

The Scout



Week ending 17th February 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

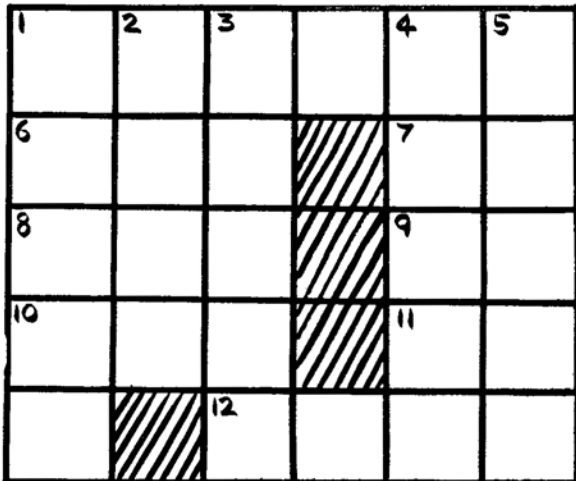


FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From an Unknown Contributor

Dear Editor,

I enclose one crossword puzzle with clues and answers. I hope that you consider this to be a good one and that you will publish it in your wonderful magazine for others to enjoy.



Down

1. Every Troop has them.
2. The H.Q. is in the . . . of London.
3. The name of a Patrol (animal).
4. Used on a recorder.
5. The name of a very good magazine which is well worth its price.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD SCOUT BUREAU

On the anniversary of B.-P.'s birthday let all of us remember the great gift he gave to us and all the world. Let us at the same time ask ourselves what gift we have given to Scouting. Exactly what has each of us given to the Movement? What have we done or said of real and continuing value?

Can each of us honestly answer in the affirmative? We as individuals merely pass through the Movement for various lengths of service. Some can give more good to Scouting in three years than others in thirty years.

How much of each of our characters and personalities have rubbed off on the Movement? What have we really contributed?

B.-P. would have liked to have heard our answers.

D. C. SPRY,

Director, World Scout Bureau

Across

1. The World Wide Movement.
 6. Your belongings at camp.
 7. D.C. and . . . mains.
 8. Someone can't spell it.
 9. Post Office.
 10. Make of radio.
 11. Some of Europe.
 12. Found on an axe if not kept well.
- P/2nd Otter Patrol,
1st Daunhrey's School Troop.

(The solution to this crossword appears on page 000. Will the contributor please send us his name. - Ed.)

Photographing Wild Life

Dear Editor,

The other day I discovered a good idea for photographing wild life without being near the spot to scare away the animals. Your camera should be lodged in a fork of a tree facing towards where you put a thin thread across a small animal trail in a part of the wood not often visited by humans, the end of the thread will be tied to a peg about three inches from the ground and then led to the shutter trigger. If you own a flash camera it is much better.

Scout Martin Ash,
2nd Holywell.

Vol. LVII

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THE STOLEN BIKE

Tuesday Evening:

Mike the Menace came round to my house this evening, his usually cheerful face wearing the most miserable expression I have ever seen on it.

"Billings has been taken up by the police," he told me. "It's that new bike he has been riding lately. They say he pinched it."

My heart sank. The local probation officer asked me to take Billings into the Troop a year ago after he had been in the juvenile court for stealing a packet of tea from a self-service store. He seemed to have turned into quite a good Scout, which was all the more to his credit, because his family background is pretty awful. His father is in gaol, serving a long sentence, and his mother is dead, so he lives with an aunt who is more often drunk than sober. Her husband, his uncle George, seems to be going straight at the moment, but he also has a police record, and several other members of the family have "done time".

"I must admit," I said to Mike. "I wondered where he had got the bike. It's a new one, and quite expensive, and none of the local shopkeepers would let any of the Billings family have anything on the easy-easy."

Of course I went straight round to the police station, where they told me that Billings had been remanded for a week to the local remand home. At the juvenile court, apparently, young Billings had refused to say where he got the bike and his aunt, in her usual fuddled state, had said she did not know where it came from. Uncle George was away from home and in his usual careless way had not left an address, but the only thing the aunt was sure of was that Uncle George had not given the bike to the boy, as he had been out of work and "skint" for several weeks.

* * *

Wednesday Evening:

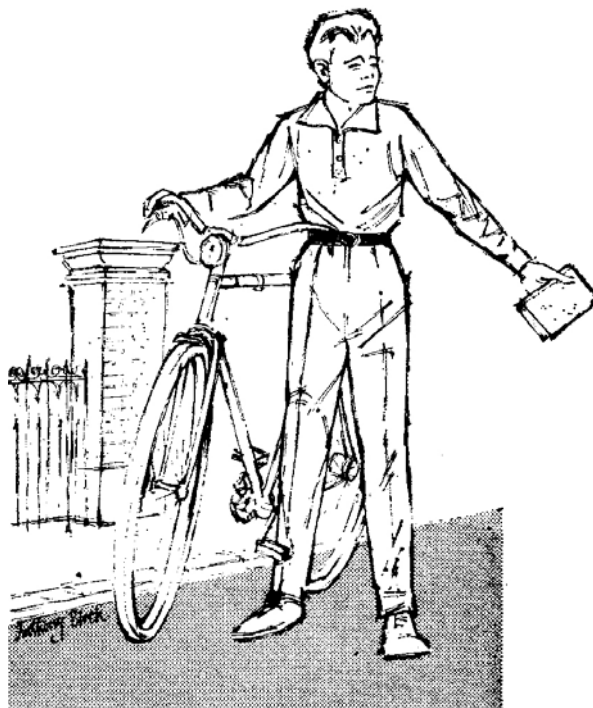
They let me see Billings this afternoon, but he would not tell me anything except that he had come by the bike honestly. "You could have knocked me down with a feather," he said "when the policeman stopped me in the street and told me the bike answered the description of one reported missing. He looked at the number and said it was the stolen machine. I'd just come from changing my book at the library."

"What put it into the policeman's head, I wonder," I said, "that it might be the stolen bike?"

"It's an unusual colour, blue with red mudguards," said Billings, "though it's a common enough make, a Speedwell."

Mike has just been round to see if I had any news, and I told him all that Billings had said. He listened glumly until I mentioned that Billings had been arrested shortly after leaving the library, and then his face brightened.

"And the bike was blue with red mudguards!" he said. "I think I see daylight. Inspector Maigret is on the trail!"



**"You could have knocked me down with a feather . . .
when the policeman told me the bike answered the
description of one reported missing"**

Friday Morning:

Sergeant Cummings, who is a friend of mine, called round soon after breakfast with great news.

"It looks as though you really do teach observation in the Scouts," he said. "Thanks to the boy Mike using his eyes, young Billings is in the clear. The real thief is another boy named Smith, who goes to Mike's school, and has been in trouble before. Mike looked at all the bikes in the school bike-shed yesterday afternoon, and he found a Speedwell with a blue frame and green mudguards, but he noticed that the mudguards were much cleaner than the rest of the bike." I still didn't get it.

"But if Smith had the stolen bike," I said, "how was it that the bike Billings was riding had the number of the stolen one?"

"It was the stolen one," said the Sergeant. "But it happened like this. Smith and Billings both went to the library on Tuesday, and put their bikes in the rack outside. Smith had not then put on the new mudguards, so both bikes looked exactly the same, and Smith came out first and by mistake took Billings' bike. That evening he changed the mudguards, knowing the police would be looking for a bike with red mudguards. Then Billings came out, and naturally supposed that Smith's bike, being the only one of the sort in the rack, was his own. He might have realised it was not his later on, but he had only ridden a few yards when one of our men collared him."

"I still can't see," I said, "why Billings did not tell the Court where he got his own bike, if he hadn't stolen it."

Sergeant Cummings grinned.

"We found that out when we traced Uncle George," he said. "He had won a bit on the pools, and bought the bike for the boy, but he told him not to tell his aunt where he got it, as he didn't want her to know about the pools win. She'd have wanted to spend the balance on drink. The lad got the idea that his uncle had come by the bike dishonestly, and it was out of loyalty to him that he kept mum. I think you've got two pretty good Scouts in Mike and young Billings."

SENIORAMA

Wiltshire Senior Scouts Mid -Winter Expedition



Fifty Senior Scouts took part this year in an expedition which started out from Devizes, consisted of a 100-mile hike, and which lasted a week. The routes for each Patrol were issued day by day.

Each morning a period of physical exercises was led by Troop Leader Peter Foggie, of Chippenham.

After breakfast, flag break, prayers and bible reading, which was taken by a different Scout each day, that day's objective was announced. Each Patrol was given its hike route by a different method which caused many headaches but a great deal of amusement.

They found their instructions in such unlikely places as inside a tin of beans, on a tape spool, and in various foreign languages, in the personal column of a National Daily Newspaper, on the back of a broken up jigsaw puzzle, written in shorthand, and on a gramophone record.

They were also set a number of unusual tasks. They had to visit hospitals, old folks' homes, a Royal Naval establishment and a W.R.N.S. training establishment. One Patrol had to visit a biscuit factory at Reading and obtain a sample of all the biscuits, while another made its way to the sewerage works to count the number of beds.

Another was told to "catch and bring with you a red herring".

On Sunday morning, the party met with another hazard - snow. They encountered drifts of up to six feet deep while carrying out their physical exercises that morning.

During the hike to Windsor, all the Patrols assisted motorists stranded in the deep snow, several birds were revived from the cold, and trees and branches removed from roads. The majority of Patrol Leaders decided against striking across open country and stuck to the main roads during the day. They all made the Windsor District Headquarters, although some were late, and even then their day's tasks were not finished. All the water pipes were frozen and they had to melt the snow to provide themselves with water.

Eventually the Patrols made their way to Scout Headquarters in Buckingham Palace Road, London, where they met the City of London Scouters, who took them on a whirlwind tour of the sights.

They saw Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, where they were greeted by Major P. Wall, a Yorkshire M.P., New Scotland Yard, the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square, H.M.S. Discoverey, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve training ship, St. Paul's Cathedral, where the floor and crypt were specially opened for them, Guildhall, the Bank of England, St. Katherine's Dock and the Tower of London, where they saw the ceremony of the keys.



Photographs by Evening Advertiser, Swindon & Wiltshire Newspapers



Patrol number six, under Patrol Leader Richard Mead of Melksham, slept in comparative luxury on Monday evening, at Baden-Powell House, having won a competition for being the Patrol with the cleanest feet and fingernails.

Patrol Leader Garry White, of Caine, had a surprise in store for him. He was called to Metropolitan Police Headquarters for an interview. The rest of the party were taken by coach to the B.E.A. engineering base at London Airport, where, after an extensive tour, they saw the control tower.

They then went on to Earley, near Reading for their overnight stop, followed the next morning by an arduous 20 miles hike in bitter cold winds, and with icy roads and snow-covered Yields underfoot to Basingstoke. Four Scouts suffered from sprained ankles during the day and completed the rest of the journey by bus.

A task for one of the Scouts was to convey a New Year Greetings message to the Adjutant of the Army Apprentices' School at Arborfield. He was Patrol Leader Dennis Collett, of Swindon, for whom the task was something of a shock. He is stationed there.

On Thursday - the last full day of the expedition they hiked to Marlborough although, because of the distance, they were allowed to undertake part of the journey by service bus. None the less they hiked 20 miles and, with the thaw well under way, were faced with the new hazards of ankle-deep mud, slush and flood water.

Like all good Scouts they couldn't end without doing their good turns - although they had all performed many such duties en route. On the Friday morning they carried out duties at Marlborough Children's Hospital, the Old Folks' Home and Savernake Hospital.

They had luncheon at a Marlborough hotel where speeches were made in appreciation of the organisation of the hike by Senior Scout Leader David McCoombe of Broughton Gifford.

A remark by the matron of one of the Marlborough Hospitals, where the Scouts talked with patients, sums up their week's travels very well. "It is difficult to know who is enjoying themselves the most; the patients, Scouts or nurses," she said.





...from here and there

Twenty-one years ago, on 31st January, 1941, Air Scouting came into being. I was in the R.A.F. at the time and during a spot of leave in December of that year I paid a visit to the Air Scout Exhibition, organised by your Editor, at Dorland Hall in London. What I saw there made me determined to start an Air Scout Troop in Marlow, which was near my R.A.F. Station at the time.

I am happy to know that the 3rd Marlow is still carrying on and is now under the leadership of one of my first P.L.s. I had a lot of fun with the pioneers of this keen unit and one of my most treasured possessions is a cigarette case engraved "To Tarka" which serves to remind me of the happy days I had with them so long ago.

White Waltham was one of our nearest airfields where I had contacts with members of the Ferry Pilots. It is now an A.T.C. centre and I was particularly pleased to hear that Air Vice-Marshal B. A. Chacksfield, H.Q. Commissioner for Air Scouts, received a telegram early in the New Year from its Commandant which read, "Congratulations and thanks from one Coming-of-Age twin to another. We shall celebrate our joint birthday appropriately". From this you will gather that the A.T.C. was born in the same year as Air Scouting. So Good Luck, too, A.T.C.!

OPERATION U.S.A. 1962

It won't be the first time that parties of Scouts have journeyed to the States, but in August this year a party of no less than 100 British Scouts and Scouters will be flying the Atlantic in a chartered Britannia to spend a month with brother Scouts in the Middle West centred on Chicago. The cost will be just under £100 per head. A similar number of U.S.A. Scouts will be flying to this country on a sort of exchange basis.

LORD MAYOR'S SCOUT SON SAVES FAMILY

David Russell, a 14 1/2 -year-old P.L. in the 27th Newcastle-on-Tyne Group, is the son of the city's Lord Mayor.

Holidaying at Giens, France, last August, he heard shouts for help out at

August, he heard shouts for help out at sea and, whilst other people just looked on, he and a friend launched a boat and, after rowing for an hour, reached a Belgian father, mother and child floating out to sea on air mattresses. None of the three could swim so David dived overboard and brought them all alongside and helped to get them aboard.

Currents and wind prevented the two young rescuers from rowing their loaded boat back to the launching beach and it drifted into a cove where the father collapsed. David applied artificial respiration before helping the Belgian family back over the cliffs. For his prompt action and gallantry Patrol Leader Russell has been awarded the Scouts' Gilt Cross by the Chief Scout.

WOLF CUB BLANCHFLOWER

I expect some of you heard Spurs' soccer star Danny Blanch-flower relate on the radio that he was once a Cub and that his first introduction to football was in the Pack team. But, sad to tell, there wasn't a team in the Troop so he later joined a local Boys' Brigade Company which did have one.

Followers of soccer history will remember another great player who was at one time in Scouting. Stanley Mortensen is his name. He will certainly be remembered up in Blackpool.

SCOUTCAR BUILDERS TAKE NOTE!

Talking of Blackpool gives me the opening to mention the big Scoutcar Racing event which is to take place on Saturday, 1st September, this year.



Here is a photo of the 440 yards course along which home-built Scoutcars from all over the country will be battling it out to gain the splendid trophies and prizes being put up by the British Motor Corporation, sponsors of 1962 National Scoutcar Races.

The famous Blackpool Promenade dominated by its tall Tower will present a very different scene from the one above when all the midget racers get cracking.

WORLD BEATER

Many of you young viewers of B.B.C.'s "Sportsview" were no doubt as delighted as I was to see the short film of Martin Hyman with his Troop of Scouts shortly after his phenomenal victory in the International New Year Race at Sao Paulo, Brazil. The only Englishman among 500 competitors, 28-year-old Martin set up the fastest time for this 4 1/2 mile event since the record clocked by Zatopek nine years ago. Martin's time of 21 minutes 24.4 seconds carried him to the tape 25 yards ahead of Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia.



The Scouts of the 2nd Alton (Eggar's Grammar School) Hants. must be very proud of their A.S.M. who is here seen in a wired picture at the end of his great race watched by half a million New Year revellers.

JAMBOREE SIXTY-THREE

There are just 17 months to go before the curtain goes up on the next World Jamboree. This is to take place in Greece, at Marathon, near Athens, in the summer of 1963.

The opportunity of attending a World Jamboree seldom occurs twice in a Scouts life and as one of the qualifications will undoubtedly be that a chap must be First Class there's no time to be lost if you are aiming to get there. The weekly feature "Your First Class Test in Pictures" currently running in this magazine will certainly help you on the way.

What opportunities you Scouts get these days! Make the most of them.

'Bye now.

TED WOOD.



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 hiking across Wales. Warby's uncle, an Army Major on leave, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. A boast that he and one colleague could prevent the Scouts keeping possession of a sealed packet over a fixed period, becomes a challenge and is taken up. The rules allow disguise and sabotage by either side. Unknown to the Major, the Scouts are carrying miniature radio transmitters and receivers made by Warby. To the Scouts' mystification, the Major declares that should he be recalled from leave before recovering the packet (which contains their reward) he will send a telegram to the post office nearest to where they happen to be spending the night. They are therefore to enquire at each post office. The Scouts, still holding the packet, but now deprived of their tents, cooking utensils and only compass, and so far unable to shake off their hunters, in spite of using radio, disguise and sabotage, are now in camp after having intercepted their hunters' motor cycles and sent them back home by train. While Warby is checking the tuning of his receiver after Bret has tripped and fallen on it, he gives a shout.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Major Surprise

"What is it?" panted Tug, reaching Warby at the same time as the limping Bret.

"Put this plug in your ear!" exclaimed Warby, handing the earphone to Tug.

"It's another transmitter. It's working near here somewhere. It's so close, it's either operating from the farm, or nearby in the open. I've turned the volume down. It nearly knocked my head off. It's only just come on the air.

Tug listened. "It's near, all right," he confirmed, as Warby gradually increased the volume. "Continuous note. Probably testing." He handed the plug to Bret.

"Likely to be checking signal strength," said Warby. "Maybe they'll have something to say soon," suggested Bret, passing the plug back to Warby. "Were you thinking it could be the enemy?"

"Suppose it could be," said Tug. "After all, the Major's indirectly responsible for our idea of having a radio set-up. And he's a radio expert himself."

That's just what I was thinking," remarked Warby, replacing the plug in his ear. "It's a bit of a laugh if they're using radio, and we thought we had that advantage over them"

"If they are," answered Tug, "we've still got the advantage if we know their wavelength, and they don't know ours. We might pick up something useful."

"This note they're sending can be as useful as anything we might hear them saying," said Warby. We can use it to D.F. them. Get your receiver, Tug, while they're still sending. We'll see if we can locate them."

"D.F.?" queried Bret, as Tug hurried away to his rucksac.

"Direction Finding," explained Warby. "It means finding direction by carrier wave or sound. When you tune in to a station, the signal strength varies with the position of the aerial. If two, or better still, three receivers are used at fair distances apart, and the bearings of maximum or minimum strength are plotted on a map, the point where the lines cross will be the position of the transmitter, if the bearings are accurate."

"So, if the enemy were tuned in to Tug transmitting to you a few minutes ago," replied Bret, "they could D.F. us?"

"Correct," answered Warby. "But the chances are that they don't know our wavelength, or that they didn't happen to be listening just then."

Tug returned with his set, and Warby took it, handing him his own.

"Take it to the farthest corner of the field, Tug, and turn the set slowly round until you're getting minimum strength signals. Minimum strength can be more accurately gauged than maximum. When you've found it, look along the length of the set for direction. The rod aerial runs that way. I'll do the same here as soon as I've picked the signal up. Pity we've lost our compass."

Warby returned to the unknown transmitter, and when he had aligned his set to minimum signal strength, he waved Tug to begin walking in the line of the signal direction, and started doing the same himself. When they found themselves just short of the windbreak of poplars, and close together, Warby called a halt.

"Something wrong, somewhere," he announced. "If we go on, our lines will cross just the other side of these trees, and we can see from here there's no enemy, or anybody else lurking there."

"Maybe they've gone underground," laughed Bret. "It's a good job it's you who's doing this, and not the enemy."

"Why?" asked Warby.

"Because you're more likely to find the sealed packet than a secret radio station. You're both facing the place where it's hidden, hold on a minute, I'll take it up before you start trampling all over it."

In a matter of seconds, Bret had unearthed the packet, and was limping to his rucksac with it, when Warby gave a shout. Bret stopped and turned. There were looks of astonishment on the faces of Warby and Tug, as they stood with their receivers re-aligned in Bret's direction. That's the transmitter!" gasped Warby pointing at the seated packet. "Well, I'll be blowed What a crafty trick!"

"It's stopped sending," announced Tug.

Warby went and took hold of the packet and weighed it in his hands. "So, we've been a walking transmitting station. No wonder the Major always knew where we were."

"It's a dirty, mean trick!" exploded Bret. "It isn't playing the game."

"I agree the Major led us to think he'd get the packet without this sort of help," commented Tug. "but there's no rule against it, any more than there is against the radio we're using."

"It's a powerful job," remarked Warby. "It must have an automatic switch, or the batteries wouldn't last. It'll be a kind of oscillator. Rather like sending a long morse dash by radio. A single note can be picked up on less power than is needed for anything else. I don't suppose we've ever been more than thirty or forty miles from the enemy."

"So, they could have taken the packet almost any time they wanted," said Bret. "Especially, when we had it hidden outside, where we thought it was safest. Why didn't they?"

"I believe," said Warby, "that the Major's been playing around with us so far, to see how we'd show up under difficulty."

"Hoping we'd crack up," put in Bret.

And I've a feeling," went on Warby, "that he's also using us as Secret Service guinea pigs." He held up the packet. "I could have made one of these myself, but nothing like as small and as powerful as this. Uncle Phil's been busy in his radio laboratory, I'll bet. This'll be something he's trying out on us, and we've hit on his little game by accident. There must be something else in the packet. I'm sure the reward he promised wouldn't be the D.F. gadget."

"As we've got to hold on to this till midnight," said Bret, taking the packet back, "and every now and the. it splits on us by giving our position away, how oan we win? You can be sure that old Uncle Phil isn't going to let us get the better of him."

"It's obvious now," said Warby, "that it's a waste of time to go on trying to conceal our route from them."

"Unless their radio receiving gear was in the panniers of the black motor bike," said Bret.

"That's what we don't know," answered Warby. "Our best chance is to keep ahead of them, and keep to the mountain tracks. If they get their bikes back, they won't be able to follow, and if they don't, we're better equipped for walking than them, and for feeding. And the sooner we're on our way the better."

"How's the ankle, Bret?" asked Tug, as they moved over to the ruesacs. "Is it going to slow you down?"

"Don't think so," replied Bret, pressing round the edge of his shoe. "There's hardly any swelling. Don't think it will hold us up."

"If it does," said Tug with a grin, "and we find the enemy too close for comfort, what then? Do we bind them hand and foot, and dump them in an old barn?"

"Keeping them held in one place for a few hours," commented Warby, "would be just the thing right now."

"Why not hide the packet somewhere where we could watch them unseen," suggested Bret, "and when they came to collect it, pounce on them, tie them up, and leave them."

"If the Major's colleague is anything like the Major," laughed Warby, "none of us would come out of it in one piece. I've done quite a bit of Judo, so's Tug, but tackling two like Uncle Phil isn't my idea of a holiday.

No, Bret, I'd rather quietly turn the key on them in some remote shed or garage for a few hours."

"We may get the chance," said Bret hopefully, as he pushed the sealed packet into his rucsac. "You never know."

"Let's get this wood back to the yard now, and be on our way," said Warby, fastening his rucsac straps. "It's four and a half miles into Nant-y-Glyd, then a bit of shopping, and away off the beaten track: Well soon be getting our first glimpse of the sea."

"Are we calling in at Nant-y-Glyd post office?" grinned Tug, taking an armful of birch staves. "It's the nearest post office."

"May as well keep to the rules," answered Warby, taking a parting glance at the site. "It'll probably be the only place where we can buy anything, anyway."

They called on the farmer with their thanks and farewells, and went on their way.

"From now on," said Warby, as they turned out of the farmyard into the Nant-y-Glyd road, "it's all eyes and ears open, and with a bit of luck we'll be having a midnight celebration at Aberafon tonight."

Warby and Tug soon found that if they walked at their usual speed, Bret would be left behind. His limp was only slight, but it was affecting his pace.

They had been going less than half a mile when a small black saloon car drew up alongside them, and the driver stuck his head out of the window.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked, with a friendly smile. "I see one of you is limping."

"What about you, Bret?" urged Warby. "It'll save you four miles. You can be resting your foot in Nanty-Glyd till we roll in."

Bret needed little coaxing, and while Warby tipped his rucsac on to the back seat. Bret climbed in beside the driver, and with a bang of the door and a growl from the engine, they sped off down the road.

"That was a lucky break," remarked Tug, as they tramped on at their regular pace.

"I'm not so sure," said Warby. slowly. I hope we haven't pushed Bret straight into the lion's den."

"What do you mean, Warby?" asked Tug anxiously. "I've just remembered where I've seen the driver of that car before," Warby stopped. It's his hat I remember."

"He wasn't wearing a hat." Tug pointed out.

"It was on the back seat. Tug. The Homburg hat. I nearly dropped Bret's ruesac on it."

"The Homburg!" echoed Tug. "You're right. The Major's colleague. The so-called foreigner who asked us the way back at Pentregwvn."

"I'll bet they've got no radio equipment," said Warby starting walking again, "and he and the Major are scouting around in hired cars."

"I wonder if he knows he's got the sealed packet in the back of his car," said Tug.

"Bret's no fool," said Warby, quickening his pace. "He saw through his phoney accent pretty soon at Pentregwyn. As likely as not he's already made an excuse for parting company and we'll find him waiting down the road for us."

"Unless he thinks up some hare-brained scheme to lock him up in his own garage."

They did the four miles to Nant-y-Glyd in less than the hour. Nothing had been seen of Bret on the way, and there was no sign of him as they entered the little village.

"Not much here," remarked Warby, stopping outside a small shop. "Church, inn and two shops."

"This one's also the post office," said Tug. "Maybe Bret's in here scoffing something."

"Can't see where else he's likely to be," replied

Warby. "Unless he's wandering around to kill time. Let's have a look in here."

They went into the post office.



... they sped off down the road.

Warby and Tug were the only customers. Warby asked whether there was a telegram for him. "Master John Warburton," said the lady behind the counter, reading the buff envelope she held in her hand. "Rare things are these in this village. Rare indeed," she went on, while the surprised Warby dug out of his pocket a similar envelope containing an earlier telegram.

Satisfied, the lady smilingly poked the buff envelope through her official post office grill at Warby. He tore it open on the spot, and his eyes widened as he read it.

"Thanks," he said, belatedly to the lady and, beckoning Tug, marched out into the street.

Warby handed Tug the telegram. "What do you think of that?" he exclaimed, and went on before Tug could read it for himself. "The Major's been recalled. The hunt's off. Both leaving for Penstone this morning on the 8.35!"

"Good show, he says," quoted Tug. "Open sealed packet at once. Return inner packet to my address, registered mail. P.W."

"That's his way of saying we've won," cried Warby, with a triumphant smile. "Wait till Bret - Wait a minute! Who's that chap with the Homburg hat then? And what's Bret doing all this time?"

"No Bret and no packet either," added Tug, as he and Warby peered up and down the almost deserted street.

"You stay here with the kits, Tug" said Warby. "I'll have a quick look round."

Warby started by enquiring at the post office. The lady smilingly told him that she had not seen a below-average height Scout in a red scarf, or any kind of Scout for some days.

The lady in the other shop, who assured Warby that she saw through her window everything that went on in the street, had seen no Scout.

Of the few people Warby came across in the side turnings off the main street, the church, the smithy and the two inns, none had seen any red-scarved Scout. Satisfied that Bret had not set foot in the village, Warby returned to Tug and the rucsacs.

"Can't make it out," said Warby. He looked at his watch. "Nearly half past eleven. Better hang around for a hit."

Taking their rucsacs by the shoulder straps they - sauntered back to the end of the street, and sat on a low wall.

"We'll give him half an hour, then we'll think again," said Warby, snapping a row of squares off a block of chocolate and handing it to Tug.

The half hour came and went without the appearance of Bret, and anxiety was now clear on the faces of his companions.

"I vote we stay here and have an early dinner," suggested Warby. "If he hasn't shown up by then, we can only go on. He knows where we're heading for. And we can leave a message with the lady at the post office."

"Good idea," responded Tug. "We ought to be able to scrape together a fair meal out of the rations we're carrying. Bret won't be so lucky. We've got most of the stuff."

"That's our best hope of seeing him again," laughed Warby. "If the Major was here now with his map, compass and protractor, we could get him to locate Bret, and send one of his famous telegrams telling him grub's up."

"Locate Bret," repeated Warby, half to himself. "The hunt's up, but the sealed packet goes on giving away its position."

"Of course!" exclaimed Tug pushing himself off the wall, and bending to his rucsac. "It's almost sure to send its signal at fixed intervals."

"It was near enough to nine o'clock when I heard it start up, Tug. It's now getting on for half past twelve. It probably transmits on the hour at certain times."

Anyway, we'll keep on continuous listening watch and separate as wide as we can as soon as it comes on the air. We can take it in turns till then."

Tug brought his receiver out, put it in his, trousers pocket and led the earphone cord up under his anorak and behind his ear.

"While you've got your rucsac open, Tug, what grub have you got?" asked Warby, producing from his own, a tin of corned beef, and handing it to Tug. "Be open-big this while I go and buy a loaf and a couple of bottles of fizz. You've got butter and cheese, haven't you?"

Tug was taking a bite at a cheese-laden biscuit at a few minutes to one, when he suddenly gave a start, and promptly executing a skilful balancing act, saved himself falling backwards over the wall. "The signal!" he gulped.

"Be aligning your set," instructed Warby. "I'll whizz these bottles back, and we'll get going. Wonder what he's up to."

By the time Warby was in and out of the post office, Tug had his set positioned. Warby looked along the line of the set's angle, first in one direction, then in the other, knowing that the transmitter could, as yet, be in either direction.

He took out his own receiver, ran across the road and a short distance down a lane branching off. He aligned his set and, finding that the line ran roughly north and south, hurried back to Tug.

"Our lines running in that direction would cross," said Warby, pointing towards the north. "The other ends are definitely running away from each other."

Warby took his map out of his rucsac. "We'll have three D.F. points, Tug. The result will be more accurate. And the longer the base line, the better. I'll go as far west as I can with the set aligned till the signal stops, and take a map bearing. You do the same east, Tug, and show your bearing on a rough sketch. We both return here. This is our third D.F. point."

They set off on their separate ways, Warby with map, Tug with notebook, and the urgent note of the signal droning in their ears.

Next Week:

THE VALLEY THAT VANISHED

THIS WEEK'S COVER

This way of crossing a rope is harder than it looks, but don't be discouraged - have a go yourself

A SCOUT CROSSWORD

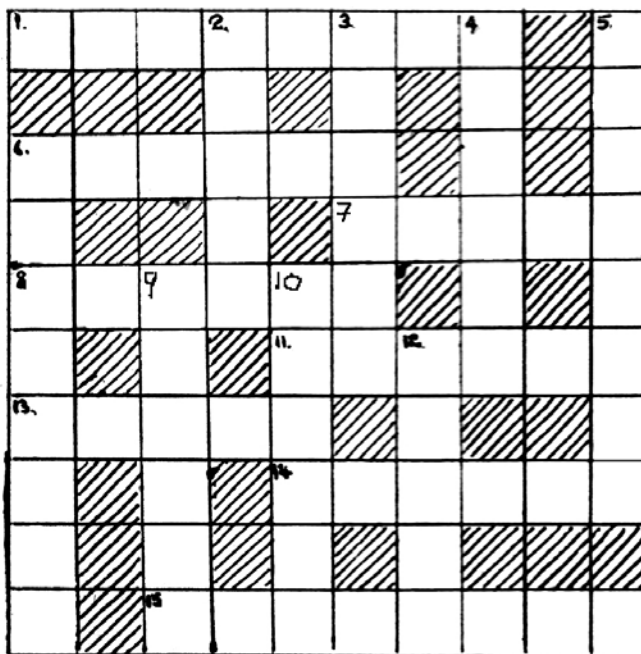
CLUES

Across

- 1 Oliver - the round head (8).
- 6 Taking steps in Scouting (6).
- 7 Cook's serving utensil (5).
- 8 Ball (6).
- 11 Twist, sprain for pain-killing drug (6).
- 13 Solid (anag) (5).
- 14 Delete (6).
- 15 A good Scout must be (8).

Down

- 2 A grain (5).
- 3 Patrol (6).
- 4 The Patrol needs a good one (6).
- 5 Fatherly (8).
- 6 Medical service is given here (8).
- 9 An Owl maybe (6).
- 10 Rogue (6).
- 12 Attractive bear-like animal from China (5).



The solutions appear on page 000.



THE OWL

by
Jeremy Lingard

(photographs by John Markham)

In folk lore and fairy tale the owl has always been a symbol of wisdom. A glance at his massive head, great eyes and contemplative look certainly does give an impression of benign wisdom. In my own experience, however, the owl is rather a muddle-headed, easily flustered bird, being less bright than, for example, the jackdaw, or even the common house sparrow, which is regarded by some ornithologists as the most intelligent British bird.

The owl's haunting cry, noiseless flight and association with, lonely ruins and church towers have often linked them with tales of mystery and superstition. The reader may have read of the recent incident in which a Shropshire household and much of the village were greatly alarmed by the mysterious noises which issued from the attic of the house; the intruder proved to be no more than a fledgling owl.

The owl is a retiring creature who prefers to be left alone to his nocturnal hunting. There are five species of owl in Britain, and of these the tawny, barn and little owl are probably the most common. The little owl is perhaps the easiest to observe in the wild, since he is rather more diurnal than the other species, which, except when they are feeding young, do not normally hunt by day. All are beautiful creatures, and are wonderfully adapted for their way of life. The owl can see perfectly well in daylight, but his large eyes are especially adapted for vision in darkness, and with the help of a very sensitive hearing apparatus and a plumage so soft that he can fly silently, the owl plays havoc with the local mouse population.

Mice and voles are his chief food, but rats, weasels, small birds and insects also figure on the menu. The owl is certainly one of the farmers' best friends and should be thoroughly protected, as indeed he is by law.

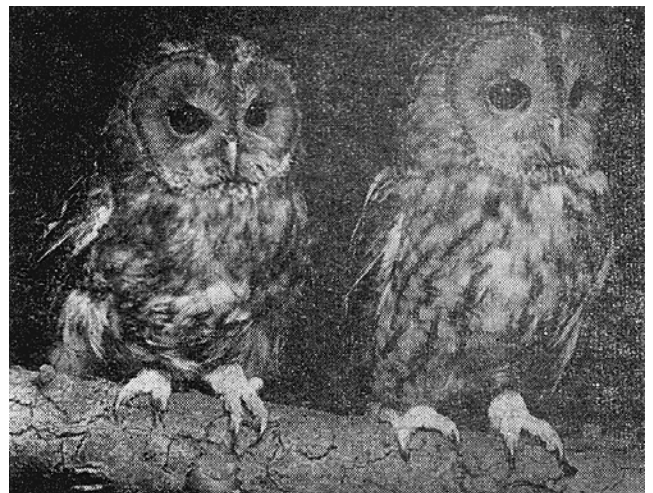
Owing to a peculiar, but most convenient digestive system, the owl has no need to carefully pick the flesh off his prey. Instead he swallows the lot - bones, fur and all. About twenty hours later an oval shaped pellet is thrown up via the beak. The pellet consists of the bones and indigestible remains, enveloped in the fur or feathers of the prey.

These pellets are often found under the daytime roosts of owls and, by examining their contents, the observer can discover what the owl has been feeding on.

Thus after I had released a hand-reared tawny owl some years ago, I was able to tell that the owl was feeding almost entirely upon beetles. Not a very sustaining diet.

Of our three common owls, perhaps the tawny or brown owl is the best known. He is the author of those familiar hoots and yelping cries which are heard during the night hours. The tawny owl is the largest of the British owls and can be distinguished from the little owl by its greater size, and from the barn owl, which is only slightly smaller, by the colour of the plumage, which is a rich mottled brown in the tawny owl. The barn owl is a light sandy shade above and white below. As in all owls the female is the larger and most powerful bird. If found as a nestling the tawny owl is quite easily hand-reared and with patience will become very tame. I have a pair of tawny owls which live quite happily in their outdoor aviary. On a sunny day the two owls come out of their dark corner to perch in the sun, and on really warm days sometimes leave their perch to lie on the floor with their wings and tail outstretched. Their heads turned to the sun, and their feathers fluffed out to catch the sun's rays. Such sun bathing activities may be interrupted for a bathe, or a wrestling match with the straw on the floor, during which the owl is presumably keeping in practice for catching and killing prey. There is a small pool in the aviary in which the male usually bathes each morning. The female seems to be less fussy about personal cleanliness, and uses the pool much less frequently. I am not sure whether this is an idiosyncrasy of this particular owl or whether it is typical behaviour of all female owls.

The female tawny owl when kept in captivity is liable to become rather unpredictable as she grows older, and my female, although normally tame and trustworthy, has on two or three occasions flown at friends who have entered the aviary. No damage has been done, but an owl can inflict serious injury to the eyes. For this reason no one should interfere with an owl's nest at breeding time, for the owl will fiercely defend its young.





your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

Mapping

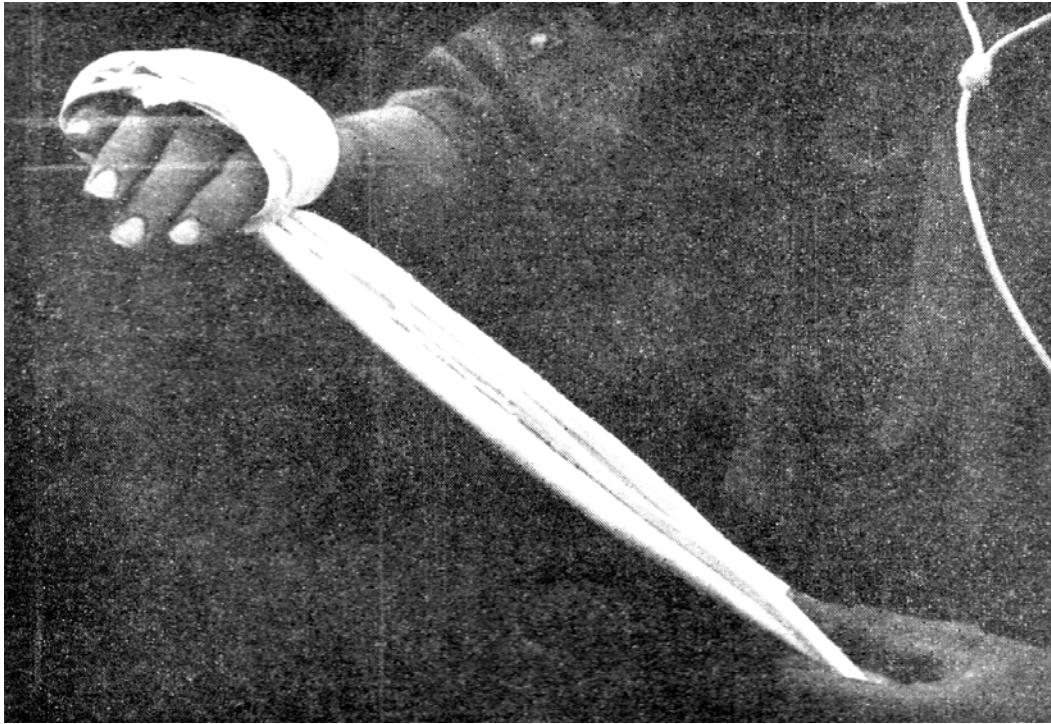
First Class Test No. 10

In the words of the test you have to Read and be able to use a one-inch Ordnance Survey Map (or its local equivalent). Use a compass. Point Out a compass direction by day or night without the aid of a compass."

To be able to do any of this test effectively, calls for practical application on your part. Theory is necessary in the beginning, but getting out and using a map and compass is all essential. So get your various "tools" together and learn to use them as soon as possible. Then get Out with the map, compass and, if you've got one, a map measurer, and use them to find your way around.

Remember you can't learn mapping without a map.





Making A Ring Pad

In case you may be wondering what this has to do with First Class First Aid, a ring pad can be used to control bleeding from a wound in the scalp, when a foreign body such as glass is present, or a fracture is suspected. A good example of its use could be an instance where a long splinter of glass is embedded in a wound and you suspect an artery may be punctured. If you withdraw the piece of glass without breaking it and an artery is punctured, the blood will pump forth. (Cyclists will see the principle here of, in an emergency,

leaving a tack in their tyre causing a slow puncture whereas its removal will bring about a fiat!) Thus with class embedded in a wound apply a ring pad and get the casualty to hospital as soon as possible.

To make the ring pad pass one end of a narrow fold triangular bandage once or twice round the fingers. Bring the other end of the bandage through the loop thus formed and continue to pass it through and through until the whole of the bandage is used and a firm ring is formed.

SEVENTH WEEK

**For your training this week
you need:-**

**1in. Ordnance Survey
Map of your district**

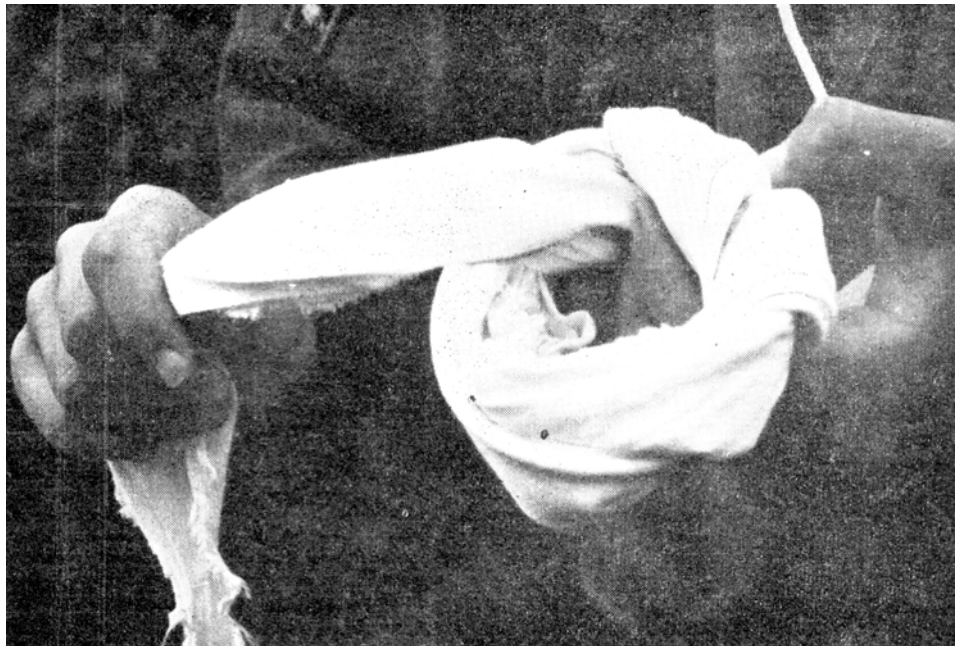
A Compass

A Triangular Bandage

NEXT WEEK

**Setting a
Map**

**Fracture of
The Forearm**





COLLECTING STAMPS

by

Howard L. Fears

Are you the type of stamp collector who will buy stamps from foreign countries but never bother about those from your own Post Office? At very little cost, but with quite a lot of effort, you could secure a complete set of British stamps. Starting with the halfpenny value, you go in 1/2 d's up to 3d and then in pence to 1/- plus a 4 1/2 d value. Try and obtain a used 8d or lid stamp or the higher values, 1/3d, 1/6, or even 2/6d, 5/-, 10/-, or £1. Then study them all carefully and see if some of the lower values have their watermark sideways - perhaps such stamps came from coils or booklets.

Even with all these, you haven't finished. How about Postage Due stamps for instance? These are much harder to obtain, but not impossible. In 1961 we had three commemorative issues and displayed on an album page they would look most effective. And don't forget the Regional stamps from Scotland, Wales, N. Ireland, Isle of Man, Jersey and Guernsey. If in a year or two we change to decimal coinage, all of these stamps will have to be replaced, and then you won't be able to get them so easily. The motto is, therefore, do it now.

NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS

I expect you will have heard of the annual awards made in Sweden and Norway from the fortune left by Nobel. Actually it is the interest from the fortune of well over £2,000,000, which is divided as prizes "for those who during the year have done the greatest good for humanity". The first award was in 1901. Five prizes are available, for Physics, Chemistry, Medicine, Literature and Peace.

However, if a suitable candidate cannot be discovered, no award is made, and the prize money for that year goes back to the original fund.

Quite naturally, Norway and Sweden issue stamps showing the winners each year and two short, but attractive issues appeared in December, 1961. This would make an unusual subject for a special collection. You could mount the stamps on a page of your album and include a few notes about the prize winners. The cost would not be high, but you would have an interesting display.

HINT FOR COLLECTORS

When mounting stamps, make sure your fingers are clean and, if possible, have some stamp tweezers. Greasy fingers will make dirty stamps and mint stamps will soon look dull.

SCOUT STAMPS

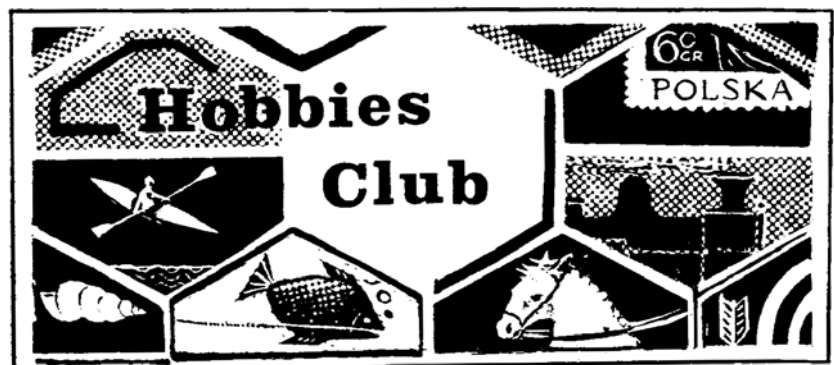
From Haiti comes a set of three air stamps overprinted to commemorate the 18th International Scout Conference in Portugal. These stamps are illustrated. Only 35,000 sets were overprinted.



LUCKY DIP

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

1202	1308	1384
1519	1803	2051



BOOKS TO CONSULT

Combat Aircraft of the World, by F. G. Swanborough (Temple Press, 21s.) Sixty aircraft (and their variants) of eight nations are illustrated and written about in 122 large pages; a book for enthusiasts to borrow or buy.

The Book of Pets, by Charles Trevisick (Stanley Paul, 15s.) Advice by a well-known zoologist about looking after 23 mammals (some quoted, like monkeys or seals, not many will be likely to need) a section about birds, and then advice on caring for alligators, frogs, lizards, snakes, tortoises, stick

insects and goldfish and tropical fish - all in 124 pages with photographs.

Boxing for All, by the Schools' Amateur Boxing Association, 10s. 6d., is a mine of information for the young boxer. Well produced by an anonymous band from within the Schools' A.B.A., this book includes many illustrations showing teaching and training methods. Space is also devoted to the organisation of tournaments, equipment and the duties and qualifications of officials.

Some comments to help you

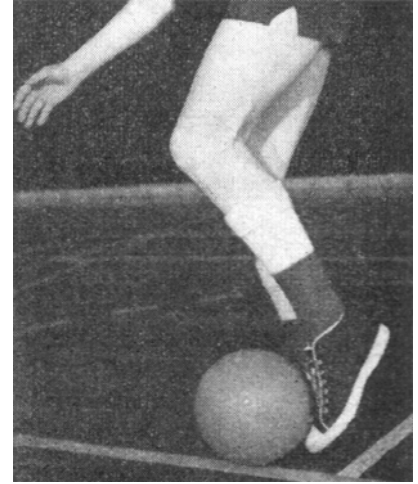


BRUSH UP YOUR SOCCER

by BILL NICHOLSON

Manager, Tottenham Hotspur F.C.

In kicking for height and distance, or producing an accurate kick with plenty of power behind it such as in shooting at goal, or in a hard driven pass, it is important to kick correctly. The photograph on the right shows the part of the foot that makes contact with the ball. Learn to kick with the instep of your foot.



The position of the standing foot and balance of the body while executing the kick is just as important as kicking correctly. An example of this is to be seen in the photograph of the volley, at the top left of this page. As will be evident all these matters are of great importance. Particularly in the volley and half-volley timing is yet a further point which is vital if the action is to result in a successful kick.

PASSING



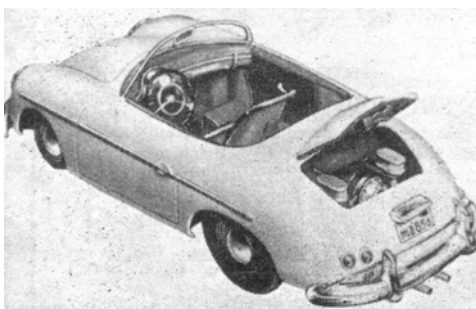
When passing with the inside of the foot, the photograph at the bottom left shows - the necessity of following through the pass with the foot. The pass is best made with the ball close to the standing foot. For accuracy in passing practise the foot following through after the pass has been made.

The bottom right photograph shows an example of passing with the outside of the foot. This is normally only done over a short distance and mainly whilst moving forward with the ball, or at the other end of a dribble; but a long pass with the outside of the foot can be made and once again emphasis is put on the necessity to follow through.

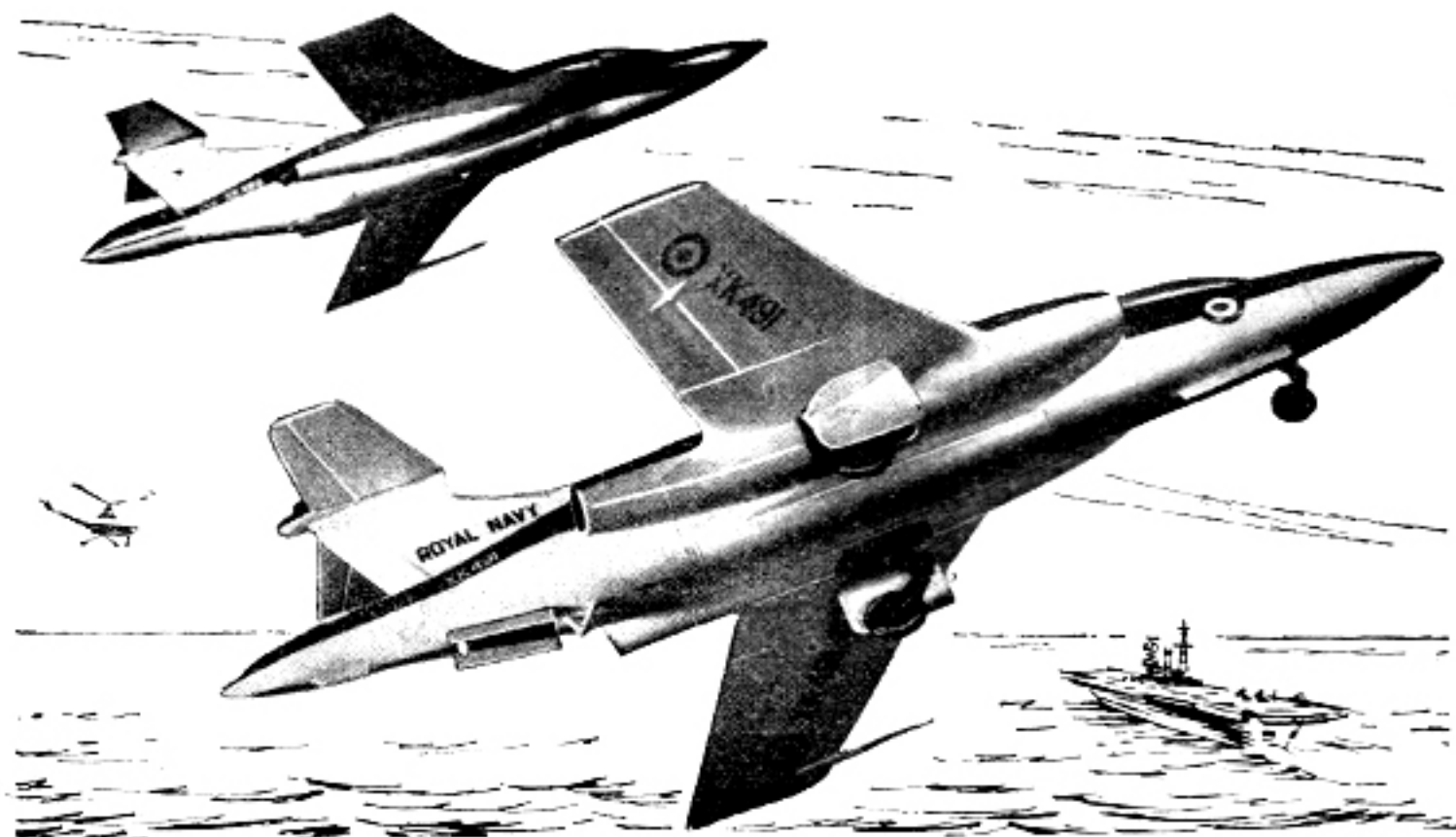


WATCH FOR MORE TIPS FROM BILL NICHOLSON

PLASTIC MODEL NEWS



Would you like to own the German rear engined speedster, the Porsche Carrera pictured on the left? Or what about a Mercedes Benz 190SL with "chrome" metallised parts? These are among the latest releases in the new kits produced by Revell and available from model shops. The specialist in model aircraft is not overlooked, for in the latest Revell range there is the choice of a Canberra bomber - with instructions on how to whip fly this model - or a model of the North American XI5. Collectors of Vintage Cars are also well looked after with models offered of the 1912 Packard, 1913 Mercer and 1914 Regal. Incidentally, if you have a Plastic Model Club in Your Troop Revell have a 16mm. colour sound documentary film available that may be of interest to your members. Entitled "Your Miniature World", the film gives an insight into the development of model kits. Bookings for this film should be made to: The Advertisement Manager, Revell (Great Britain) Ltd., 25-27 Berners Street, London, W.1. Please give alternative dates when applying to borrow the film.



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of the Blackburn Buccaneer (N.A. 39), 1/72nd scale (Kit 4/6). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

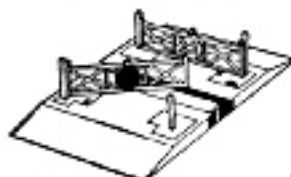
That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because *they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

AIRFIX

Constant Scale Construction Kits

From Model & Hobby Shops, Toy Shops and F. W. Woolworth

There are over 140 Airfix models from 2/- to 10/6.



TRACKSIDE SERIES
Level Crossing 2/-



VINTAGE CARS
1930 Bentley 2/-



MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-

BRITISH WARSHIPS
H.M.S. Cossack 2/-



A 140

STOP PRESS!



NEW!

HALIFAX Mk. III

This magnificent 1/72nd scale model of the Handley-Page "Halifax" has a 16½" wingspan, retractable undercarriage, rotating turrets, moveable control surfaces and a complete set of transfers.
110 part kit—7s. 6d.

ALSO NEW

H.M.S. "NELSON"

Another in the Airfix Warship Series. This famous ship is reproduced in magnificent detail, overall length 14".

134 part kit—6s.

Courtesy starts here

“And look here! Here is a very important bit of courtesy that is too often forgotten, but which a true Scout will never omit, that is to *thank* for any kindness you receive.”

I make no excuse for starting with a quotation or for striking a serious note. Patrol Leaders who want lighter reading should pass on to other pages of “The Scout”; Patrol Leaders who regard themselves as real Scouts, and I hope that that includes you, should carry on reading...

First, the quotation. I’ll not tell you who wrote it nor from what book I copied it, but I’ll give you a clue - the book was first published, in six fortnightly parts, 54 years ago. Old as it is, the quotation is still apt. Serious readers should go back to the beginning of this article and read the first paragraph again. Go on - read it again, I’ll wait for you....

All right? Ready? Now for the serious note. I am increasingly concerned by the lack of courtesy and consideration shown by people in their everyday dealings with one another. I’m not just getting at young people; my comment applies to young and old alike.

What do I mean by “courtesy?” I mean simple, thoughtful words like “Good morning”, “Good evening”, “Please” and “Thanks”, I mean, simple, thoughtful actions like stepping aside for others on the pavement, opening doors ahead of people and letting them pass through first, standing in a crowded bus. Nothing showy, nothing flamboyant, nothing old fashioned, nothing on Sir Walter Raleigh lines . . . just simple, thoughtful words and actions.

There are four reasons why a Scout should be courteous. First, there is the matter of the Fifth Scout Law. A real Scout does his best to live by the Scout Law at all times - and, in the words of the Scout Law, “A Scout is courteous” It is interesting that this is one of the shortest of the Laws - and one of the easiest to understand. The Boy Scouts of America have twelve Laws and, although the spirit of their twelve Laws is the same as our ten, the wording is different in every case - except in the case of this Law . . . In America also, “A Scout is courteous”.

Second, whether you are non- Scout or not, considerate and courteous behaviour is the right and proper behaviour. We have to live alongside others and without consideration for the feelings of others this is impossible. Further, if you want to live happily alongside others, and share some of that happiness with them, you must show others courtesy at all times.

Courtesy is not limited to kings and queens, but frequently we can take a tip from royalty. I like the story of Queen Victoria who, on visiting the simple home of a Scottish crofter’s widow, was invited to take tea. The widow served tea to the royal party, took her own cup and poured the tea from it into her saucer, blew on it and drank it from her saucer. Without the slightest hesitation, the Queen poured her tea into her saucer, blew on it and drank it from the saucer . . . the rest of the party followed suit.

Third, you must remember that to non-Scouts you represent Scouting. The good name of Scouting rests on your shoulders as much as it does on the shoulders of the Chief Scout. Rightly or wrongly, people will judge Scouting by your behaviour and for that reason your behaviour must be beyond criticism.

From time to time, Scouts stay at my parents’ home. Usually, I am not present on such occasions.

When I next visit my parents, I invariably receive comments on the Scouts who stayed with them. And such comments are always concerned with the way they behaved. I am pleased to say that their comments are usually favourable! My parents judge Scouting by the way Scouts behave - and I don’t suppose my parents are very different from other adults in this respect.

Fourth, there is so much discourtesy around that someone, somewhere, has got to take a stand against, **it** and try to remedy the situation. I know that you, on your own, can’t make much impression on the great, wide world - but if every Scout were to put an extra effort into keeping the Fifth Scout Law, we might make some impression on our own home towns at least.

Harry S. Truman, who was once President of the U.S.A., had on his desk a framed motto, “The buck stops here”. How about a motto for us - “Courtesy starts here?”

“Courtesy starts here”. Yes - it starts here - on this page. The quotation with which I started talks of thanks - “a very important bit of courtesy that is too often forgotten”, Over the years, I’ve run several little competitions on this page; over the years, I’ve replied to many letters addressed to the Council of Thirteen. Rarely, very rarely, do I receive a letter of thanks for the prizes or advice. Such thoughtlessness on the part of Patrol Leaders is not a good sign. What sort of example do they set to their Scouts in this matter of courtesy? I shudder to think. Need I say any more?



I had quite a list of ideas to pass on to you, but I see that I have used nearly all my space, and so they will have to wait until next time. To conclude here is a quick quiz which you can try on your own or use with your Patrol as a Scavenger Hunt. There are eight questions - one for each member of the Patrol! Small prize for the first all correct entry. I’ve based the quiz on this article, so here goes

1. Who wrote the quotation with which I started?
2. And in what book does it appear?
3. How did Sir Walter Raleigh die?
4. What are the two extra laws in the American Scout Law?
5. About what war did Queen Victoria say that she was not interested in the possibility of defeat?
6. What is the connection between the answer to Question 1 and Question 5?
7. What does the S in Harry S. Truman stand for (careful!)?
8. In what game is a buck used?

Dear Editor

(Continues)

Railway Engines and Scouting

It was interesting reading the article "Railway Engines and Scouting" in the issue of 25th November, 1961, and rather surprising that no mention was made of B.-P.'s more personal connections with locomotives.

He was christened Robert Stephenson Smyth largely because Robert Stephenson, a close friend of his parents, was one of his God-parents. This Robert Stephenson was the son of George Stephenson, and himself an engineer of great distinction who did much to further the progress of the steam locomotive.

David Swan,
Redhill, Surrey.

Nylon Socks

Dear Editor,

Reading through "Letters to the Editor" I find many people cast out nylon socks.

I recently went to a course for the Duke of Edinburgh's training scheme expedition part. We walked about fifty miles in the course of one week. The first night I took notice of other Scouts and did not wear nylon socks.

My feet were very uncomfortable the whole of the walk and after this I put my nylon socks on and found any feet to be very comfortable.

P.L. Ralph Baxter,
1st Great Horwood.

Bird Pudding

Dear Editor,

In the cold weather the birds get very hungry as the pound is frozen over and natural food is hard to find. The answer to this is to feed them, but what do you feed them on. Bread and bacon rind are very nice but to eat nothing but that for weeks on end cannot be too nice for the birds. I have found that the Gloucestershire birds are very keen on "Bird Pudding". This can be made in about five minutes but the birds in your garden will be thankful for the rest of the winter.

Put a large food tin at the side of your stove and every time somebody finishes frying they put the fat in the tin. When this is about two-thirds full of fat melt the fat down and put things like meat scraps, currants, suet, and even your bread and bacon rind. Mix it all up and let it go hard.

When it is hard turn it out on your bird table and watch the birds come. You will find that the bird pudding will be their favourite food.

P.L. D. Osborne,
1st Forest Green.

Typographical - not Geographical

Dear Editor,

I have taken "The Scout" for a good number of years now, but this is the first time that I have felt a real need to write to you.

It is not often that we find a photograph concerning the North-East of England on the cover of the magazine, nor even I think on the inside.

Congratulations therefore, on your issue of 9th December, 1961 - but oh! your geography - Chester 1 - Northumberland! - which atlas? You have all those poor old Roman Scouts turning in their graves.

Please give Chester back to Cheshire - after all it is their Cathedral town. Your photograph of Northumberland shows the strong room at the Roman Camp of Chesters.

*It made me sad you left out S
It made them sore I guess:
Even though they'd rather have
Their sore without an S*

Senior Scout Leader A. Geoff Steel,
88th "Kenton", Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

(We have had several letters about this error. Our geography is not at fault as we told our printers to add the "S". - Editor)

It's a Reason

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. David Lee's letter ("The Scout", 9th December) concerning homework as an excuse for missing a Patrol Meeting or a Troop Meeting. I think there is a lot to be said for missing a Patrol Meeting because of homework. I was a Patrol Leader for 18 months before going into the Senior Troop. I now find that the Seniors gave up the idea of holding Senior Patrol Meetings long ago because of homework.

When I held Patrol Meetings I was always willing to accept homework as a valid excuse. But boys of about eleven and twelve do not have that much homework that they can use this as an excuse to miss pre-arranged Patrol activities, especially when they take place in the day. In this case I feel there is no excuse whatsoever, if they knew about it then they should have made it their job to do the homework beforehand.

I feel that homework is always to be accepted as an excuse, as long as the P.L. is sure in his own mind that it is warranted and not just the first thing that came into the boy's head.

Has it occurred to any bright Scout that instead of swopping letters it might be fun to swop tape recordings. Since this hobby is becoming so popular how about an article on it?

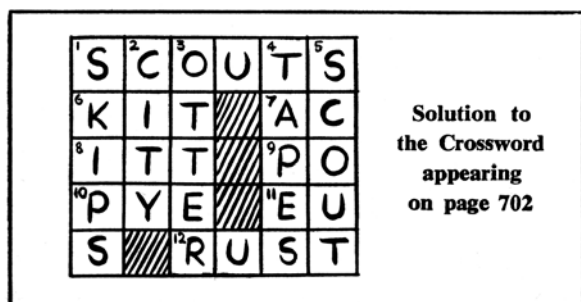
S.S. S. G. Harris,
113th Birmingham.

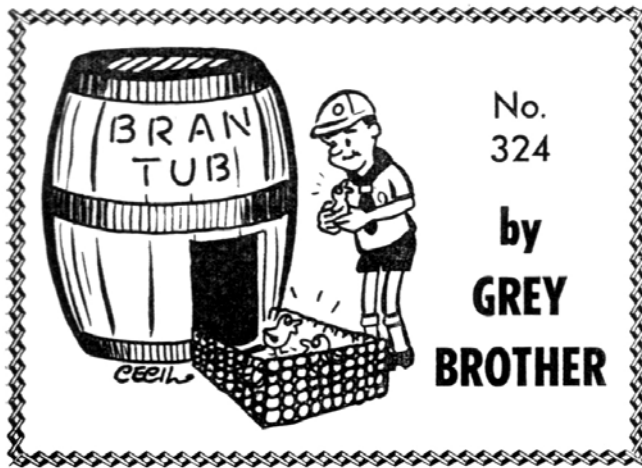
Dear Editor,

In answer to P.L. David Lee ("The Scout", 9th December), homework must be accepted as reason for lateness or absence at all times. Today, the fact that a boy arrived at Scouts on time every week will not get him a job, but he will get that job if he has some G.C.E.s to his credit - and that involves homework. Remember, just as homework can demand too much of a boy's time, so can his Patrol Leader. Scouting is part of a boy's education and I have found that there is ample time to do homework and be a Scout. But some boys do take a lot longer to do their homework than others. If anything is "to be done about it" it is up to the boy concerned and his schoolteacher but definitely not his Patrol Leader.

P.L.(S) Gerald Peel,
9th Airedale.

P.S. - Senior Scouts have night school, too!





DAY OLD CHICKS

HAVE YOU EVER thought of rearing baby chicks?

You could only do this if you had (a) room to keep them when they were grown; (b) the chance of getting sufficient food for them.

But if your parents do keep either hens for eggs or cockerels for eating, and have no broody hen for the babes, then here is a method which I have tried out several times and found most successful. It is the hay box method.

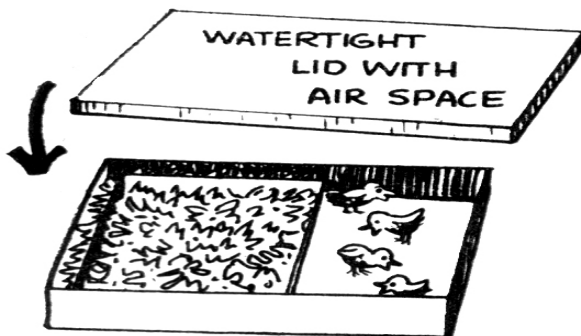
You will need

1. A wooden box approx. 2 ft. x 2 ft. and about 8 in. deep.
2. A large box or container in which the first one can stand.
3. Dry hay.
4. Fine wire netting.

First the inner box.

Knock out the bottom and replace with fine wire netting. Make a door from this box (either with hinges or an opening with wood to slide up and down) into the larger box.

Make an opening or door in outer box letting downwards for the birds to run down on to the grass.



Fill the first box with hay right to the top, except for a small space round the door which is wired off with a length of fine wire which is not cut to fit, but is rolled at one end to allow for extension. Pack hay all round outside of this wire, filling the box, and put a little inside which can be changed daily. The size of this wire varies with the number of chicks you have. They need to be comfortably snug without being absolutely squashed. 24 day-olds have about 9 in. across. This space is enlarged a little as the chicks grow, by pushing your wire back and unrolling a little more.

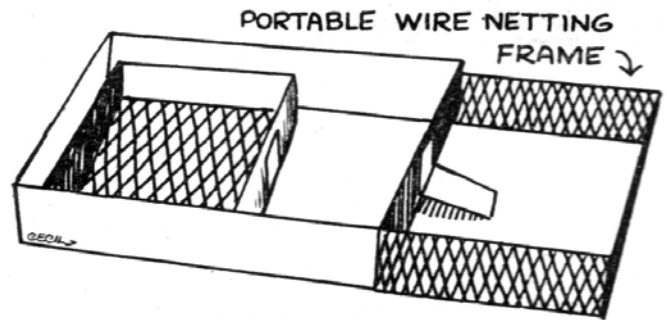
On top of this hay box and covering the wired portion, have a sack filled with hay. Place this box with its sack lid inside the larger box and fill any gaps round back and sides with more hay. Cover the whole with a lid leaving a little air space and if it is to be out of doors make sure that it is quite watertight.

Preferably put the contraption under cover to start with. The day-olds must be kept dry and warm.

Give them dry food. Hard boiled egg daily, dry bread, chick corn, coarse oatmeal, chopped green stuff, water to drink (and they drink a lot) but in a proper container so that they do not get themselves wet.

Get the birds out on to the grass as soon as possible, but they must not be in a cold wind.

A little portable wire frame to put round your outside door will enable you to do this, and you can guard against wind with sacks or cloths. If the chicks are not warm and happy they will cheep on a piercing note and huddle all the time, but if they are happy they will just "peep" and run about.



POTATO PRINTING

Potato printing is fun. Ever tried it?

Take a potato, wash and dry it, cut it in half and dry the cut surface. Now for the tricky bit.

Decide on your design. Let us say something easy like an X to start with. On the cut surface carve the shape you want, remembering that it is the raised surface that makes the design.



Now dip this raised shape into water colour paint, then stamp it on your paper or cloth: paint and stamp and repeat until you have a patters.

You could perhaps try your initials and mark some of your books with them.

MYSTICAL SEVEN

You may not be all that good at maths but you can surprise your friends with this little trick. Tell them to think of a number, and if there are several friends they can all choose different ones, then tell them that by your superior knowledge of maths you will be able to make them each do a sum whose answer will be seven. First they must multiply the number they chose by 2, then add 6. Halve the total and subtract the original number. Now add 4, and the answer will be 7. Try it.

For an example:

Think of a number, say, 20.

Multiply by 2=40.

Add six=46.

Halve it=23.

Take away the original number = 3.

Add 4=7

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 Make peace 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 gives "Ste" advice on painting and urges Mrs. Baden -Powell not to worry about B.-P.'s ability to work with either hand. "Ste" spends a thrilling weekend with his elder brothers living as backwoodsmen. He learns to catch fish, snare rabbits and prepare them for cooking. Warrington designs a collapsible boat and when the four boys are together during the next school holiday the canvas covered boat is made. The boys decide to journey by water to Llandogo where the family will spend the holiday. Each night they camped out. At one site a thief tries to steal some equipment but is frightened off by B.-P. imitating two dogs and an adult.

CHAPTER THREE

The Collapsible Boat

(continued)

'Once it gets really wet, and the canvas swells, she'll be as watertight as a duck's feather.'

Warrington announced. 'We'll try her again tomorrow, and if she's all right then - we'll launch her on the Thames the day after, and begin the maiden voyage at once.'

The collapsible boat was watertight, and though Mrs Baden-Powell was anxious about her four sons, she hid her fears and busied herself collecting the few things they were to take with them. They were few indeed; one or two cooking utensils, light blankets, the barest necessities of tea and sugar, and a day's supply of sandwiches. Once they were away from London Warrington planned to buy what they could not catch from farms.

Ste was awake soon after dawn, and his first move was to the window to see what the weather was like. The sky was clear; the starlings were busy combing the lawn like an army of litter collectors.

It was going to be a fine day.

When they laid their packages on what should have been a quiet spot on the Thames Embankment and began to lay out the framework of their boat a small crowd gathered in an amazingly short time. A wag among them nudged a neighbour as he asked: 'Going to clean the drains, guv'nor? Sw'elp me, but I dunno as them sticks'll be long enough, will they? You won't get very far, will you?'

'Just to Oxford,' Ste said, a twinkle in his eyes, 'then we'll have to pack them up again.'

'Garn, them's no use even for a drain,' was the quick retort. 'They wouldn't go up any sort o' drain.'

'They'll go up the Thames,' Ste retorted. 'You wait and see.'

The crowd increased as the shape of the boat became evident, but when the canvas was drawn over the framework and forced taut by the stretchers, a policeman who had joined the crowd was constrained to say:

'I hope you are not thinking of going on the river in that, sir. It doesn't look safe to me.'

'Oh, we can all swim, constable,' Warrington assured him, and turning to his brothers went on: 'George, will you take the stern? Frank, you and Ste take the midships.'

A silent crowd watched them carry the frail looking craft down the steps and place it on the water. George remained with it, holding the painter while the other three returned to the Embankment to collect their equipment.

The crowd was silent until the laden boat was pushed off and the short oars were dipped in earnest for the first time. The tide was ebbing, and the current threatened to take control for a few moments.

Then the bows pointed upstream, and with the oars dipping and flashing in the sunlight the voyage began.

'Good luck, guv'nor,' the man who had joked about them cleaning the drains yelled, and it sparked off cries of encouragement from the rest of the small crowd. Mrs Baden-Powell, who had watched from a distance, was aware that some of her anxieties had faded. Warrington was certainly a very capable sailor, while both George and Frank were athletic young men who were quite

able to look after themselves.

'It's young Ste,' she murmured as she watched the boat grow smaller and smaller. She frowned as she saw a red sailed Thames barge rushing downriver with the last of the outgoing tide to help it. But when she saw how Warrington turned his boat's bows to face the wash, she gave a little shrug, and felt reassured. Warrington would take care of the 'young 'un' as he called Ste.

What she did not realise was that the gift for mimicry which young Ste was developing was to hold him in good stead before her four sons finally hauled their home-made boat up to the house at Llandogo. There were to be a few minutes when the success or failure of the whole trip was to depend on the 'young 'un'.

For the four brothers the days which followed were all that anyone could wish for. They left London behind, and the hurly-burly of the river changed to one of peace. Places now built over were, in those days, pleasant fields.

In the hot days cattle stood knee deep in the quietly flowing water to drink and cool off.

Hérons stalked long-legged in the shallows to spear minnows, ignoring the boat with all the dignity of aristocratic old gentlemen unless it came too close.

Warrington chose the camping places. They had no money to spare for fancy foods, and preferred to get their 'meat' courses from the countryside itself. They would halt near a wood, and while one unloaded the boat and set up the tent, if there was a threat of rain, one of the others would begin to prepare a fire while the remaining two went off to see what they were to have for the evening meal; fish or fowl, rabbit or even hedgehog.

Ste was the official cook and washer-up of pots. He brought the water and did all the odd jobs. It was the accepted thing, and he never grumbled. Later on, at Charterhouse, when he was fagging for a Sixth Former, he found it quite easy. To 'do' for one person was nothing when compared with fagging for three brothers.

One of Ste's delights, when his odd jobs were done, was to sit down with pencil and paper. He enjoyed sketching. Sometimes it was merely a tree, perhaps

a birch whose brown and white trunk, with the paper-thin bark curling off, was not easy to bring to life on paper.

Sometimes it would be a sun-dappled glade, when he tried to capture the old trees, with boles like cathedral pillars, moss on their north sides and roots which splayed out for a yard or so from the base of the trunk before disappearing below the ground.

They had halted one late afternoon not far from a small town, and his three brothers had decided to have a shopping expedition. They were running short of flour and sugar, as well as one or two other necessities. As a special treat they had decided to purchase something for the evening meal, instead of trying to get a rabbit or two.

Ste had pitched the tent, cut out the turf for the fire and collected sufficient wood to keep their fire going for the evening meal and for the next day's breakfast. It was stacked under cover, for the sky was dark with the threat of a possible summer thunderstorm.

Fascinated by the rolling slate blue clouds, Ste moved away from the tent to try his hand at a sketch which would include not only the tent, and the river, with one or two pollarded trees on the bank, but also the massing thunder clouds.

He rapidly outlined the scene, and then with the pad perched on a tree stump was working two-handed to fill in the detail. With his left-hand pencil he was trying to get an impression of the river water as it rolled sullenly on, no sky shewn to light up its surface. With his right-hand pencil he was shading in the thunder clouds.

Kneeling behind the tree stump he must have merged completely with his background, for the man who came up to the camp quite obviously thought he was alone.

The intruder stood for a few moments near the tent, looking from side to side. Then, satisfied there was no one about, he ducked inside the tent and within a minute had dragged out the three knapsacks. The fourth had been taken along by Warrington to hold the food they had gone to buy.

Absorbed though he was in his sketching, Ste had seen the man approach. He had shrunk down a little, watching from the side of the rotten stump. He did not suspect the man of any harm; but he was so keen on woodcraft that he wanted to see if he could remain hidden from the unexpected visitor.



The moment it became obvious that the man was a thief, taking advantage of what must have appeared to him a deserted camp, Ste laid down his pencils. His heart was thumping a little, for he realised he was far too small to tackle the thief face to face.

'I must do something,' Ste decided. 'If he takes our stuff – we won't be able to go on. I wish Warrington would come. He'd know how –' and there he stopped. Warrington would *not* come.

Together with George and Frank he would be in the little town now, and they had said they intended to look round the place. They might well be another hour.

Then Ste had an idea. Creeping away as quickly and quietly as he could, he reached the fringe of the trees, then got to his feet. Facing the little camp, with the thief busy pawing over the contents of the knapsacks, Ste gave evidence that

even now he possessed acting ability.

Raising his voice he shouted to the tramp: 'Hi, what are you doing?' Then, as the man looked up, startled, Ste turned and running back into the shelter of the trees yelled: 'Uncle-Uncle, there's a man taking our things. Hurry!'

A second later there came the sharp 'yap-yap' of a small dog, followed a moment later by the deeper 'woof-woof' of a much bigger dog. Then Ste cupped his hands about his mouth and with his back to the thief shouted: 'Come on, Rover – hi, Rover, come on. Come on Floss. Quick. Sic him – sic him.'

The would-be thief was on his feet now, hesitating whether to beat a quick retreat or snatch at some of the things he had already put into a little pile.

The deep threatening barking of what sounded like a big dog decided him. Then the yap-yap of a terrier, obviously much nearer, lent speed to his actions. He did not run back the way he had come, but plunged down to the river bank, and splashed across, while the chorus of barking grew louder and louder.

If he had not been panicked he might have wondered at the fact that the two 'dogs' did not bark at the same time. Either the terrier was yapping almost hysterically, or the bigger dog's deeper toned bark was heard. Not even Ste, who seemed to have been born with the power to mimic, could produce the barking of two dogs at the same time.

Ste ran down to the river bank, and as the tramp scrambled up into the bushes on the far side he yelled:

'Come back, you thief. Come back.'

The man did not even look round, but plunging deeper into the bushes was lost to sight. Ste, well aware that the man might stop and look round, turned and scampered back towards the trees, barking first in a high note and then in the deeper gruff tones of a bigger dog.

As he got into the masking fringe of the nearer trees he shouted loudly:

'It's all right, Uncle, he's gone, and he hasn't taken anything. Down-down, Rover. Down, Flossie.' Then in the warm, soothing tones one uses to excited dogs, he went on: 'All right, all right-everything is all right. He's gone.'

Yes, he's gone. There's a good dog – sit down. That's it.'

For several minutes after that he occasionally barked, first imitating a terrier type dog, then imitating the deeper notes of a much larger dog.

(To be continued)



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Solution to the Crossword on page 710

C	R	O	M	W	E	L	L	P
A	A	E	A					
H	I	K	I	N	G	A	T	
O	Z	L	A	D	L	E		
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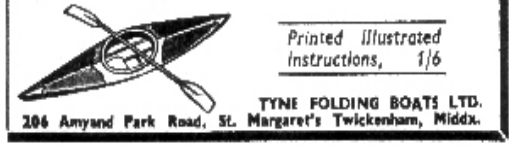
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