST No. 8



4. Having pulled loops through center knot adjust for size making loop for chest smaller than that for legs.



5. Apply half-hitches either side of center knot using the running ends of the rope as in the case of a sheepshank.



6. Tighten half-hitches and your knot is now ready for use.

1 - 3. Lay rope on ground or table and, starting from the top photograph, follow the three stages shown in the pictures above.

FOURTH WEEK

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

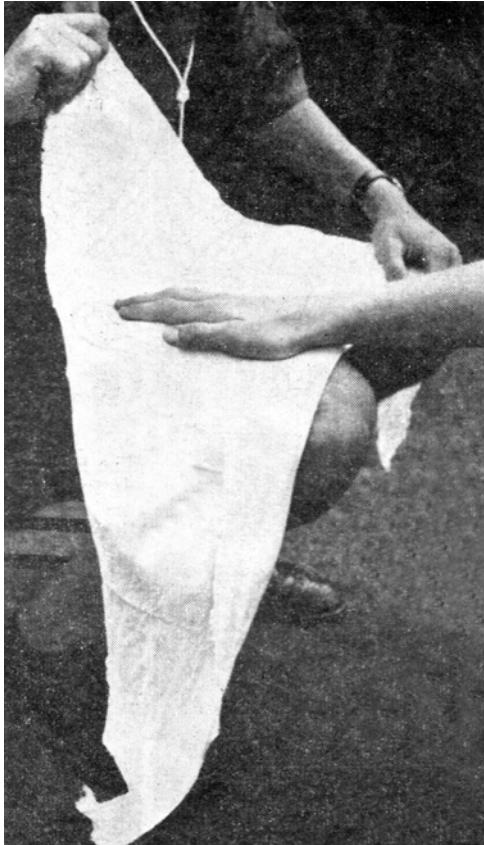
- 1. Triangular bandage
- 1. Knotting Rope

NEXT WEEK

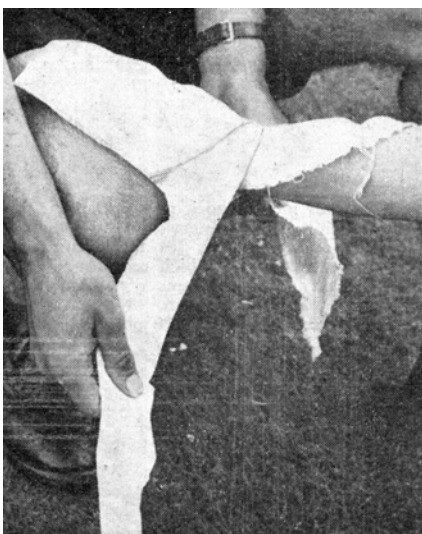
The Eye Splice
Pressure Points

APPLYING A TRIANGULAR BANDAGE TO THE HAND

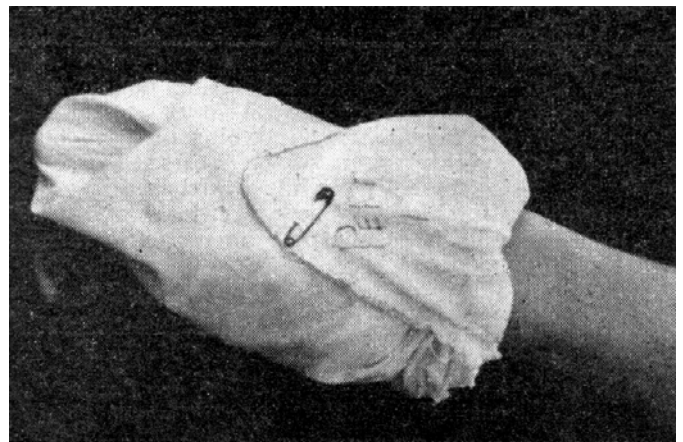
FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3



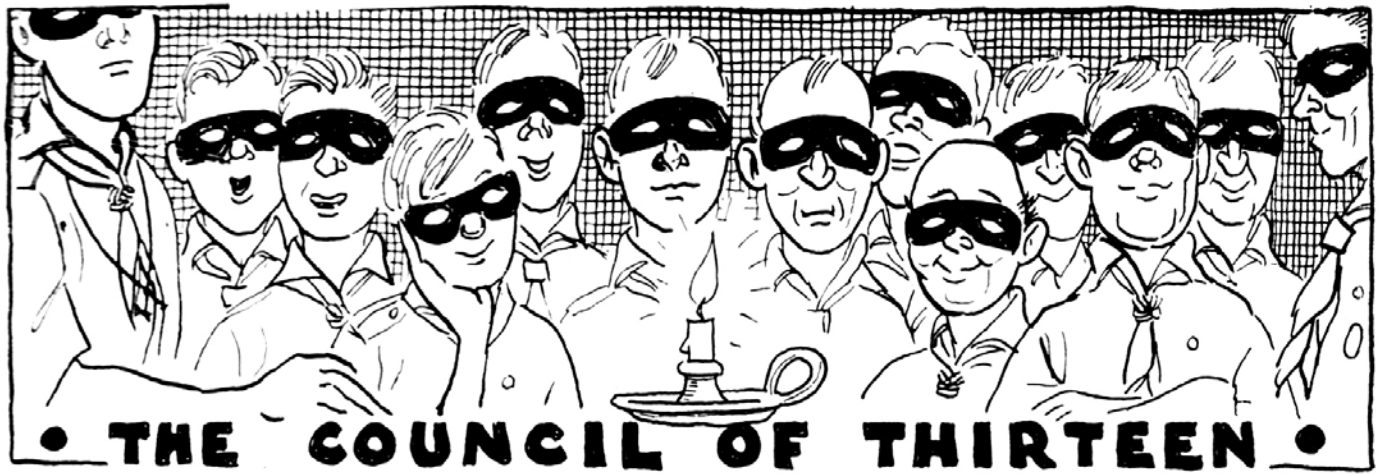
1. *(Above left and Right)* Place open bandage under the hand with point away from patient and base of the bandage at the wrist. Bring point over hand to wrist.



2. *(Left)* after folding hem inwards along base of bandage, pass ends around wrist, cross them and finally tie over point.



3. *(Above)* Bring point over the knot and pin to bandage over hand.



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

It's interesting when it's fun

THE OTHER Sunday morning when I woke up the ground was covered with snow, so I rounded up the Patrol, you remember that I am P.L. of the Woodpeckers, and we hiked out to the nearest woods.

What a picture we saw. The trees were still covered with snow, every branch having a beautiful coating which glistened in the weak sunshine. We were very careful where we placed our feet for we wanted to find tracks in the snow and we found plenty.

When you look along the ground towards the sun tracks are easier to see because the shadow cast by the sun emphasizes the track itself. There were some fine ones of rabbits and then we noticed one that looked like that of a dog, but which I was sure was of a fox. Well it must have been, for later on we heard from the farmer that a fox had been after his chickens during the night.

Bird tracks there were aplenty, all sizes from the ones probably made by tits - we knew that there were great-tits, blue-tits and coal-tits in that wood - to the quite huge prints most likely made by crows or maybe seagulls. We could see the difference made when the bird landed and when it took off, as we could see the wing marks at each side of the track showing that the bird was making use of its wings to clear the snow and get off the ground.

Then we heard a pheasant call out and very quietly we moved towards the sound and at last, whilst hiding behind trees, we managed to see it. It seemed rooted to the spot as if afraid, so quietly we waited until - yes, there it was - a stoat or weasel, we were too far away to tell which, in its winter coat popping up from behind an old wall right in front of the pheasant. Having watched the antics for a little while we felt it a pity to see such a beautiful bird hurt so we made a noise and away went the animal and the pheasant ran off making a great deal of noise.

The Patrol had learned from this just how important it is to move quietly and important slowly if they wanted to see anything of nature so we decided to have a competition.

I divided the Patrol up into two's and each two had to cover a definite part of the wood and look out for anything of interest. So off we went I took with me the newest member, having arranged to meet the rest at the entrance to the woods in about an hour.

We did see a robin, and what a beautiful winter song it had, and a few blackbirds and tits and, of Course, lots of tracks, but nothing out of the ordinary.

When we met together again each pair had to give a report and some had been lucky. There was Tim and Joe who had seen the spoor of a deer and had made a sketch of it as proof. They also told us that every here and there the young saplings had been stripped a few feet from the ground showing that the deer had some difficulty in finding food.

Then Geoff and Wally had followed the tracks of the stoat or weasel and a merry-dance that had led them. The rest hadn't seen much except tracks of rabbits and birds but they all had had great fun and voted the morning a great success.

So off we went home for dinner. By now the snow was falling off the trees and they were looking very bare after their silver Christmas tree effect earlier on and before leaving the woods I tried to show the blokes how to tell Oaks, Ashs, Elms and Horse Chestnuts by the bark and general outline for, of course, there were no leaves on the trees and those on the ground were covered with snow.

There was no need to point out the Silver Birch as everyone knew its lovely silvery bark and the Black Poplars stood out with their heads in the air.

* * * *

Although I never mentioned it to my chaps, I know they learned a lot about observation and that they will remember the lessons they learned because it was so interesting and such fun.

Which reminds me that I must think out some further items of observation for the next Patrol Meeting as a follow up, and why shouldn't I include a bit of estimation as a means of putting more interest in observation?

Like all times of the year, Winter can be an exciting time for Scouting, so make the most of it.

TAKE ONE TUBE

By L. J. Bittlestone

“Take one tube” sounds like part of a recipe. In some ways it is - a recipe for using a scrapped item for fun and for making useful items too. These are some of the many uses to which an old inner tube can be put.

* * *

Whole, a car inner tube can be used for the game of Tyre Tug. Definitely a “let off steam game”, very popular with our Group, it can be played indoors or out.

The members of each Patrol or Six are given a number. The tube is placed in the centre of the room and each team equal distance from it. The boy whose number is called tries to get the tube back to his own team at the same time as members of the other teams having the same number. The rubber stretches and sometimes acts like a catapult while the remainder of the boys go frantic shouting advice to their representatives.

* * *

If you can get hold of a really large tube, such as, those used on tractors or aircraft, it can be used as a springboard for gymnastic activities on the beach. It must be firmly sited in a circular trench dug in the sand.

* * *

Providing tubes are, or can be made, airtight they can be used to provide buoyancy in canoes and as floatation bags for simple rafts. They must be securely fastened in place.

* * *

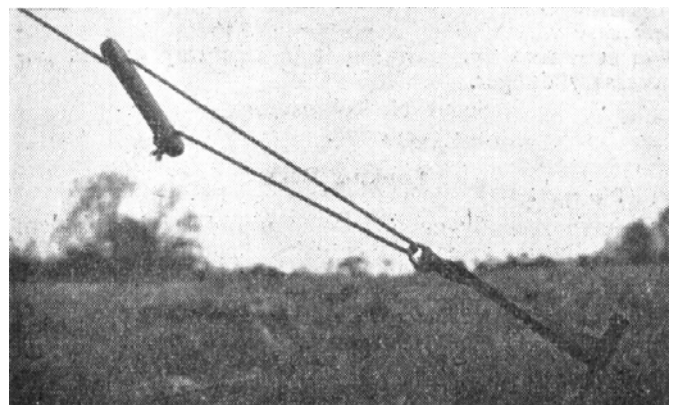
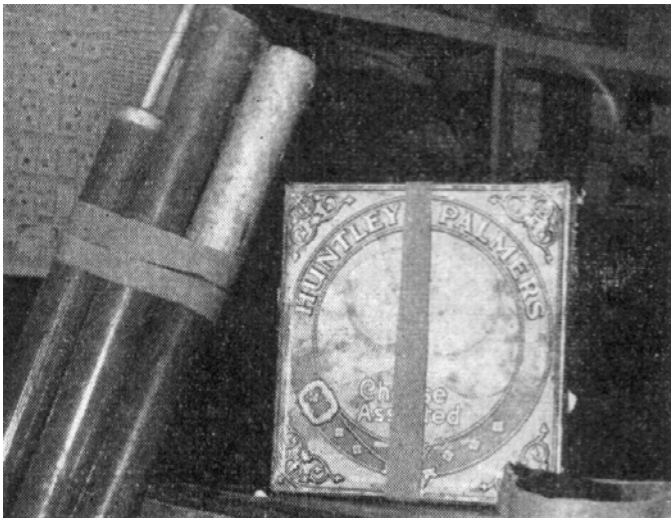
Cutting a tube into strips about one-inch wide produces rubber bands that can be used in many ways apart from providing the motive power for some of the interesting and amusing “John Sweet” gadgets that we see from time to time in The Scout.

The bands can be used to tie up that awkward set of tent poles or to keep the grub tin firmly closed whilst holding the Patrol rations on a hike.

Fitted to tent guy lines, the bands almost make slackening and tightening a thing of the past. Best results are obtained by fitting a metal ring between the guy and the rubber, as shown in the photograph.

* * *

Please let us know of any other ideas that you tryout and find are successful.





FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

South to Antarctica

Dear Editor,

It has just been announced by Dominion Headquarters that three New Zealand Queen's Scouts will spend six weeks at Scott Base Antarctica this (southern) summer. This is being done with much co-operation from the N.Z. Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and the U.S. Navy.

The boys will be placed on Base Strength and will have to work while they are there. They must have experience in snow and ice work and be interested in some work being done at the base, surveying, meteorology, physics, etc.

Another interesting Scouting activity is being held in the Dominion at the moment. The "Ideal Citizen" competition which is a competition where 12 qualities, i.e. Honesty, Humour, Faith, Self Control, etc., have to be placed in order of importance. One Troop in our District has sold 1,500 entry forms at 2/6d. each - 1/6d. goes to D.H.Q. while the other 1/- goes to Troop funds. Prizes are a trip to England, a baby car, a washing machine and a record player. Approximately half a million entry forms have been sold - not bad for a population of 2! million.

Well, that's about all from New Zealand.
 Q.S. Kim Gudgin,
Belmont, Auckland.

A Patrol Challenge Trophy

Dear Editor,

Nearly every District has its usual camping trophy.

This year, however, our A.D.C. has introduced a Patrol Challenge Trophy to be competed for by Patrols in the N.W. Cheshire District over a period of 12 months.

Here are the rules of the competition.

A log is to be submitted every September, showing Patrol activities for the previous year, including the following tests:-

1. Take part in a Patrol journey of not less than 14 miles, all equipment to be carried, and at least one night to be spent in the open.
2. Have taken part in at least two Patrol Camps of not less than 36 hours' duration.
3. Organise and take part in an adventure of exploration.
4. To carry out a Patrol Good Turn.
5. To show that the Patrol has really progressed in 12 months.

I think that, this is a, splendid trophy and that it gives more opportunity for the Scouts in a Patrol to work **as a team**.

P.L. M. J. Hoase,
4th Runcorn.

Peter Traxton

Dear Editor,

I was extremely grieved to read of the death of Peter Traxton, who I believe wrote many interesting articles for "The Scout", among which were articles on Classical Music, Painting (very useful to me because I hold the Artist badge) and Jazz.

His articles taught me much about subjects which I realised I knew nothing about.

Will you please send my best wishes to Mr. Traxton's family and to the parents of the Senior Scouts who also died.

John R. Bryant,

Drake Patrol, 2nd Portchester, (St. Mary's)
 (Thank you, John. We mourn the loss of our friends very much indeed. - Editor.)

An Out-of-Date Practice

Dear Editor,

In your issue of *The Scout*, 18th November, 1961, you published a hint taken from an old Scout scrapbook on how to carry iodine. May I point out that the St. John and Red Cross Society banned the use of iodine about 10 years ago because of the damage caused to tissues around the injury. My father, who teaches First Aid, suggests that Sal-Volatile be carried by the same method. It can be used as an antiseptic, smelling salts, and on a cold compress to reduce swelling in addition to its main use in water as a reviver in fainting purposes, etc.

Stephen King,
145th Derby.

Dear Editor,

In reply to S.S. Roger Heath (*The Scout*, 18th November, 1961). Although this may be an ingenious way of carrying iodine, **WHY CARRY IT IN THE FIRST PLACE!?**

The only use for iodine is in First Aid and in 1961 is well out-dated. Profiavine in cream or liquid is far superior, or even better tincture of Merthiolate. In any case why weaken a good staff. Iodine is a corrosive substance and carrying it in this way creates unnecessary danger.

Scout N. Robinson,
5th Kettering.

Looking Back

Dear Editor,

I have recently come across an old scrapbook lent to me by my friend. It contained cuttings from *The Scout* in 1909 and called "Things All Scouts Should Know".

There are over seven hundred in the book and I am going to tell you about two of them which I think are the best.

1. Keep Away Snakes

In many countries the presence of snakes makes it dangerous to sleep on the ground, or in a tent without protection of some kind.

The natives of India adopted a plan that they place a hemp rope all round their tents, and this being rough prevents the reptiles from crawling in and attacking them.

2. Wet or Fine

When you drop a lump of sugar in your coffee a number of bubbles will come to the surface. Watch them. If they cluster and remain in the centre it is going to be wet weather, if they float off to the side of the cup it will be fine.

I hope you have learnt something from these, I have.

P.L. M. J. J. Pollitt,
1st Hamworth.

Introducing a New Twist

Dear Editor,

I have just been looking over past Scouts and especially "Letters to the Editor" and it has struck me that there have been no letters from Scouts concerning meetings, etc., with Guides. Our Troop has had meetings with a Company of Guides in the District and I think this is a very good thing because after all we are in the same Movement, and yet the Scouts seem to be quite separate from the Guides. Why is this, are Scouts shy of girls, or what?



Our Troop had a music evening on 1st December, 1961, where only the over-15 Guides and Scouts could attend. "Pop" records were played and dancing was attempted. Also we have had a hike since then, for those over 15 years, and it turned out highly successful with relationships with the Guides very good. I would like to see more information from readers in "Letters to the Editor" concerning this matter for, as I said before I think this is a good thing.

P/2nd(S) R. Shambler,
7th Bridgend.

Let's Be Practical

Dear Editor,

I envy Dave Norrington and the Mallory Patrol. They spend two or three nights a week together, undertaking activities of interest to any Senior Scout. However, in practice we find this impossible, as many of us get a good deal of homework each night and those at work have to attend night school several times a week. Our Troop meets on Friday as this is our only completely free evening. I would very much like to do more Scouting, but isn't it a bit much to ask someone to give up all his spare time to it?

In case anyone thinks I am not keen I have gained ten Proficiency Badges and the Scout Cord.

S.S. M. Jaques,
2nd Bexley.

Our Best Advertisement, is a Good Group

Dear Editor,

For our last Summer Camp we stayed at a small village called Chacewater, near Truro, Cornwall. We only stayed for a week, but it caused a lot of gossip and excitement. Last week our S.M. received a letter from his friend who arranged our camp site and he said that requests have been pouring in to him to start a Scout Troop and Cub Pack. He has decided to do so with the help of our communication. We thought it would be nice if we arranged a dance and sent the proceeds towards the new Scout Group.

T.L. M. Ede,
1st Dartford.

It's a Reason

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. D. Lee's "an excuse or a reason?" (*The Scout*, 9th December, 1961) I would like to point out that our Troop experienced this problem of homework keeping boys away from Troop Meetings a lot. Often three or four boys per week could not attend Troop Meetings because of this in our Troop. Often I myself could not go early. You cannot expect boys to give up their school-work, which they will be punished for, to come to a Scout Meeting unless they are extremely keen.

Our Troop came to the conclusion that we should change our Troop from Tuesday to Friday in order to let boys do their homework over the week end. This idea succeeded. Whereas before our change we only had about ten boys coming regularly we now have nineteen! This, I believe, is the only solution.

P.L. M. J. S. Gibbons,
5th Welling.

Dear Editor,

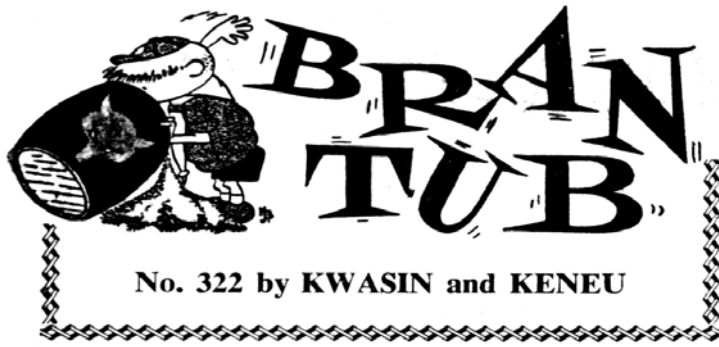
In reply to P.L. David Lee's letter (*The Scout*, 9th December, 1961) I should like to give my views on Scouting and homework. The saying "Work comes before Pleasure" should surely be his answer. On no account should Scouting interfere with school or technical college homework.

I agree that many Scouts use homework as an excuse for lateness and absence, but in the majority of cases I have come across homework as a valid and true excuse.

In my Senior Troop we commence at 8 p.m. but our S.S.L. realises that homework must come first, so even if some Seniors do arrive late they are not penalised in any way.

I should like to know when P.L. Lee does his homework, if any.

P.L.(S) Robert D. Lee,
38th Coventry.



Have You a House Orderly Badge? (1)



To gain this badge, you have to do eight things. Here are Numbers 1 and 2nd we'll tell you a little about those this month. You must:-

- (i) Make a cup of tea, and either fry bacon and sausage or fry or poach an egg.
- (ii) Prepare potatoes, and boil or bake or fry them.

Let's talk about making tea, and here are points to guide you

1. See that the water is really boiling - not just singing or about to boil but really steaming away for all its worth.
2. Before putting in the tea, warm the tea pot by pouring in a little hot water, letting it stand till you're ready, then pour out the hot water and, put in the tea. Ah! but how much?
3. Well, the suggestion "one for each person and one for the pot" was always silly (for example it took no account of the size of the teapot) and is now completely out of date. What you must discover beforehand is how many teacups the teapot will hold (measure it with water before you begin). Then put in one heaped teaspoonful of tea for each two cups.
4. We've said the water *must* be boiling; to take the pot to the kettle and *not* the kettle to the pot. Don't pour from a height., but put the spout of the kettle into the teapot and. pour steadily.
5. If you're using an electric kettle, switch it off just before you begin to pour, and if you've been boiling the water on a gas or electric stove remember to turn off the gas or the electricity.
6. Leave the tea for about five minutes before drinking it.

Now let's go on to bacon and egg:-

You need a frying pan and something to cook over, a fire or stove of some sort. Pull the rashers apart and trim off the rinds and lay them separately in the pan which it's best to have greased a little. If the rashers have to overlap, let the lean parts overlap and the fat parts touch the pan. After two or three minutes turn each rasher carefully over and fry the other side until the rashers are "done" as you like them (some people like bacon fried crisper than others). Now take the rashers from the pan and put them somewhere on a warmed plate where they can keep hot while you cook the eggs. If no where else is available push the bacon to one side of the pan and fry your eggs in the remaining part.

Eggs are easily and quickly fried.

1. Break the eggs one at a time into a cup and slide it into the pan. (This is better than breaking the egg into the pan direct because then you can deal easily with a bad egg).
2. Scoop hot fat from the pan gently over the eggs with a spoon.
3. When the white is formed and the yolk has a cloudy, covering over it, the eggs are ready to be served with the bacon and eaten. (Unless you like them "hard fried", when you must turn them over in the pan and let them cook upside down for a minute or two).

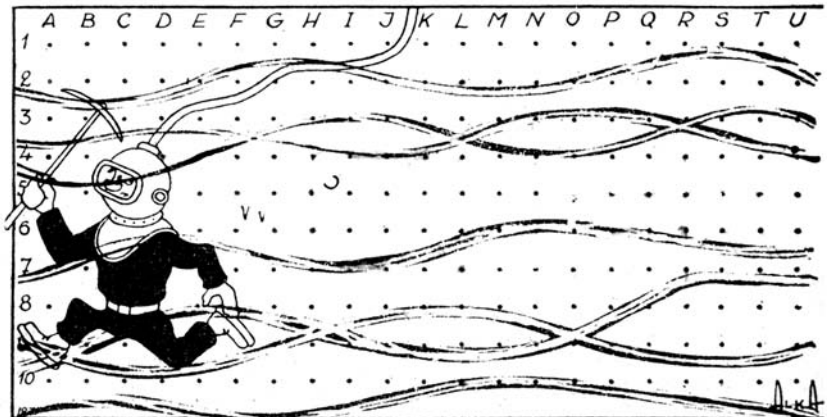
That's all for now, but next month we'll go on to sausages and poaching eggs and cooking potatoes.

The Diver

What is the diver running away from?

You can find out if you get a pencil with nice black lead, and join dots as follows. Start with dot D4 and draw a line as far as K4. Now continue in the same way making a straight line which goes through L2, L4, Q5, R4, R5, S5, U3, T5, T6, U8, S6, R6, R7, Q6, L7 and K6. Now start from L7 to Lb, J7 and K6. Now from J7 to 17, F6, H6, E5 and D4. Join H5 to 14.

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THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

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

by Arthur Catherall

FOR NEW READERS: As a very young boy, B.-P. Ste” to his family - meets William Makepeace Thackeray who gives him a shilling. B.-P. later loses this shilling and his grandfather finds it. B.-P. learns from his grandfather about the adventurous life led by Captain John Smith and is determined to be like his distinguished explorer great, great grandfather. John Ruskin give “Ste” advice on painting and urges Mrs. Baden-Powell not to worry about B.-P.’s ability to work with either hand. “Ste” sets off with his elder brothers to spend a weekend living as backwoodsmen. After proving himself as no mean fisherman, B.-P. is told by his brother George to prepare the catch for cooking.

CHAPTER TWO

Head Cook and Dish Washer

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.

In went the beautiful shining blade of the knife, and Ste momentarily closed his eyes. He wondered for a second if he was going to be sick. The fish he had seen many times on the slab in their kitchen had always been cleaned and ready for the pan.

When George returned a few minutes later, to cast only a momentary glance at his younger brother, he never guessed what courage it had needed to start preparing the eleven fish. So far as he could see Ste was doing just what any experienced camper would be doing - methodically cleaning the fish, laying the heads and the offal on a sheet of old newspaper so that they would not soil the grass.

By the time Ste had cleaned the fish, and washed them with water from a tiny spring bubbling out of mosses on some higher ground, George had a splendid little fire burning. In Ste’s estimation the fire was far too tiny. There was so much dead wood about that they could have had quite a bonfire. As casually as possible he hinted that cooking might be quicker on a bigger fire, but George shook his head:

‘You must have a small fire, Ste. A small *red* fire which is so hot that it doesn’t smoke. You don’t want to spoil the flavour of the fish with smoke, do you?’

‘No,’ Ste agreed, and stood watching while George spitted each fish in turn on sharp pointed sticks. One end was thrust into the turf and at an angle so that the fish could cook without fear of the ‘spit’ burning and dropping part of their supper into the fire.

‘What have you cut turf out for, George?’ Ste asked, pointing to a piece of turf some eighteen inches square. The fire had been laid on the earth exposed when the turf was cut out.

George looked up with a grin.

‘Oh, Ste, come on, you can do better than that. Think!’

But this was Ste’s first venture into the lore of the backwoodsman, and think how he would he could not find the answer. George gave him three vital reasons.

‘First of all, Ste, the ground is dry. If we laid our fire on the grass, we might start a fire which could spread and burn down the wood. You had not thought of that, had you? You must think of these things. The second reason is - when we move off tomorrow we do not want to leave an ugly pile of dead ashes behind us. After all, this little glade was very nice and quite unspoiled when Warrington brought us here.’

‘Yes, it was,’ Ste nodded agreement.

‘And we should leave it unspoiled,’ George pointed out. ‘So when we have finished, we’ll simply pour water on the ashes of the fire, and when they are completely dead, we spread the ashes, lay the turf back in place, and in a few days no one will know that there has been a fire here. Except, of course, that the grass will later on be even greener.’

It will grow greener, because there is nitrogen in the wood ash - or something like that - and nitrogen is a fertiliser.

The smaller boy’s eyes were round in astonishment as he took in these things. Then, as George busied himself turning the fish, which were now beginning to give off a pleasant smell, Ste said:

‘You said there were three reasons, George, why we should cut out the turf before we built a fire.’

‘Yes, there are three,’ George agreed, sucking the end of his thumb, now stinging a little from the heat of one of the pieces of fish. ‘Suppose you were in enemy country. You would not want to leave signs behind to let them know there was a party scouting behind their lines, would you?’

Ste’s eyes shone at the thought, and his mind went back to the ‘Quarterdeck’, and his grandfather. He seemed to hear again old Admiral Smyth telling stories of Captain John Smith, who explored the Indian territory.

Unaware of what his younger brother was thinking, George went on:

‘When you can cover up your fireplace - and leave no trace of it, no one is going to know you have been. You halt at dusk, you are gone in the morning, and only the night prowlers know where you slept.’

‘Night prowlers!’ Young Ste had yet to be introduced to the denizens of the woods, the rabbits, the fox, sometimes even a clumsy looking badger, sometimes, if they were very fortunate, a red-eyed weasel moving with hardly a rustle on the trail of some unfortunate rabbit, or maybe going up the bark of a tree in pursuit of a shrieking squirrel.

‘Wait till Warrington and Frank come back,’ George promised. ‘When you come out with us, you have got to be able to stand on your own feet - so Warrington is going to try you out tonight.’ Then he laughed, and with a grin added: ‘There’s nothing to be scared about. We mean to show you some of the things you can see in the woods after sundown.’

‘I wasn’t scared,’ Ste insisted, and he was telling the truth. He had accidentally discovered a watervole a year or so previously near the watercress bed at grandfather Smyth’s home, Langton House, and had spent

many an hour during that holiday, sitting quietly near the spot in the hopes of seeing it again. Agnes had come once, and that time the vole had not been seen; but sitting so very quiet as Ste had insisted they must, they had seen many little things.

One was a cricket on a strong grass stalk. By staring intently they had been able to see how he produced his 'singing', by drawing one leg across the other, or maybe it was a wing, just as if he was a violinist.

The thought that he might now spend the night hours watching even larger wild things sent a shiver of delight through him, and his eyes were shining in anticipation when Warington and Frank returned, empty handed. They had set some snares, but the rabbits would not be out until the hour before darkness fell.

It was a disappointment to Ste that neither Warington nor Frank asked who had caught the fish. Nor did George think to tell them that it was Ste who had got the first bite, and had been the most successful fisherman. Ste admired Warington very much, and would have been tremendously thrilled if his elder brother had been told about the fish, and had nodded his approval.

When the meal was over the fire was replenished. It was not cold, but the day was ending, and the glow of a brightly burning fire made the little glade much cosier.

They had drunk tea, and were settling down nicely when Warington looked across at the youngest member, and jerking a thumb towards the cups and enamel plates said:

'Your job, Ste. The youngest is always the "skivvy" – head cook and bottle washer. You'll get the grease off the plates by rubbing them with the earthy side of a piece of turf – or some sand if there is any at the stream. Off you scoot, there's a boy.'

An hour later they moved off to take up the positions Warington and Frank had chosen. Ste was to be with Warington, and they crouched in the shelter of a larch, whose wide sweeping branches gave wonderful cover. The ground was soft with the accumulation of years of 'needles', and quite warm to the touch.

From their hide-out they could look across an open space, beyond which Warington said there were a number of rabbit burrows. To the left the stream flowed placidly, its bank a grassy carpet almost as smooth as a lawn.

The sky to the north was the brightest, for it was almost midsummer and there would be only a few hours of darkness. Warington insisted that Ste make himself completely comfortable, for once they were in position they would have to remain absolutely still and silent if they were to see anything at all.

Ste had never been out in the country so late, and he was amazed how many sounds could be heard once they had settled in position. Above all others they heard a cow lowing continuously.

'It's either ill,' Warington murmured, 'or maybe it is going to give birth to a calf.' A dog barked, and was silent. Then after a few minutes they heard the peculiar 'chirr-irring' of a nightjar as it swept through the warm air, collecting its supper from the night-flying insects.

Warington laid a restraining hand on Ste's arm and whispered:

'The scout! Come to see if the coast is clear.'

Ste could see nothing for a moment, then he made out the rabbit. It had hopped out from one of the burrows and was sitting a yard from the bank, looking this way and that. For perhaps two minutes it sat quietly, then thumped with its hind feet. Within a minute it was joined by a score of rabbits. There were bucks and does hopping here and there, nibbling the close cropped grass, while the youngsters darted about like children just out from school.

It was a scene of peace, until right in among the rabbits dropped a flat stone. Ste scarcely heard the faint thud as the stone hit the turf, but the effect on the rabbits was immediate. It was as if they had all been petrified. And Ste had just time to notice that the ears of every rabbit were up, and turned to face where the stone lay.

Then the first rabbit, a big buck, which Warington had called the 'scout', thumped twice with his hind feet. That signal obviously meant 'Get under cover', for at once there was a panic-stricken dash for the burrows. Some seemed to dart from hole to hole in their eagerness to get out of sight, and within a minute they were all gone.

'Who threw the stone?' Ste whispered. 'Either George or Frank,' Warington replied. 'It would have been as effective if one of them had clapped his hands. Anyway, I see we've got a couple – oh, no, three rabbits. See them?' And he pointed to three holes in the bank, above which three rabbits dangled by the neck.

'Snares?' Ste asked, and for a moment knew a little pang of pity that the rabbits which had been playing so harmlessly a few moments before were now just something for the pot.

'Go on,' Warington said, smiling. 'Ask me why they didn't get snared when they first came out?'

'Yes, I was wondering,' Ste admitted.

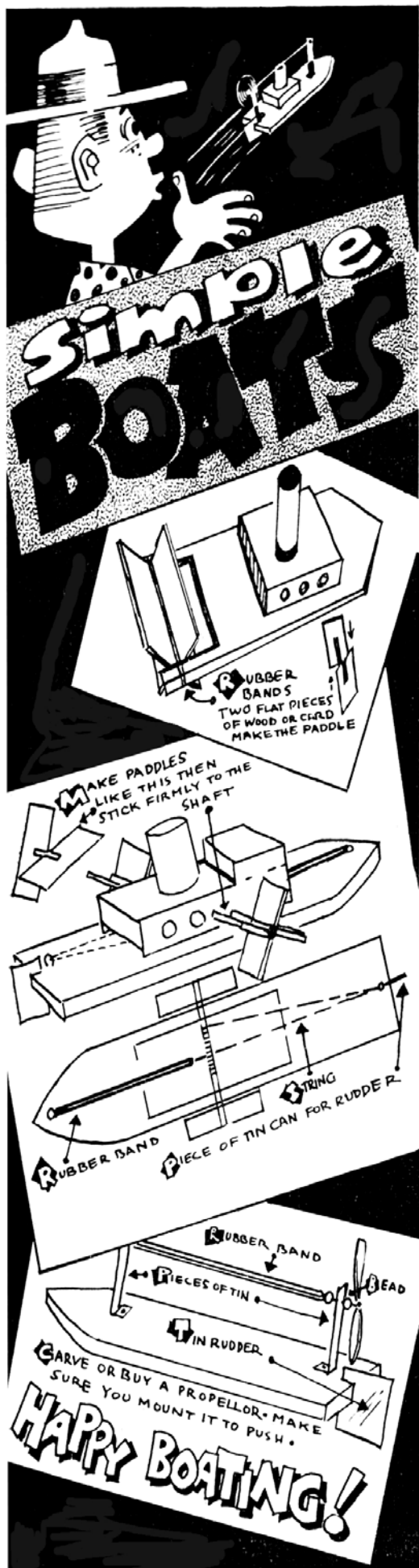
'Well, tomorrow I'll show you. In a bank like this there are always what we call bolt holes. A sort of extra door to cover. They lead down into the burrows, but the rabbits do not normally use them. George and I put our snares in the entrance to those bolt holes.

The three lop-ears we've got dashed in, pulled the loops tight, and triggered off the bent saplings – and so they were jerked out of the bolt hole as you see them now.'

'Oh!' Young Ste rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then said: 'But how do you know which are the bolt holes?'



He had never before been in a wood so early, nor had he known a morning quite like this..



MAKE
A
MODEL
by
Harold
Boyd

From here the holes all look the same.'

Warington laughed softly.

'You've got to notice the little signs,' he explained. 'You can tell a rabbit-run through grass, because they always seem to put their paws in exactly the same place, and they wear off the grass. In front of their burrows there is a sign, too. You'll often find earth scraped away, whereas the bolt holes are just holes, with not much sign that they are ever used. Oh, they're coming across. I suppose as long as we have enough for breakfast we may as well get ready for some sleep. Are you tired, Ste?'

'Not very,' Ste said, hoping there was something else of interest to be seen.

'Good.' Warington crept out from beneath the shelter of the larch as George and Frank took the three rabbits from the snares, and then removed any sign that snares had been set. 'Well, as long as you are not tired, and as you are head cook, Ste, you'd better get these rabbits skinned, and we'll set them to roast for morning.'

Back by their camp fire Warington showed his younger brother how to skin and clean one of the rabbits, and when Ste, trying not to show that the task made him feel a little queasy, had skinned and cleaned the other two, he was shown how to roast them gypsy fashion.

While George and Frank built up the fire with dry material from under the trees, Ste was taken down to the stream and instructed how to make clay packs for the rabbits. Completely cased in with wet clay, the three rabbits were then laid on the glowing fire, more tinder dry material was laid on top of them, and then, on Warington's instructions, Ste cut turf from the bank of the stream and carefully laid it on top of the fire, until every little flame had been obscured.

(To be continued)

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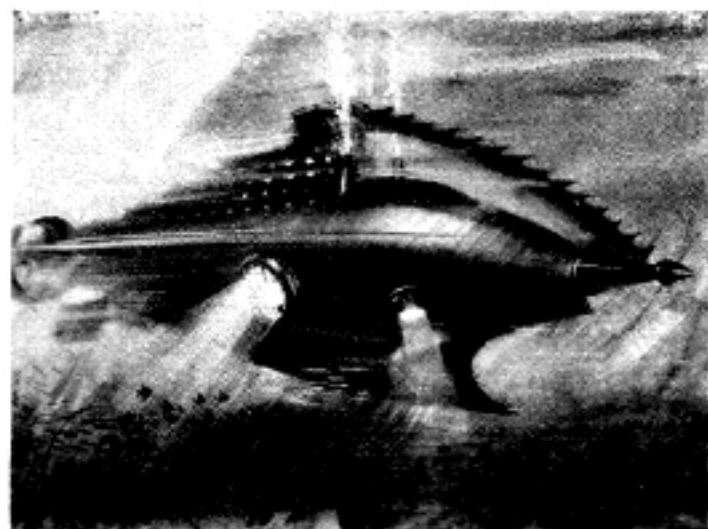


TO MAXWELL KNIGHT The six birds in order are:

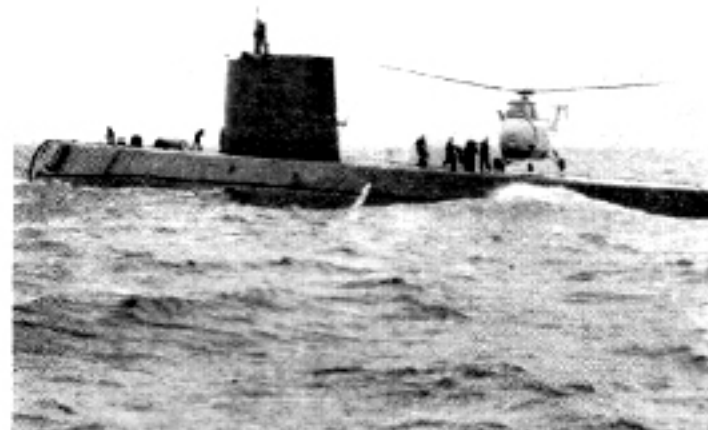
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